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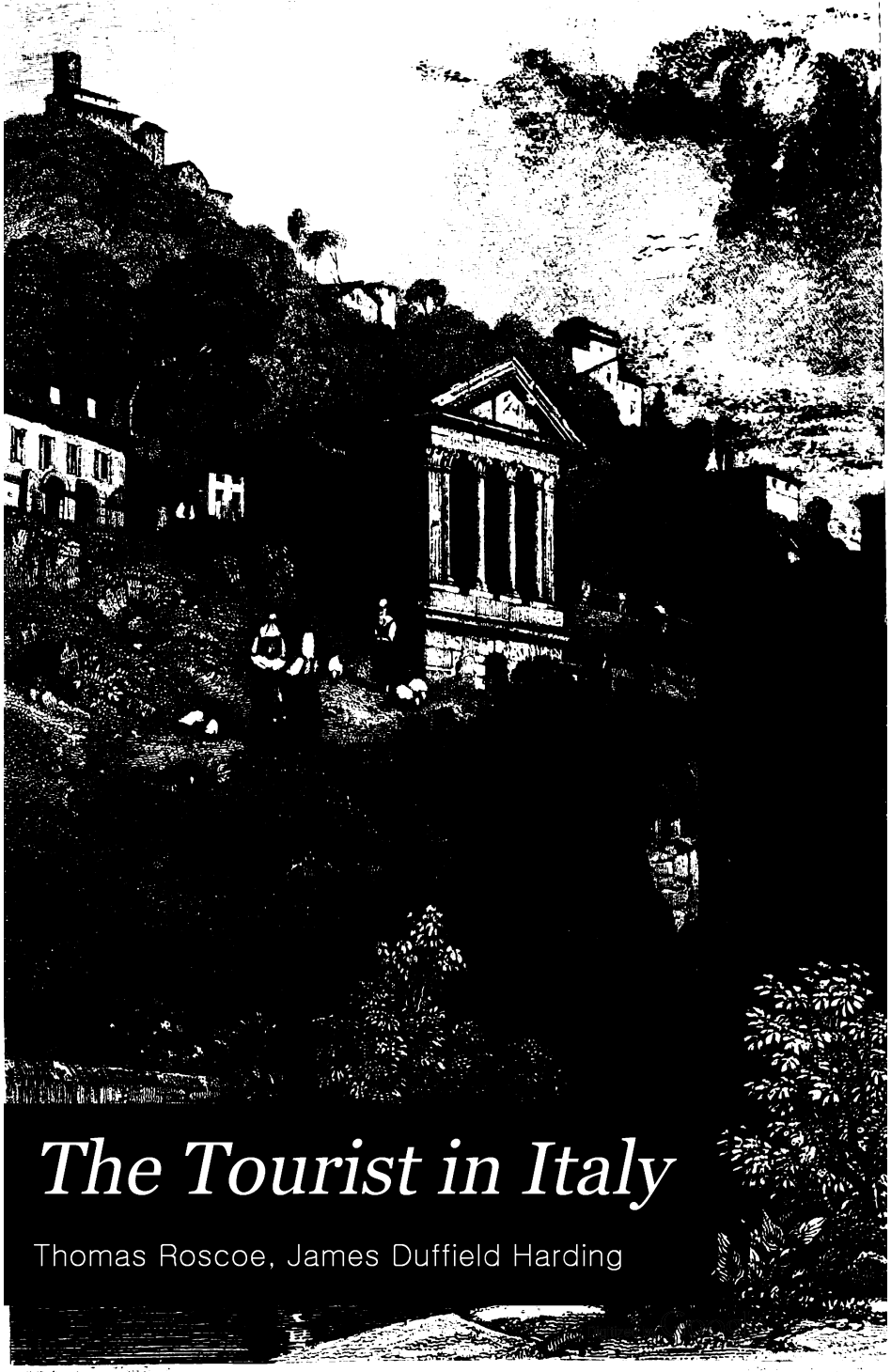

The Tourist in Italy

Thomas Roscoe, James Duffield Harding

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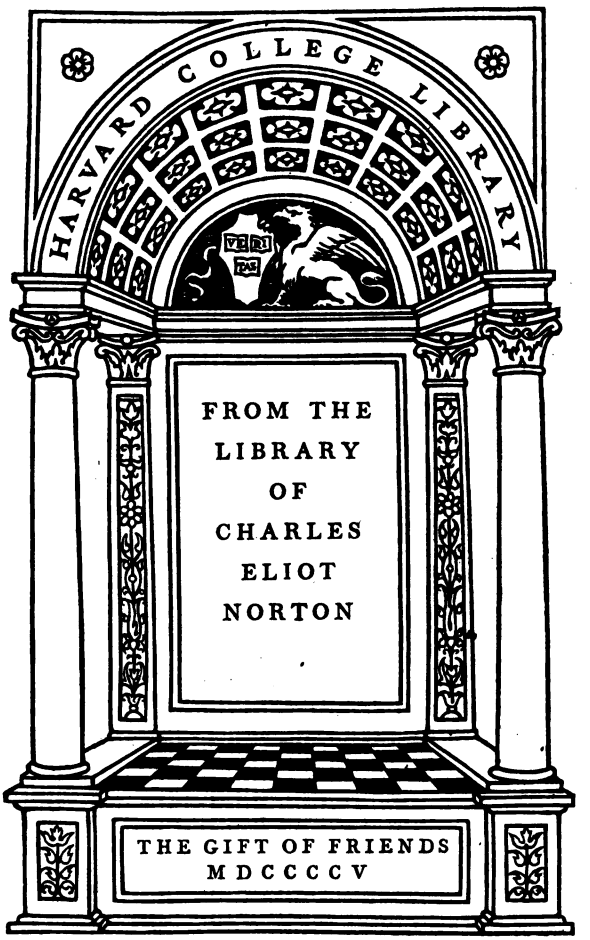

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Catharine E. Sawyer

1 January 1832

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LANDSCAPE

1802.

TIVOLI.

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THE

TOURIST IN ITALY,

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

J. D. HARDING.

II.

Onward we moved,
The faithful escort by our side, along
The border of the crimson-seething flood,
Whence from those steeped within loud shrieks arose;
Some there I marked, as high as to their brow
Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus:—
"These are the souls of tyrants, who were given
To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud
Their merciless wrongs." CARY'S DANTE.

LONDON:
JENNINGS AND CHAPLIN, 62, CHEAPSIDE.

1832.

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TO

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

THIS VOLUME

OF

THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL

IS,

BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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TO THE READER.

THE very general approbation bestowed by the public upon the two preceding volumes of the *Landscape Annual* has encouraged the Proprietors of this publication to make exertions which, they trust, will, this year, secure for it a still higher character than it before enjoyed. They have felt bound, indeed, to redouble their efforts to render this volume of the work, if possible, still more worthy of the present refined and enlightened era of the arts.

Scenes of the most inspiring beauty—histories equally connected with the brightest and the darkest periods of man's career—fields strewed with the relics of many a perished city and generation—have supplied subjects for the pencil of the artist, and these have been elaborated with a degree of care and assiduity which, it is hoped, will reflect the highest credit both upon the conductor of the plates, and upon the engravers. The Proprietors have at length therefore rendered the work as perfect, of its kind, as the genius of the arts can produce, and equally adapted to amuse and to instruct the general

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reader and the tourist. To these, they have the gratification of presenting accurate and spirited views, with descriptions founded not simply upon a passing inspection of the scenes, but on the most varied and carefully collected information from numerous authorities, giving the different impressions they have made on highly educated and classical minds, with respect to their antiquities, their local traditions, and historical events.

Switzerland, and the northern districts of Italy, have already been delineated in the *Landscape Annuals* for 1830 and 1831. The brighter region of the south is now before us; and the fourth volume, for the year ensuing, will complete the Tour of Italy, embracing the most celebrated places situated on the eastern and western rivers of Genoa, with the no less interesting and magnificent scenery of the Val d' Aosta; thus closing the series of Italian landscape, by the passage of the Great St. Bernard, so as to form one connected and uniform work.

The author of the *Landscape Annual* begs again to return his warm acknowledgments to several highly respected friends, his obligations to whom it would be a far easier task to recount than to repay; in particular, to the distinguished and classical author of "Italy,"—and to the biographer of the "Italian Poets."* He is also not a little indebted to some remarks on Italy by the late ingenious Mr. Bell.

* Lives of the Italian Poets.—By the Rev. H. Stebbing.

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LIST OF PLATES,

ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

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MILAN.

Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ. AUSON.

To walk the studious cloister pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. MILTON.

ITALY possesses attractions for the traveller not to be found in any other country of the world. Others may retain the relics of nations great in glory as the Rome which rose from her bosom. There may be others too as beautiful in aspect, as rich or richer in flowers and fruits, and others more than her rival in the spirit-stirring recollections of patriotic history. There is nothing so grand or solemn in her ruins as in those of Egypt and Greece; nothing so lovely in her valleys as in many lands farther south; nor, unfortunately for her happiness, can the records even of her republics inspire for an instant the same high and stern delight which is felt in the perusal of histories less deeply stained with the traits of private revenge and infamy: of histories in which, if deeds of blood be recorded—the wild fierce struggles of man with man, forgetting every attribute of his nature but his love of liberty or of power—some conquest for humanity may be discovered in the result, some answer to the sacrifice which had been offered up,—the people that suffered rendered freer and wiser! But the states of Italy shed their

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blood in contentions of which the loss of independence was to be the sole result; war ploughed deep every foot of her soil, and the furrows have been ever since left open! Even the struggles and sufferings of far holier men than politicians and warriors fill but a melancholy chapter in the history of this unfortunate land. The blood of martyrs during one eventful period fell in copious streams in her various cities; but it was there, and there only, not the seed of the church—to human apprehension it was lost like rain upon the desert.

Still, though thus inferior in many particulars to other nations, Italy must ever be the most attractive of all countries to the traveller; for it has a charm to be found in no other, that, namely, of an almost endless variety in the character of its scenes, and of the details of its multiform and remarkable history. Within the circle of a few hundred miles, the Italian tourist views cities, each of which might be regarded as the capital of a distant kingdom. Rome has no likeness to any other place either in Italy or the world. Magnificent by its structures of later days, solemn and melancholy by its ruins, it lies buried in the shadows of its former greatness, and its modern edifices derive therefrom a vastness of proportion in appearance which they would not possess if placed in any other situation. An ancient and a modern Rome can only exist in words. The power of her republics and her Cæsars will be felt to the last days of her church; and it is not an extravagant conjecture that the influence of its recollections on the imagination of its rulers was the first cause which converted

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pontiffs into princes, and subjected the eagle to the crosier. But how strange is the contrast between this city and Venice—as changed almost in her state, but bearing her loss of power and dignity like a queen that cared more for her pleasure than her royalty! And nearly as great is the contrast between her and Naples, whose antiquity is that of the poets, as that of Rome is of the historians; and through whose blue, sunny air, clear and tranquil as a mountain lake, we seem to see to the very depths of her classic ages. And what likeness, even of the remotest kind, can be traced between Naples and Florence—the bright and busy city in which liberty and art triumphed simultaneously, and the splendour of whose triumphs, without any aid either from antiquity or imagination, holds both the reason and the affections in willing captivity to her fame? Different again from these are the learned Bologna —romantic, ducal Ferrara—Genoa, still looking forth on the sea as if rejoicing in the victories of her admirals, —and, lastly, ecclesiastic Milan, unlike any in particular, yet combining in some respects the features of all.

In the *Landscape Annual* for 1830, we had occasion to touch upon some very remarkable points in the history of this city, and we then gave some notices respecting its magnificent cathedral. The subject is however so extensive that we think we hardly need to apologize for devoting a few additional words to it.

The view given in the preceding plate is taken from the interior of the cathedral, an edifice well worthy the fame which that noble building has acquired throughout the world. When we go back to

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the times in which it was commenced, this splendid monument assumes a still more imposing grandeur in our eyes. Neither St. Peter's at Rome, nor our St. Paul's, was then in existence,—the only two temples which can vie with that of Milan, the idea of which was first conceived by the little Prince who then lorded over that and a few other cities of Italy. Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, who, as we formerly remarked, was the sovereign to whom the honor belongs of having laid the foundation of that church, was chiefly moved to it by that immoderate desire of glory, or rather by that vanity, which prompted all his actions. His character presents a miserable picture of human weakness, though naturally a man of strong mind, brave, clever, and to the utmost degree ambitious. The same ambition which urged him to lay the foundation of the Domo of Milan, made him weak enough to accept as truth and approve as undoubted a most flattering and fabulous genealogy of his family. The name Visconti is one of the most ancient, not only of Italy but of the world, and he would not have found many who could have equalled his nobility, even had he been satisfied with the mere truth. But this was not enough, and nothing less than a Trojan origin could satisfy his silly pride. It was therefore gravely attested that a grandson of Æneas called Anglo *(Anglus)* founded *Angleria*, now *Angera*, or *Anghiera*, or the Lago Maggiore; from Anglo descended the Counts of Angera or Anghiera, and from them the Visconti, following a long generation of kings, heroes, knights, saints, popes, and vagabonds of all ranks.

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It is a pity that no such grandson of Æneas was known to old English genealogists; he would have been honored as the first sovereign of *Anglia* with as good a title as Brutus, from whom they say came the name of Britannia. Several descendants or successors of the Visconti were so proud of this title that, to the one of *Duke of Milan*, they added that of *Count of Angera*, and some of them, Latinizing according to their fancy the words *from Angera*, called themselves *Angli*. Lodovico Sforza added the word *Anglus* to his titles on his coins, and indeed he might be mistaken for an Englishman by those who are not in the secret of his Trojan descent.

A prince, however, who is ambitious of a long and splendidly emblazoned genealogy, is seldom in want of historians or poets ready to gratify him in his wish. The chronicles therefore of the Visconti are not wanting in that species of political allegory which favors the dreaming of imagination so necessary to keep up the kind of self-deception on which the pride of ancestry depends. Thus it is related that in the year 400 a pestiferous dragon existed in the neighbourhood of Milan, which bore destruction to the inhabitants both by its fiery breath and its daring invasion of their retreats. The home of this dreadful monster, according to the tradition—and we see no reason why, like other arbitrary monsters, the dragon should not have existed—was in a solitary, savage thicket, which covered the spot on which at present stands the Church of St. Dionigi. From this gloomy lair he was accustomed to come forth into the peopled parts of the town, diffusing

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pestilence as he stole along with heavy tread, and devouring like a czar whoever came across his path. For a considerable time, the terrified citizens remained sunk in the stupor of despair. No one thought of encountering the monster any more than he would have thought of combating with a storm, daring the demons of Ætna, or defying the plague. Silence and terror reigned throughout the place. The streets were deserted, the doors of the houses closed; and, when a traveller from some distant part chanced to pass through, his heart sank at the melancholy aspect of the city, and he hurried on, deeming that a pestilence had swept away the people, and that the houses were filled with the dead or dying. This was the state of the town even by day, but, when the evening fell, it had a still more dreadful appearance; for through every window streamed the small trembling ray of the watchlights which were kept dimly burning throughout the night. In the streets, the crosses which had been erected against the doors were seen glimmering amid the tapers which were placed around them, but which being left untrimmed only served to make the darkness and silence of the night more gloomy. The only signs which existed that any living being remained in the city appeared in the vicinity of the old, solemn-looking cathedral. The lights placed round its high altar were numerous as on a grand festival day of the church, and every nook of its aisles and cloisters shone with the tapers and offerings with which the piety and care of different citizens had adorned them. Through the high-arched and painted windows of the

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building, the mingled stream of these numerous lights might be seen flickering like the red, uncertain rays of a northern meteor, and with as strange and unnatural a beauty. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, as they occasionally peeped from their iron casements, crossed themselves with redoubled earnestness whenever they beheld their cathedral; but at the hour of midnight, and after the city had remained throughout the long day and half of the night hushed in melancholy silence, its heavy repose was suddenly broken by the loud and solemn peals of the Miserere, which burst from the lips of a hundred choristers at the altar, was repeated by the crowds of suppliants that filled the aisles, and was re-echoed from every house in which two or three trembling citizens with their families were gathered together, to encourage and comfort each other in their sorrow.

Several successive days and nights passed away in this manner, and terror was beginning to be a worse enemy than the tyrannic monster which occasioned it; the business of life was altogether at a stand; the fruits of the field fell ungathered, and were left to rot on the ground; the cattle, forgotten by their keepers, sunk famished in their stalls, and the flocks, which had been penned by their terrified shepherds, bleated in vain for the pasture. Even the calls of charity reached only deaf ears, such was the effect of fear on the people who had never hitherto failed in that Christian duty. The sick and the aged, who had not friends in their own homes, cried in vain for the help of their accustomed visitors; and, as a still greater instance of the terror

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which prevailed, when a cry was heard in the streets from some miserable creature whose temerity had exposed him to the dragon, there was no one who durst go forth from his house to help him.

Such was the condition of the city, and the neighbouring district, when the brave and magnanimous Uberto Visconti formed the noble resolution of attempting the destruction of the cruel monster by his single arm. Clothing himself therefore in a coat of mail, and taking his sword and shield with which he had performed miracles in battle, he prepared to proceed without attendant to the lair of the dragon. The night was far advanced when the perilous design entered his mind, and his youthful wife sunk on her knees in an agony of grief to dissuade him from the enterprise; but he was resolved, and, disengaging himself from her embrace, ordered the porter at the gate to withdraw the bolts. As he stepped into the street the chilliness and gloom which prevailed in the air had the effect of occasioning a momentary depression in his spirits, and he paused to commend himself again to heaven. He then resumed his way, and, as he passed the cathedral, the midnight anthem burst on his ear with deep and unusual solemnity. The Miserere thrilled through his bosom as if it were the appeal of a whole people to heaven for his safety. The same feeling was rendered still stronger as he hastened along the streets and heard the same sounds repeated, though with low and faultering voices, in almost every house he passed. At length he approached the monster's retreat. The grave of a person long out of

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mind is scarcely so silent as was that melancholy spot. The air was wet with a heavy rain, but no drops fell, and no pattering was heard either among the trees or on the earth. The air itself seemed dead—it was moist, cold, and motionless. Uberto would have sunk to the ground, but he roused himself by striking his sword briskly and heavily on his shield. The clang of the weapon appeared to startle the country for miles around, and the warrior, awakened to new life, firmly awaited the coming of the monster. It soon approached him; huge, grim, and horrible, such as the poets have described all of the same progeny; and the conflict between Uberto and him was in all its points like that waged between other knights and tyrant-dragons of later ages. It is sufficient for the purposes of the Visconti genealogists that Uberto gained the victory, and that the city of Milan was restored by his means to its former state of tranquillity.

Other early heroes of the same race performed deeds of valour equally renowned, and of a less suspicious character. The celebrated Aliprando Visconti, the son of Obizzo, was made general of militia by the Archbishop Eribert, and at the head of his little band defied for many months the whole strength of the imperial forces under Conrad II. Eight thousand Germans fell beneath the swords of the Milanese on that occasion, and Aliprando himself, not content with the general triumph of his arms, challenged to single combat a German of extraordinary strength and stature, named Bavers, and who was nephew to the Emperor. The conflict took place under

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the walls of the city, and, coming to swords, Aliprando speedily dispatched his enemy, after which he cut off his head and carried it with his armour in triumph into Milan, where he was hailed as the father of his country.

The son of this prince inherited his valour, and was chosen on account of this and his other virtues to lead the seven thousand Milanese who had taken the vows of Crusaders to the Holy Land. Some time after the arrival of the army before Jerusalem, and while they were preparing for the siege, a Saracen of gigantic form was seen to cross the Jordan, and defy any of the Christian soldiers to single combat. The strength of this warrior, it appears, had become a theme of common conversation among the faithful, and no one seemed willing to accept the challenge, till the son of Aliprand stepped forth and offered to support the honor of the Christian army against the taunts of the infidel. The combat was long and fierce, but the ardour of the Milanese lord prevailed, and the Saracen fell dead beneath his sword. The fame of this and other similar deeds raised the heroes of Milan to the highest rank among the warriors of Italy, and, poetry and romance uniting their efforts with signorial vanity, it became an easy matter for the lords of later days to decorate their genealogies as they chose.

But, to return to the cathedral,—although it has always been intended that the cathedral of Milan should be finished according to the original plan, and consistently with the style of architecture adopted in its earliest parts, yet the length of time which had been spent upon it, the frequent interruptions to its progress,

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the love of change and of finding fault with each other's drawings which animated the different architects, have occasioned a departure from a strict adherence to that plan. Notwithstanding this temple was begun so early as 1386, it is not yet completed, and the number of architects who have been employed or consulted concerning it is incredible. The enormous expense which was required to finish the work, independently of the length of time necessary for sculpturing so many statues and agalias, bas-reliefs, and other ornaments in marble, was the main cause of this delay. Various inhabitants of Milan left most munificent donations for assisting the progression of the building, and amongst others one Carcano bequeathed the sum of 230,000 crowns of gold for that purpose.

In earlier times not only the tyrannical power of the Dukes of Milan, but that of the Popes, and the produce of indulgences, were employed to forward the completion of the cathedral, and it was by the will of a despot that a powerful impulse was given to the speedier accomplishment of the work. The façade of the cathedral had been often projected, and its erection begun, but as often interrupted, when in 1805 Buonaparte ordered that 5,000,000 of Milanese livres, proceeding from the sale of the property belonging to the church itself, should be applied for that object. No original drawing existed of this part of the church, and after long discussions the plans presented by Carlo Amati and Giuseppe Zanoja were approved of, and in about three years the façade was completed, as well as several other parts of the building. For the façade

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only there were produced more than 250 statues, forty-two bas-reliefs, and an immense number of other ornaments in marble suitable to the principles of Gothic architecture, which prevailed in this temple, and which was generally persevered in.

The boldness of Giovan Galeazzo Visconti will appear in its true light, when we consider that he was lord of a small part of Italy, that his power was but of recent date, and that he was engaged in the most dangerous wars during the whole time of his government. Although the family Visconti was ancient, it was, however, inferior to many which it afterwards subjected, even so late as the middle of the thirteenth century. Its elevation may be dated from about 1260, when Pope Urban IV. caused Ottone Visconti to be chosen Archbishop of Milan, at the insinuation of Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a furious Ghibelline, and the same whom Dante places in Hell among the materialists; as he is reported to have said that, *if he had a soul*, he had lost it for the Ghibellines.

The family della Torre, who then lorded over the city, and a member of which had been supported by the Guelphic party in his claims to the Archbishopric of Milan, would never allow the elected prelate to take possession of his church, spite of all the bulls and excommunications of Clement IV., who succeeded Urban IV. in the pontifical chair. Gregory X., who mounted the throne after Clement, was so pleased with the manner in which he was received at Milan, on his way to the Council of Lyons in 1274, by Napoleone della Torre, then the head of the family, that he forsook the *protegé* of the Holy Church,

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Visconti, and conferred the dignity of Patriarch of Aquileja on Raimondo della Torre, brother to Napoleone, the same person who had aspired to be elected, instead of Visconti, Archbishop of Milan. This circumstance greatly increased the influence of the house of della Torre, on account of the temporal power which then belonged to the see of Aquileja; but Visconti, finding that the spiritual arms had been of little use to him, and now having lost even this support, determined to try other weapons to obtain possession of his church, and to humble his enemies. He left Rome, where he had been staying to plead his cause and to solicit assistance, and, having arrived in the neighbourhood of the city, all the enemies of della Torre joined him. By his talents and activity he succeeded in driving him and his family from Milan. His episcopal character gave him the support of the populace, who were accustomed to see the bishops at the head of the Guelphs; and his principles, his connexions, and the hatred of the della Torre family, gave him the command of the Ghibellines, and of the nobility. His commanding talents rendered it easy for him to master both parties. On his entering Milan he was not only received by the inhabitants as their Archbishop, but it was unanimously agreed to proclaim him temporal lord of the city.

Visconti was endowed with great prudence and a consummate knowledge of the world and of government; to which he united a mild, though firm, disposition; so that he succeeded in seizing the sovereign power without bloodshed, and preserved it without staining his episcopal character: a very rare occurrence

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in those times. When, soon after his entrance into Milan, the family della Torre tried to muster their partisans to recover possession of their city, the Archbishop concluded an alliance with William Lungaspada (Long-sword), Marquess of Montferrato, one of the bravest generals of his day, who was chosen governor of Milan for five years. The della Torre were by this means prevented from entering Milan, and subsequently they made their peace with the Archbishop, who stipulated that they should retire from his dominions and enjoy their property far from Milan.

The Marquess of Montferrato then formed the design of depriving the Archbishop of his power in Milan, which he fancied the more easy as he had contrived to obtain the government of some of the cities near Milan, without opposition from the Milanese. He had, moreover, appointed one of his vassals as governor of Milan; and possessed ample means from his other dominions for enforcing obedience to his will. But the Archbishop, having seized the occasion when the Marquess had left the city for a short time to go to Vercelli, drove out of Milan the governor left there by him, and let Lungaspada understand that his services were no longer wanted, and that he was not to approach Milan again.

Although the Marquess was highly exasperated at so unceremonious a proceeding, yet he did not find himself strong enough immediately to avenge it. He therefore began to collect his forces for effecting it on a fitting occasion, and spared no pains to increase his power and diminish that of the Archbishop, by means

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of treaties and alliances. The town of Asti, which had mainly contributed to the elevation of the Marquess, being dissatisfied with him, joined several of the small republics against him, and engaged in a war to accomplish his destruction, together with the Count of Savoy. The Marquess was moreover informed that the people of Asti had some secret negociations with those of Alexandria, to induce them to revolt against him; and he hastened to that city to crush the rebels. On seeing themselves discovered, the conspirators were driven by desperation into rebellion, and succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. They took the Marquess prisoner, and put him into an iron cage, in which he was confined till he died, about two years afterwards.

The Archbishop Visconti, now perceiving the risk of trusting strangers with the command of his forces, had a nephew of his own elected commander of the forces of Milan and of some of the neighbouring cities. Neither the uncle nor the nephew (Maffeo or Matteo Visconti) forgot to profit by the misfortunes of the Marquess of Montferrato. They seized upon such parts of the dominions of Lungaspada as were conveniently situated with respect to their own territory, and obtained the largest share of the spoil.

On the election of Adolph of Nassau to be King of the Romans, the Archbishop succeeded in obtaining the appointment of his nephew Maffeo as Imperial *Vicario* (*locum tenens*) in Lombardy; and the dignity was conferred with unusual splendour, and accompanied with the most ample powers. Maffeo, not to give grounds

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of suspicion to the good people of Milan, affected not to accept the honor till he had been permitted, or rather requested, by them. This imperial vicar, raised to so high a power, was ten years before an exile, and nearly reduced to beggary.

On the death of his uncle, Maffeo preserved the dominion of Milan, notwithstanding the endeavours of his enemies to wrest it from him, and also obtained from the Emperor Albert, who succeeded Adolph, a confirmation of his vicariat of Lombardy. Such was his influence that towards the end of the thirteenth century he acted as a sovereign arbitrator between the republics of Venice and Genoa. But not satisfied with his present power, and being ambitious to become absolute master of Lombardy, he thought of connecting himself closely with Azzo VIII. of Este, one of the most powerful tyrants of Italy, and the chief of the Guelphic party. Azzo had no children; but a sister of his, Beatrice, was then widow of Nino da Gallura, a powerful chief of Pisa, and lord or *Giudice* of the judgeship of Gallura in Sardigna, that is, one-fourth of that island. Although Beatrice was of a certain age, yet Maffeo and Azzo agreed that she should marry Galeazzo, son of Maffeo; by which alliance the two families of Este and Visconti expected to become absolute lords of Italy. But they were deceived; for the other Italian princes, becoming jealous of Maffeo Visconti, supported the della Torre in retaking possession of Milan, and Maffeo was obliged to withdraw to the court of Este, where, resigned to his loss of power, he was supported only by Azzo's generosity.

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Guidotto della Torre, then lord of Milan, sent a person to watch his actions, and promised to the emissary the present of a palfrey and an embroidered dress, if he would bring him Maffeo's answer to two questions; first, How he fared? Secondly, When he thought of returning to Milan? The emissary went to Maffeo, and found him living in a very retired manner; and, thinking that it would be easier to get the answer to the above questions by telling him at once why they were asked, requested him to help him in getting a palfrey and a new dress. Maffeo said that he was so poor that he could not assist him; but, when he was told that he was only required to answer two questions, he understood who put them, and he therefore replied: As to the first, that he fared well enough, as he was able to accommodate himself to circumstances. With respect to the second, he said that he hoped to return to Milan when Guidotto's sins were greater than his.

The marriage of Galeazzo Visconti with Beatrice d'Este was considered by Dante a death-blow to the Ghibelline party, and he bitterly inveighed against it. Although Nino of Gallura was originally a Guelph, he spoke of him not only with respect, but with affection, on account of his misfortunes. Nino was son of a daughter of Ugolino della Gherardesca, and, together with his grandfather, commanded the Guelphs of Pisa. The Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, with Lanfranchi, Gualandi, and Sismondi, were the chiefs of the Ghibellines. Ugolino, wishing to become master of Pisa, joined the Archbishop, and consented to sacrifice his grandson Nino, who was to be exiled or mur-

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dered if taken. On being informed of this, Nino withdrew from Pisa, and, having united himself with the Ghibellines of Florence and Lucca, waged a war against Pisa, in which he lost his life. The Archbishop Ruggieri would not allow Ugolino to enjoy the fruit of his treachery. After Nino had fled from Pisa, Ugolino was proclaimed lord of the city; but the Archbishop accused him soon after of having entered into an understanding with his grandson, and delivered up to him some castles belonging to Pisa. The populace ran to his house, killed a natural son and a grandson of his, drew out of Pisa all his relations, and having taken him, two of his sons, and two (others say three) of his grandsons, threw them into a dungeon, nailed the door, and starved them to death. It is on this fact that the splendid passage in the thirty-third canto of Dante's Inferno is founded; and it is because Ugolino had betrayed his grandson Nino that Dante places him in the sphere destined to traitors in the infernal regions.

The passage of Dante which alludes to the marriage of Galeazzo with Beatrice is full of beauty. It occurs in the eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*. The affection with which Dante speaks to Nino, whom he is glad to meet in Purgatory, when he was afraid lest he might have been lost for ever—the bitterness of his reproach to Beatrice, whom he detested as belonging to the house of Este, the object of Dante's unrelenting and deep abhorrence—his silence against Visconti, whose conduct he could not approve, and yet, not to lower the character of a Ghibelline chief, he would not openly condemn,—all these are points which should never

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escape the reader's attention in perusing those noble lines where Dante, walking with Sordello through Purgatory, is represented as inviting him to descend into the valley, and hold converse with the mighty shadows below.

Maffeo Visconti returned to Milan a few years afterwards, and though he, as well as his family, was repeatedly expelled from it, his power could never be destroyed. Maffeo survived till more than ninety years of age. The dominions of his descendants were greatly increased before the time when they were divided between Bernabo and Gian Galeazzo, the latter of whom contrived to take the former prisoner, and united his dominions to his own, which he augmented still more by conquest. At his death, Gian Galeazzo was master of the principal towns of Lombardy, besides Padova, Bologna, Siena, and Belluno. His conquests are now forgotten, and his family extinct; but his name will continue fresh as long as the cathedral of Milan—a magnificent record of his munificence, of his princely grandeur, of his power, and of his vanity—shall meet the traveller's eye.

The catalogue of royal sufferers contains few names that more demand our pity than that of the unfortunate Giovan Galeazzo Sforza. This persecuted prince was weak in body, and more amiable in disposition than strong in intellect. In the stormy period when he lived, such a sovereign had little chance of remaining long in possession of his authority. The ambition of neighbouring rulers, and the constant struggle in which they were engaged, left little time for the patient

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cultivation of the arts of peace, or the establishment of a system of policy, mild and tranquillizing, such as could alone preserve a prince of Galeazzo's character in the safe possession of his throne. But he had another enemy to encounter, far more formidable even than the most ambitious and powerful of his neighbours. His uncle, Ludovico Sforza, was the very reverse of himself, both in mind and character. Bold, talented, and enterprising, he was one of those men who, if not heirs to a crown, seem destined to win one for themselves, or, if they are born to a kingdom, to extend their authority over empires. Had he been the rightful sovereign of Milan, his lofty spirit and endowments would at once have placed him at the head of the Italian potentates, and in that situation his ambition would have been more characterized by magnanimity than selfishness. But, with the consciousness of guilt in his mind, the operation of his abilities was continually interrupted. Though daring in his general conduct, he could not escape the influence of those inward reproaches to which the bold bad man and the cowardly deceiver are equally exposed. The splendour which he cast round his state was from the first like a glaring and uncertain meteor, and the termination of his career was like the extinguishing of a torch which had lit up this city for the night of a carnival.

The young Duke Galeazzo had been left to the charge of this ambitious man, by his father, the late sovereign, and had been kept from his youth under a tutelage which increased in strictness with his years. An

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alliance, however, was formed for him with the princess Isabella, the daughter of Alphonso of Arragon, and his nuptials with that lady were celebrated with a pomp well calculated to deceive both the youthful pair themselves and the assembled princes, as to the true intentions of the crafty but magnificent Ludovico. The rejoicings with which the ceremony was attended were continued for a considerable time after the event. Peace reigned at the time through all the neighbouring states, and opportunity was thus given for carrying on the entertainments with unexampled grandeur. Noblemen from all quarters crowded to the tournaments, and the court was filled with ladies and poets whose whole occupation was to keep up the gaiety and splendour of the scene. While pleasure thus reigned paramount through the state, many men, eminent for higher qualifications than those sufficient to grace the more frivolous inmates of the court, sought Milan as offering the fairest prospects of fame and advancement. Thus it often happened that the company, who had been amusing themselves at beholding a conflict of knights, were entertained, on their return from the tournament, with the learned discourse of some famous doctor, whose arguments, when he ceased, were combated with venturous scholarship by some other professor of less notoriety, but greater skill. Painters and sculptors at the same time vied with each other in endeavours to carry their arts to a higher degree of excellence than they had been yet known to attain; and every class of artizans, whether employed in producing the gay ornaments of luxurious dress, in

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ministering to the pampered appetites of feast-makers, or in manufacturing the necessaries of humble life, caught the spirit of the times, and the city, and every class of its inhabitants, seemed subjected to the spell of an enchanter, bent on keeping them in one continued whirl of giddy pleasure. It was in the midst of these festivities that the ambitious Ludovico laid his deep scheme of usurpation. His unfortunate nephew, weak in intellect and naturally inclined to dissipation, allowed himself to be easily dragged into the vortex prepared for his ruin; indulging his appetite for pleasure, without regard to his dignity or health, he became every day less capable of either governing or resisting the aggressions made on his rightful authority. Il Moro thus seemed of necessity to take upon himself the direction of public affairs; and his vigilance and strength of mind, his eloquence and profound capacity for business, when seen in opposition to the weakness and indolence of the unfortunate Giovan Galeazzo, could not fail of causing him to be recognized in the minds of men as the true sovereign of Milan.

But Ludovico, not satisfied with the advantages which he might have lawfully enjoyed, deemed it necessary to the continuance of his authority to employ a species of coercion with his nephew which at once stamped his character with cruelty, and degraded the power he had attained into usurpation. With all his management he was still but guardian to the Duke, and ambition urged him to seek possession of the sceptre itself as well as the authority of which it was an emblem. His measures for effecting this object

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were laid with a policy strongly characteristic of his shrewd and penetrating mind. Aware of the financial circumstances of Maximilian, Emperor of Austria, he offered the sister of the Duke, Bianca Maria, in marriage to that sovereign, with a dowry of 400,000 florins in money, on condition of receiving a promise from Maximilian, that, as feudal lord of the duchy of Milan, he would grant him the investiture of the sovereignty. The plea on which this transaction rested was drawn from the consideration that Ludovico was the eldest son of Francis I. as a prince, the late Duke having been born while their father was still in a private station. The talents of Il Moro, and the splendour which attended his actions, blinded every class of persons to the injustice of these proceedings; but, while the public thus easily forgot the rights of Giovan Galeazzo, there was one who beheld the injuries that were done him with burning indignation, and a deeply seated resolution to avenge his wrongs. This was the high-spirited and much to be pitied Isabella, now the mother of two children, whom she saw with herself and consort deprived of their birth-right and the common privileges of their royalty, and left to endure the contempt or forgetfulness of the people even while in the midst of them, and still retaining the external decorations of sovereignty. The letter which she wrote to her father, while suffering under the two-fold distress of anxiety for her children and the most passionate sorrow for her beloved husband, is conceived in a strain of mingled indignation and affliction. Her husband, she said,

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was old enough to govern his subjects without assistance from another, and desired to exercise his rightful authority, but was prevented by the usurpations fo Ludovico. The condition in which they were thereby placed, she continued, was degrading in the extreme; and I would rather perish by my own hand, exclaimed the indignant princess, than remain longer in such a state.

This appeal roused the attention of the King of Naples, who immediately sent ambassadors to Milan, desiring Ludovico to resign the authority he had usurped into the hands of its lawful possessor; but their address was treated with indifference, and the King commenced preparations for restoring Giovan Galeazzo to his throne by force of arms. Aware of these proceedings on the part of his enemies, Il Moro wrote to Charles VIII. of France, offering him his assistance in attacking the kingdom of Naples, to which that monarch had pretensions founded on a papal brief. Charles accepted the invitation without hesitation, and his arrival in Italy was hailed by Ludovico as the establishment of his throne. No means, consequently, were spared to receive him with all imaginable honor. The inventions of poets and painters were tasked to the utmost to aid the counsels of Il Moro by the illusions or attractions of their art. The treasures of the state were again freely lavished on magnificent feasts and spectacles; and Charles, in his progress through the duchy, every where beheld appearances of almost unexampled wealth and luxury. But at Pavia the monarch beheld a spectacle of a

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different kind. In the fortress of that town, the miserable Galeazzo, now in the last stage of a consumption, resided with his afflicted wife and children in a state of utter helplessness and desertion. Charles could not be in the town without paying the prince a visit, and Ludovico, tremblingly alive to the suggestions of jealousy, accompanied him to the apartment of his nephew. Isabella saw the King enter her husband's chamber with a sudden feeling of hope, but it was as speedily dissipated by the presence of the usurper, who with an air of commiseration spoke to the monarch of Galeazzo's health, as if he feared the occurrence of the least circumstance that might discompose his spirits. All the feelings of resentment of which the heart of a high-spirited and injured woman is susceptible flushed the countenance of Isabella at this spectacle of base dissimulation, and, throwing herself at the feet of the monarch, she besought him in an agony of grief to save her husband and her children from the destruction with which they were menaced, and to cease from prosecuting his enterprise against Naples. Charles, it is said, was deeply affected at the despair which appeared both in the countenance and words of the lady, and, though not allowing her to hope that he would change the measures he had undertaken, he assured her that he would not fail to mitigate, if possible, the misfortunes which seemed to impend over her family.

Soon after this interview, and while Il Moro and his confederate were at Piacenza, intelligence was brought them that Giovan Galeazzo had breathed his last. On

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hearing this acceptable news, Ludovico set out immediately for Milan, and, having prepared his friends for the event, he was declared, without opposition, rightful successor to the sovereignty. His injustice and dissimulation render the colour of his character and history sufficiently dark, and contemporary chroniclers record that he long laboured under the suspicion of having added to the crimes of which he was guilty in the eye of truth and honesty that of murder; but even ambition can be patient when the prize is sure to fall within her grasp, and is too wise to place an unnecessary burden on the conscience. Ludovico saw the hand of death on his nephew, and he was too good a politician to interfere with the work of so sure a minister.

Till the death of Charles VIII., Il Moro reigned over Milan in tranquillity and splendour, and learning and the arts flourished beneath his protection, as if he had been the monarch of a vast empire, instead of a small principality. But on the accession of Louis XII. his fortunes suddenly changed; his right to the duchy was disputed by that sovereign, and, after a vain effort to form a confederation against France, he was compelled to flee with his family, and seek an asylum in Austria. In his exile he received intelligence that the people of the capital had revolted against their new master, and he immediately collected a small force, and returned to Milan; but misfortune still attended him; the band of Swiss which formed the main strength of his little army turned against him, and he saw himself betrayed without the power of resistance into the hands of his enemies. The remainder of his life pre-

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sents a gloomy blank to the historian. For ten years he lay a miserable captive in the castle of Loches, in France, and there expired; his mind, even to the last moment of his existence, occupied with schemes of ambition, of which he had already proved the fatal deceit, and which had converted his bosom (naturally, it appears, fitted for the nurture of many high and noble dispositions) into a hiding-place for the worst and most dangerous passions.

But it was to this man that Milan owed the lofty situation it once held among the cities celebrated as nurseries of the arts; and it was he who first patronized, with just and princely generosity, the great master who carried Italian art to a degree of perfection hitherto unconceived in the minds of its professors. Leonardo da Vinci was a Florentine, and exercised his genius for many years of his youth, with distinguished success, in his native province; but owing either to the number of artists at that time rising into celebrity in Florence, or the inferiority of his income to his expenses, he found it necessary, about the thirty-fourth year of his age, to seek another field for the exertion of his talents. Milan, at that period beginning to experience the effects of Il Moro's magnificence, offered the greatest attractions to the ambitious artist, and he accordingly wrote to the protector, expressing the desire he felt to enter his service, and setting forth in somewhat glowing terms the qualifications he possessed for becoming a useful minister to so wise and magnanimous a prince. The fame of Leonardo was already spread over Italy, and Ludovico availed himself of the opportunity of adding a

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man of such distinguished genius to the number of his favorites.

The painter was no sooner established at Milan than his varied talents were called into constant use. There was no public festival but he was the master of the ceremonies, the inventor of the spectacles, the machinist of the shows. As the counsellor and private friend of the protector, he was called upon to give his advice in affairs which most nearly concerned the interests of his ambitious master, and, in addition to these calls upon his attention, he was employed in erecting many public edifices and other works of importance, and in the continual exercise of the art which he more particularly professed.

To the credit of Ludovico be it spoken, the subjects on which he employed the pencil of this admirable artist were worthy of his genius; and the universally celebrated Last Supper, painted at his request, for the Dominican convent at Milan, still bears testimony to the liberal and enlightened patronage of Il Moro, as well as to the surpassing ability of Leonardo.

The ruin of his patron's fortunes had nearly proved that of the painter's. Da Vinci's habits of living were scarcely less luxurious than those of his master; and soon after the flight of the latter he returned to Florence, where he assiduously pursued his art, and was, on the accession of Leo X. to the pontifical throne, invited to Rome; but he received little satisfaction from this change of residence, and, returning to Milan, he became the painter and distinguished favorite of Francis I., who carried him to France, and in whose bosom he expired.

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LAGO MAGGIORE.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where cowslips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine,
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers, with dances and delight.

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAM.

Ecco non lungi un bel cespuglio vede
Di spin ricoriti e di vermiglie rose,
Che delle liquide onde al specchio siede,
Chiuso dal Sol fra l' alte quercie ombrose;
Cosi voto nel mezzo, che concede
Fresca stanza fra l' ombre piu nascose:
E la foglia coi rami in modo e mista,
Che l' sol non v' entra, non che minor vista.

ARIOST. OR. FU. c. 1, 37.

THIS noble collection of waters rivals in beauty the loveliest of the world. Language might exhaust itself in searching for epithets to describe the exquisite clearness of its waves, the sylvan grandeur of its verdant scenes, or the varied aspect which its vast and lovely panorama presents of green solitudes and smiling villages—of woods where silence and meditation love to dwell, and villas the resort of all that is bright and elegant in social life.

The ancient name of this magnificent piece of water was Lacus Verbanus, an appellation for which antiquaries are at a loss to account, some ascribing it

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to the vernal sweetness of the air upon its shores, and others supposing it to have been derived from the name of some village in the neighbourhood. Its present title of Maggiore is also accounted for in different ways by various writers; some of them believing that it was originally so described from the great accommodation it affords the inhabitants of the country for carrying on their trade; and others, with a far better show of reason, asserting that it is so termed on account of its being the largest lake in Italy. According to the measurement adopted by Paolo Morigia, it is forty-five miles in length, and seven in width at its broadest part. The only lakes which come in competition with it are those of Como and Garda. But the former of hese is only thirty-seven miles and a half long, and between four and five broad. The latter is wider than the Lago Maggiore, being from fourteen to fifteen miles across, but considerably shorter, its length being about the same as that of Como.

The celebrity, however, of Lago Maggiore does not depend entirely either on the beauty of the scenery which adorns its shores, or on its superiority in extent to the other lakes of Italy. In the towns and religious houses which line its banks, men have lived and died whom their own church designates as saints, and whom both religion and humanity may well regard as an honor to their race. According to the calculation of writers who have described this lake, ten celebrated saints repose in its neighbourhood, which is also enriched with a more than usual proportion of venerable relics. Besides the saints

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above mentioned, seven of a lower order, termed beati, six men and one woman, were natives of its shores. The number of bishops, archbishops, preachers, and doctors, who first saw the light in the same district, is incalculable; and, to complete the fame of the Lago, it has been scarcely inferior in the production of great captains and statesmen, so that Morigia perhaps speaks truth when he says that it has ever been celebrated as the birth-place of men signalized in every kind of virtue, and qualified for every species of high design, in letters, arms, and science.

If climate, indeed, or the general character of a country, may be supposed to exercise any influence on the dispositions of men, the moral and intellectual character of the inhabitants of these lovely shores ought to be of the highest kind. The air, which always breathes with a gentle warmth, seems tempered by nature expressly to keep the banks always covered with verdure, the waters always sparkling and pure, and the groves ever cool and fragrant. Nor is the land a churlish receiver of the fertilizing dews which the lake furnishes from her bosom. The vine and the olive flourish on its banks in almost unexampled luxuriousness; and groves of cedars and lemons, and all the delicious and odorous shrubs of more southern lands, give to the country, when seen from the lake, the appearance of a flowery wilderness, only here and there broken and diversified by some small and fairy temple. The fruits equal, in flavour, the sweetness of the flowers and shrubs in odour, and Morigia says that if the gods, whom Homer represents journeying to partake of the banquet of the

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ocean, had known of the Lago Maggiore, they would have gladly remained on its shores.

Mention has been made in a former volume of the Landscape Annual of the Borromean family, of whom San Carlo Borromeo was the most distinguished member. His relatives, however, were not all of the same noble and benevolent character. One of them especially was as much celebrated for his gross and flagitious life as San Carlo for his wisdom and charity. As the good qualities of the other members of this noble family obtained little admiration, when compared with those of the excellent man just named, it has been said that 'one Borromeo belonged to heaven, another to hell, and the remainder to earth.'

The three islands in the lake which have received their appellation from the family of Borromeo are fit jewels for the bosom of such bright and placid waters. That known by the name of Isola Bella is usually considered as the most beautiful, and has been described as 'a pyramid of sweetmeats, ornamented with green festoons and flowers;' a simile which Mr. Hazlitt says he once conceived to be a heavy German conceit, but which he afterwards found to be a literal description. The character of this fertile little island may be hence easily imagined. It consists of eight terraces rising one above another, each of which is thickly covered with foliage of the richest hues and fragrance, while stout branching forest trees spread their arms over these exquisite and delicate gardens, and small silvery fountains stream continually down the slopes, and lose themselves in the lake. From the midst of this natural

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furniture of Isola Bella rises a beautiful palace, the rooms of which contain several paintings by Peter Molyn, commonly called Tempesta, an artist of considerable genius, and who found refuge in this island, when pursued alike by the sword of justice and the terrors of his own evil conscience. The history of this painter is as dark and melancholy as that of any of his race. He was a native of Haerlem, and was born in the year 1637. The earliest efforts of his genius were employed in copying the hunting pieces of the celebrated animal painter Fr. Snyders, but he soon became discontented with this branch of his art. His mind, passionate and imaginative, ceased to take any delight in the milder scenes of nature, or in representations which could amuse men of a less warm or licentious disposition. Leaving the haunts in which he had before looked for the subjects of his pencil, he sought the loneliest woods and heaths within his reach, and there, or on the shore of the sea, would pass whole hours listening with breathless anxiety for the first murmur of the tempest, the signs of which had attracted him from home. It was in the midst of the storm that his mind appeared to acquire the highest degree of strength and activity of which it was capable, and, having treasured up the images with which his excited fancy and the tempest had supplied him, he would return to his study, and execute pictures of storms and shipwrecks, of which it would be difficult perhaps to say whether they were more calculated to excite a feeling of the sublime or of simple terror. The power of his genius was thus sufficiently striking to obtain him very extensive popu-

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larity, and he received the name of Tempesta, as the artist of the whirlwind and the storm. But, not satisfied with the praises of his own district, he travelled through Holland, and studied with care the works of the most distinguished masters of his country. Having by these means considerably improved his style, he set out for Italy, and settled himself at Rome. There his abilities attracted the notice of several men of rank and eminence, and he found himself rapidly advancing to the highest station in his profession, in the very city which had fostered Michael Angelo and Raphael, and which was still full of memorials of their greatness. It is not easy to tell how much influence this must have had on the ambitious and enthusiastic disposition of Tempesta; but the dreams of ambition, and the natural character of his mind, united to give Rome and all it contained an irresistible power over his thoughts, and he renounced the Protestant faith in which he had been brought up, and embraced Catholicism—a system in itself strongly adapted to his character.

This conversion of the artist was regarded by the principal persons at Rome with acknowledged satisfaction, and the count Bracciano almost immediately after became his warm and munificent patron. The increased employment which he now found for his pencil appears to have prevented him from indulging himself in the enjoyment of his capricious fancy, to the neglect of the more customary exercise of the art, and his paintings of landscapes and animals were sought for with avidity by his numerous and wealthy admirers. Thus successful in acquiring reputation, his fortune rapidly increased,

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and he was enabled to live in a style of magnificence resembling that of the best and most prosperous of his predecessors. His patrons, moreover, not content with contributing to his affluence, employed their interest to obtain him personal honors, and he was dignified with a chain of gold, and the high-sounding title of Cavaliere, after acquiring which he removed to Genoa.

But the consequences of this prosperity were ruinous to a man of Tempesta's character; his feelings, naturally vehement and licentious, gained strength with every advance he made in wealth and influence; and a circumstance at length occurred which broke down the slight barrier which had ever existed, to prevent their bursting forth in a torrent of destructive passion. He had, at the period of which we are speaking, been some time married, but, a separation having taken place between him and his wife, he allowed his affections to become the sport of every object to which they might be casually attracted. While in this unsettled state, he chanced to meet with a lady whose beauty inspired him with a deeper passion than he had experienced for the other objects of his dissolute intrigues, and, finding his advances repulsed with virtuous indignation, his love became in an instant characterized by the wild, dark, and desperate disposition which formed the basis of his mind.

Finding at last that neither intreaty, nor all the resources of the most cunning intrigue, availed any thing with the young and lovely Genoese, he ceased from his dishonorable importunity, and pretended, with contrition, to demand her in marriage; but he was again repulsed: his union with the Roman lady whom he had

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espoused some time before was known to some persons at Genoa, and, when he pressed his suit, the friends of the signorina silenced his applications by confronting him with the disagreeable information that they were acquainted with his state. Furious with disappointment, Tempesta sought his home, ready for the darkest deeds in order to effect the one wild purpose which wholly occupied his soul. After communing with himself for some time in the retirement of his chamber, he went forth in the same gloomy mood in which he was accustomed to leave the forest or the cliff, after witnessing a storm, and the ruin of the fairest objects in nature. He bent his steps to the house of a man in whom he had discovered, by the intuitive penetration of such minds as his, a recklessness and villany of disposition which would fit him for the execution of his design.

Having explained to this person the object of his visit, and found him open to his wishes, he sat down and penned a letter to his wife, full of affectionate expressions, and repeated assurances that he was sighing in painful solitude for her company. He knew that the heart of the innocent and much injured Bianca would leap with delight at the prospect of reconciliation with her husband, whom she most tenderly loved, and, trusting to this, he sent the letter by his accomplice, with whom Bianca was directed to hasten immediately to Genoa. The event turned out as he expected. His wife was in ecstacies of joy at hearing of the return of his affections, and, without delay, set out with the messenger for Genoa. But Genoa she was destined never to reach. On the road the villain by whom she was accompanied

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stabbed her to the heart, and she perished, as it was supposed, unnoticed by any earthly eye. It was, however, not so. Tempesta was suspected, apprehended, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung; but the interest of his friends was sufficient to save him from an ignominious death, and his sentence was changed into one of perpetual imprisonment. For sixteen years he lay in close confinement in one of the cells of the common prison, his mind retaining all its wonted activity, and his skill as well as his imagination becoming every year more and more conspicuous. He would, there is little doubt, have remained to the end of life in confinement, but for the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV., when the prisons were set open, and he escaped to the Borromean Islands. This remarkable man closed his evil but distinguished career in 1701, and his paintings, which are rarely to be met with out of Italy, are highly valuable.

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FLORENCE.

Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina
Fa di se contro i venti argine e sponda!
Valli beate, per cui d' onda in onda
L' Arno con passo signoril cammina!

Search within,
Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
Contending with the present; and, in turn,
Each has the mastery.

ROGERS.

THE Campagna about Florence presents few of those stern, melancholy features, that wild and desert air, breathing around tombs and ruins, which cast a gloom over the soul on the approach to the capital of the ancient world. It gives a picture of comparatively busy and happy life,—of energy in the action and vivacity in the voice and countenance; the Arno and its banks, unlike the low sullen Tiber, sluggish and deserted, partake of animation if not of commerce; the *contadino* may be seen urging on his dove-coloured steers, preparing the ground for another harvest; the boatmen are on the river; and women and children are among the vines; the careless jest, the song, the laugh of peasant girls, enliven the clear and sunny air, while the fairest of earthly cities is seen with its grey-tinted hills, and Fiesole gently swelling in the distance,—its domes and towers and pinnacles,

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—its olive groves, its gardens, and white painted dwellings, lying stretched, as if by enchantment, at your feet. In the spirit of Italy's true illustrator, and our own favorite poet,—

'Well pleased could we pursue
The Arno from his birth-place in the clouds,
So near the yellow Tiber's—springing up
From his four fountains on the Appennine,
That mountain-ridge, a sea-mark to the ships
Sailing on either sea. Downward he runs,
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,
Down by the city of Hermits,* and the woods
That only echo to the choral hymn;
Then through these gardens to the Tuscan sea,
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
And those great rivals in an elder day,
Florence and Pisa—who have given him fame,
Fame everlasting, but who stained so oft
His troubled waters.'

In all continental cities, the public walk is invariably an object of superior attraction; nor is it conceived of less importance in the charming environs of Florence. On the right of the Arno, a little beyond the city gates, is situated the Cascine,† a considerable tract of ground combined of wood and pasture, on which was erected a *casino*, or royal farm of the grand dukes, in 1787, the wings of which include buildings appropriated to rural employments. Here, whence the view given in the preceding plate was taken, through a spacious shady path, admitting a throng of carriages,

* Il Sagro Eremo.

† Derived from the word *cacio*, cheese; and signifying a rural tract for a dairy farm, chiefly devoted to the use of producing that article.

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opens a variety of splendid and diversified walks, embracing at once the character of refreshing sylvan solitude, and a place of public resort and entertainment. Here also, amidst groups of lofty trees and flowering shrubs, is gathered the vintage, with other products of the domain, and occasional entertainments are given by the court. At the evening hour, when the nightingale's song begins first to be heard, in the moonlight, or the lonely midnight watch, different objects and passions render the *Cascine* a favorite resource to natives and visitors of all ranks. The day is enlivened by the bustle and diversion of driving in every style, from the grand ducal equipage down to the modest little calash; while the paths on either side, under a canopy of rich trees, abound with persons of every rank, all elegantly attired, and apparently animated and happy. After a smart and rapid movement of the equipages and cavalcade, there is often a simultaneous pause, when they draw nearly in front of the palace, and enter on a series of recognitions, salutations, enquiries, nodding and passing over to each other, with all the appearance of a set *conversazione* in the open air. The deeper current of the Arno is here too seen enlivened by the sails of little vessels on their inland voyage to or from Leghorn; and on another side the hills, surrounding the vale, gently swelling in various forms, appear crowned by the grand relics of Fiesole.

A republic which can boast among its free-born offspring an order of intellectual nobility like that of Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and some of the

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Medici, may claim rank above the proudest Aristocracies of the earth, and that fame which is the only true nobility, of having through her gifted sons ministered to the instruction and delight of all ages—a praise too seldom disputed with them by crowns and crosiers. It is thus we find that the history of Florence combines many of the most splendid details of lofty individual action with a narrative in the highest degree interesting to the political inquirer. Her citizens numbered in their ranks poets and philosophers to whom all Europe turned when the light of learning was first reviving on its shores; and their love of freedom, their bold, restless activity, mixed with their veneration for whatever was great or beautiful in art, have gained them the honor of a frequent comparison with the free and polished Athenians. Although it may be difficult to calculate with accuracy how much real good can be produced, or rendered permanent, amidst continual revolutions; and it may be philosophically enough questioned whether Athens and Florence, in their proudest eras, had not more of the shadow than the substance of social freedom and prosperity; it is enough that *they felt*, and held that power of freedom in their hands, and cast not lots either with barbarians or with slaves. So long as one large portion of a population are deprived indeed of their rights, or have no certain security either for their persons or professions, liberty, however preferable to abject slavery, assumes a very questionable shape; and such assuredly was too often the case in regard to both the celebrated

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republics of which we are speaking, through a long period of their existence.

Florence owed, it is recorded, its foundation to Fiesole, and its increase to Roman colonies composed for the most part of veteran soldiers from the armies of Sylla, of Julius Cæsar, and the Triumviri. During the invasions of the Goths, it was one of the foremost to resist the ravages of the barbarians; and the heroism of its inhabitants entitled them to the admiration of their despairing countrymen. The ruin, however, which shortly afterwards swept, like a desolating blast, over the whole face of Italy, levelled its bravest citadel; and, till Charlemagne changed the fortunes of Europe by his wise policy as well as conquering arms, Florence lay reduced to poverty and obscurity. From the period of its re-establishment under that monarch to its becoming settled in a republican form of government, after razing Fiesole to the ground and incorporating the inhabitants with its own citizens, it suffered greatly from the contests carried on, with little intermission, between the nobles and the people; and it paid the heavy penalty of blood and civil turmoil for the freedom which it scarcely ever enjoyed in peace.

In the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or the partizans of the Popes and the Emperors of Germany, Florence took a decided part;—but, in addition to the natural difficulties of such a struggle, it suffered those of intestine divisions,—its citizens ranging themselves under the opposite standards of two principal families,

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the *Neri* and the *Bianchi*, of which the former were Guelphs and the latter Ghibellines.

The origin of these ferocious civil feuds is to be traced to the offended family pride of the Amadei and the Donati, the Buondelmonti and the Uberti;—there was scarcely a foot of ground between their noble residences which drank not deep of their fiery blood; the very echoes had caught from the loaded air the frequent cries uttered in the sudden death-struggle with their rivals; and even the assassin cared not longer to shroud himself under the veil of night. A widow lady of the Donati had a daughter of exquisite beauty, whose hand she had designed to confer on the eldest son of the house of Buondelmonte. Unhappily he had already a betrothed bride in one of the daughters of the Amadei; on hearing which the lady-mother, though extremely disappointed, did not despair of attaining the object she had in view. Her house was situated in a narrow street to the east of the magnificent temple of Santa Croce, where rest the remains of most of the honored great of Florence; and by this way she knew that on a certain day the young Buondelmonte was likely to pass.

> 'fatal was the day
> To Florence, when at morn, at the ninth hour,
> A noble dame in weeds of widow-hood,
> Weeds by so many to be worn so soon,
> Stood at her door; and, like a sorceress, flung
> Her dazzling spell.'

Confident of success, she stood with her lovely girl ready to catch his eye, and addressing him as he

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went by: "I am glad, indeed, to hear that you are about to marry, though I had reserved this daughter of mine purposely for you;" and at the same time the wily enchantress, lifting up her daughter's veil, exhibited to him a countenance full of charms. He stopped; he gazed, and was lost;—regardless of his former vows, the sight of her kindled in his heart such an ardent desire of possessing her that he instantly replied upon the spot, "Since you have reserved her for me, I should be most ungrateful, while there is yet time, to refuse such an offer." The same day witnessed their secret nuptials; but, the affair having reached the ears of the Amadei, listening only to their rage and indignation, they leagued with the Uberti to take speedy and signal revenge upon the author of their dishonor. On the next Easter morning, a party concealed themselves in a palace of the Amadei, between the old bridge and the Church of S. Stefano, and while the young Buondelmonte was passing the foot of the bridge, richly appareled upon a white charger, he was suddenly surrounded and assaulted under the statue of Mars, and there slain.

This was the signal for civil discord, and the contentions which were thus occasioned were only intermitted by the successive banishment of the least powerful among the combatants. Neither virtue, patriotism, nor genius, was a safeguard against the effects of political animosity; and, among the many whose lives were rendered dark and hopeless by condemnation and exile, was the poet Dante, who, after a vain endeavour to repress the violence of popular fury,

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was driven from his home, and compelled to seek the shelter of foreign courts.

> 'His, alas! to lead
> A life of trouble, and ere long to leave
> All things most dear to him, ere long to know
> How salt another's bread is, and the toil
> Of going up and down another's stairs.'

After various turns of fortune the Guelphs were expelled, and retreated into the Vale of Arno; but, on the death of some of their leaders, the parties became reconciled, and united for a period in the formation of several orders intended to establish Florence as a free state. Military honors and the national arms were decreed, and the first act of this union was to compel the states of Pistoia, Aretino, and Siena, to enter into a treaty of peace. It was of short duration at Florence; for the Ghibellines, to accomplish the utter overthrow of their enemies, leagued with Manfred king of Naples, who with a large force met the Florentines near the river Arbia, where they sustained so dreadful a defeat and slaughter, that those who escaped, not daring to stop in their own city, sought refuge in the town of Lucca. Falling before Manfred's victorious arms, Florence lost even the semblance of her liberties; and a council of the Ghibellines was held to debate as to the policy of razing the entire city to the ground.

Farniata, a noble soldier, and the head of the Ghibellines, was the only one who opposed and overruled a design so vindictive and unnatural. The Guelphs

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who had fled to Lucca, having joined those at Parma, recovered several of their possessions; the Pope presented them with his own banner; and finally Earl Guido, the governor appointed over Florence by Manfred, was, after a severe contest with the people, driven out with every mark of ignominy, and a regular and free government under the Guelphs restored. Twelve magistrates, a council of eighty citizens called the *Credenza*, and 180 forming the commons, were elected, and the possessions of the Ghibellines were divided into three parts, one of which was assigned to the people, the next to the magistrates of divisions, called captains, and a third to the Guelphs, in recompence of the losses they had sustained. Shortly afterwards the Florentines were excommunicated by Pope Gregory X., and continued under his ban during the whole of that Pontiff's life, till they were absolved by his successor Innocent V.

Added to the jealous power of the Pontiffs, the nobility of the Guelph faction were now grown by success insolent and tyrannical. Assassinations and other outrages were daily committed, and the offenders allowed to escape; men of rank were screened from justice; and fierce dissensions between the patricians and the commons ensued, the result of which led to the appointment by the latter of a *Gonfaloniere*, or standard-bearer, whose office it was to assist justice and maintain the rights of the community. His first act was to bring forth the standard, followed by his men at arms, and raze to the ground the house of Galotti, because an individual of that family had put to death a Florentine

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citizen in France. Severe laws against the nobles were enacted, till, indignant at the checks placed upon their power and dignity, they flew to arms under three of their greatest leaders; while the people also in vast numbers thronged to their colours, under the palace of the Lord Priors, near the Church of St. Proculus, and they there deputed six citizens to govern with them. The patricians made head in three divisions of the city, and, while both parties thus stood prepared for action, a few religious men, seconded by some citizens of best repute, effected, though with extreme difficulty, a reconciliation;—those on the side of the people crying out for the charge, with every expression of exasperation. At length both sides were induced to lay down their arms, though their mutual insults and jealousies continued.

Yet never did the city of Florence present a more formidable and imposing aspect than about this period,—abounding in population, in public edifices, and reputation in arms;—the trained bands exceeded 30,000, and those of the country amounted to 70,000; while the whole of Tuscany was either in subjection to or in alliance with her. Fearless alike of Popes, of Emperors, and of her own exiles, Florence vied in power with the proudest states of Italy, and, could she have freed herself from the demon of internal discord, she might alone have bade defiance to the hosts of slaves that have since deluged Italy's fair plains, and levelled the wonders of her power, her intellect, her beauty, in the dust. But in a country devoted to discord,—sacred, as it were, only to the Furies,—fresh divisions

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and dissensions, like the heads of the hydra, will renew themselves; and the most trivial accident is enough to fire the train which throws cities and kingdoms into a blaze. Among the leading families of Pistoia was that of the Cancellieri; and it happened that Lori son of Guglielmo, and Geri son of Bertaccio, both of that family, being at play fell to words; and, passing farther, Geri received a slight wound, an accident which much displeased Messer Guglielmo, who, imagining that by courtesy he might remove any ill feeling, commanded his son to go to the father of his wounded companion and request his pardon. The young Lori obeyed his command; but an act of so much humility and humanity failed to impress the harsh mind of Bertaccio, who commanded his servants to seize on the youth even as he was expressing his father's sorrow and his own for what had passed. Unmoved at his entreaties, the inhuman Bertaccio only replied by having his hand placed upon a dresser, and severed from his arm with an axe; after which, with a stern air, he said: "Now go back to thy father, and tell him that wounds are to be salved with steel, and not with words!" On hearing of the savage deed from the lips of his mutilated son, the father, summoning all his friends, implored them with arms in their hands to revenge him; while, Bertaccio assembling his, not only these families but the whole city of Pistoia were divided upon it, and the faction soon spread into Florence.

In the month of May, while the festivals and popular sports were being celebrated, a party of young men of the house of Donati, accompanied by their friends on

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horseback, stopped to see some women dancing near the piazza of Santa Trinità; and others of the Cerchi coming up at the moment, also attended by many friends, they spurred their horses and a little inconvenienced them; on which the Donati conceiving themselves affronted drew their swords, and, the Cerchi as eagerly following the example, much blood was drawn on both sides.

Such were the disastrous results of this accidental rencontre that both the nobles and people of Florence mixed with the Neri or the Bianchi; and so great was the animosity thus excited that the magistrates, apprehending the total ruin of the city, dispatched delegates to intreat the holy Pontiff to find some remedy for these extreme disorders, and that one of the blood royal might be sent to *reform* Florence, and quell the pride of the Bianchi. The Pope's Legate at length succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation; but, on the Neri refusing to admit their rivals to a share of the government, he left the city in anger, after putting it for its disobedience under excommunication. The attempt seems only to have added fresh vigour to the spirit of discord, and both Florence and the adjacent places continued for some time in a state of the most revolting animosity and confusion; to all which a terrific conflagration added its climax of devastation and misery. It was believed by many that it had been kindled by the Abbot Neri, Prior of S. Pietro Scarragio, a dissolute wretch, abandoned to every species of enormity, who, taking advantage of the people being engaged in conflict, perpetrated the desperate deed by first

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setting fire to the dwelling of a lady whom he had seduced.

About the same period a distinguished citizen, named Corso Donato, was condemned to death, under the plea of attempting to bring Florence into subjection. Being a brave soldier, and supported by his friends, he resolved to defend himself to the last; barricadoed his house, and gave the populace so hot a reception that they were glad to withdraw, after many had been killed on both sides. Not liking to renew the assault, they next possessed themselves of the adjoining houses, and, taking him both in flank and rear, entered into his mansion. Though thus encompassed with enemies the valiant Corso, cheering his friends once more to the attack, charged furiously upon his besiegers, and cutting their way they actually reached the gate of Santa Croce. Most of his friends were slain; he himself was hotly pursued and overtaken at Rovezano; but, scorning to be made the gaze of his victorious enemies, he flung himself from his horse, when one of the guard of Catalonians dispatched him on the spot with his lance.

An event now occurred which threw Florence into the utmost alarm; the Emperor Henry was preparing to enter Italy at the head of all the Florentine rebels, whom he had promised to restore to their country. With a view to break the fury of the impending storm, the chief men of the city resolved to recal those who had not been banished by special name; among the last of whom however were nearly the whole of the Ghibellines, some of the Bianchi, and the celebrated Dante. They farther applied for aid to the King of Naples, and, unable

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to obtain it on other terms, they agreed to deliver over to him the city for the space of five years. But the Emperor after being crowned at Rome, and declaring that he would tame the fierce spirit of the Florentines, encamped his army at the monastery of San Salvi, within a mile of the city. Here he remained for fifty days without striking a blow, after which, despairing of success, he repaired to Pisa, where he entered into an agreement with Frederick of Sicily to invade the kingdom of Naples, and soon after died.

Freed from this danger, a series of fresh tumults and excesses paved the way for the tyranny of Lando of Agubbio, a ferocious soldier, who turned against his employers the arms which the Florentines had hired. Scarcely had they begun to breathe, after throwing off this new kind of yoke, when appeared the famous Castruccio Castracani, who became lord of Lucca and of Pisa, and whose rising greatness and military genius struck terror into the hearts of the Florentines. Their discord ceased; Castruccio was at the head of the Ghibellines, and already laying siege to Prato, which however they succeeded in relieving, and he retired. The life of this man abounds in extraordinary exploit, and still more extraordinary adventure. Banished, and left destitute in youth, he met the rebuffs of fortune with scornful and unyielding spirit; set out on his travels, and first visited England. But meeting only with cold looks from a wealthy relative, settled there as a merchant, he boldly presented himself at the court, where his natural capacity and accomplishments speedily recommended him to the

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notice not only of the English nobles, but of King Edward himself, from whose side he was seldom absent, either in the gay carousal or the stormier sport of war. It so happened that, playing one day at billiards with a favorite courtier, he was struck by the latter a blow on the face, when, indignant at the injury, he drew his sword, and laid the proud insulter dead at his feet. He was forthwith compelled to consult his safety, the friendship of the monarch, whom he had made cognisant of the whole affair, affording him time to effect his escape.

Withdrawing to Flanders, and thence to France, Castruccio entered the service of King Philip, Edward's sworn enemy, where he distinguished himself in several campaigns, and rose rapidly into higher rank, till, a favorable opportunity occurring, he returned to his native Lucca, and was received by Uguccione, the governor of that city, with every mark of attention and respect. These he requited by expelling his enemies the Obizzi, with the partizans of Robert, King of Naples, who favored the Guelphs and Bianchi; and by subjugating the rest of the citizens to his patron's dominion. Several sanguinary combats however ensued, among which the terrible day of Monte Catini, if we are to believe historians, witnessed full 30,000 soldiers stretched upon the field of slain. Among the dead were also Piero Tempesta, brother of the King of Naples, and Francesco, son of Uguccione; the Prince of Tarentum was made prisoner; and Castruccio himself grievously wounded. Victory declared in his favor; but, jealous of his influence with the people of Lucca,

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Uguccione now eagerly sought his destruction; nor was an occasion wanting, for, Castruccio repeating his English experiment of killing a favorite courtier of the tyrant, the latter gave orders to his son to seize the culprit, and throw him, heavily ironed, into one of his gloomiest towers. There he was condemned to death; but, fearing a tumult of the Lucchesi, the tyrant's son delayed the execution; on hearing which Uguccione, then at Pisa, rode post to Lucca, and, bitterly reproaching his son, declared he would hasten and himself put in force the sentence. But, his ferocious intention becoming known, the people flew to arms, attacked his palace, and, overpowering his guards, drove him and his family from the city; after which they lost no time in bursting open the prison of their brave fellow-citizen, Castracani. He was instantly appointed general of their army, and marched to oppose the Florentines, over whom he achieved several brilliant victories, and returning in triumph was declared by common consent the prince and patron of Lucca. Being next called upon to head the whole of the Ghibelline force in Italy, he was equally successful, captured many cities belonging to the Guelphs, and reinstated some of the opposite faction in Genoa. In his subsequent campaign against Florence he made himself master of Volterra, Prato, and Pistoia, often threatening the Tuscan capital itself; and such was the power of his name as to induce the Emperor Frederick to appoint him commander and vicar-general in Italy against the forces of King Robert of Naples. He was also invested with the dignity of a Roman senator; but the daring and eccentric

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genius of the man shone conspicuous above all the trappings by which he was surrounded. He caused to be carried before him a banner, on which was inscribed, " Fu quel che Dio volle," It hath been as God willed it! and behind him was borne another, bearing the words, " Sarà quel che Dio vorrà," It will be as God shall decree it. By the former, it is thought, he meant to express the perils through which he had passed, and by the latter a sort of contempt and indifference for the future, which, when founded on so true a maxim, evinces as much sound philosophy in it as religion.

It is humiliating to contemplate, as we proceed, the reverse of this noble character, and to learn that, seduced by the blandishments of fortune and the acquisition of power, Castruccio exercised much the same despotism over his native city as had been employed by his predecessor. Yet, eccentric even in the tyrannical and barbarous practices which he employed, we are informed that, on capturing a party attached to the Avogadri, he selected thirty from among the most noble, and causing them to be placed on as many asses with their faces the wrong way, and the tail of each animal in their hands, he marched them in procession through the streets of Lucca; and on their arrival he had the whole of these unhappy prisoners inhumanly hung. By this and similar excesses, he alienated from him the minds of the Lucchesi; many conspiracies were formed against his person, but, these being detected, he poured upon the authors the full vial of a tyrant's wrath and revenge. As if the states of

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Lucca and Pisa were too mean a theatre for his savage sway, he formed the design of possessing himself, by means of treachery, of the city of Florence, having vainly attempted to carry it by assault. He seduced from their fidelity two Florentine chiefs; but, the conspiracy coming to light, the traitors were seized and put to death in the public square. The Florentines in great alarm now applied for succour to the King of Naples, who dispatched his son Charles with a large force to assist them against their powerful and talented enemy. The rival armies met at Serravalle, where Castruccio, more experienced in arms, though with inferior force, having possessed himself of the castle and taken his position upon the hill, engaged the allied troops at so much advantage that he achieved a complete victory, routing the Florentines and making prisoners many of their chief nobles and citizens. Hastening next to Pistoia, which had revolted from him, he took it by storm, and inflicted a cruel retribution on the unfortunate inhabitants.

The Florentines, shortly afterwards receiving strong reinforcements from Naples, again took the field; but, not choosing to confide wholly in their arms, they bribed two Italians and an Englishman in Castruccio's service to assassinate their master. This plot also was detected; and, while one day reviewing his troops, he demanded of them in a fierce tone what penalty was due to the servants who dared to betray their sovereign? The reply of death! death! resounded from the ranks; and, beckoning with his hand, the public executioner, prepared for his office, stepped forward,

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followed by the three conspirators, whose heads he severed from their bodies in sight of the whole army. On approaching the banks of the Arno, the allies, headed by Charles of Naples, again advanced manfully to the attack, but were again routed with still greater slaughter; after which the invincible captain returned in triumph to Lucca, to give his troops repose.

Threatening next to subdue all Tuscany, and refusing the proffered terms of peace, Castruccio was publicly excommunicated by the Holy Pontiff as a persecutor of the church and an enemy to all mankind. The fearless captain only laughed to scorn the arm which was raised but could not strike, and, on receiving the ban, he simply enquired whether excommunicated persons could eat; and, being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Well, I prefer to live an outlaw with my friends to receiving absolution and starving among traitors." In vain did the Florentines attempt to recover their lost possessions; they were constantly met and foiled by the daring and unsubdued genius of their rival. Stung by these repeated efforts to throw off his yoke, he became desperate and cruel, putting the noblest families to death, and inflicting the most singular punishments which his extravagant and atrocious genius could devise. When a city revolted, he would often ride post and enter it at full gallop attended by only twenty horsemen, and, his army being deemed at hand, his presence alone produced obedience; and a sudden silence reigned throughout the streets. The Florentines were finally reduced, at considerable sacrifices, to offer terms of peace; which being accepted, soon

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afterwards the famous Castruccio, their invincible and implacable foe, the foe of his country, and, according to the apostolic ban, *of all mankind*, breathed his last sigh, dying a natural death, Fortune having never, as it were, deserted the side of her favorite son to the last. This event occurred in the year 1328.

The war with the church continued for some time with various success; dreadful commotions ensued, and to such excesses did the parties proceed that the Gonfaloniere, or chief magistrate, unfurling the popular standard, proceeded to address the people, beseeching them to spare the city from destruction. On the other hand a plebeian orator rose up, and incited them, with perfect sang froid and some wit, to commit every species of mischief and spoliation, proposing to change clothes with the nobility, and set them to some useful work. The seignory were drawn out of the palace, and Michael de Lando, a wool-comber, was appointed Gonfaloniere and lord of the triumphant people. Bearing the standard of Justice, he ran barefoot, followed by his ragged subjects, up the palace steps, and, mounting the place where the nobles used to give audience, he exclaimed, turning to the multitude, "You see that this palace is yours, this city is yours, and all is in your hands; what is now your opinion as to how they shall be disposed of?" "We will have you," was the cry, "for our Gonfaloniere, and you shall govern the city as you think fit." Being an acute and wily rogue, more indebted to nature than to fortune, he took them at their word. "Be it so," he replied, "and first make speedy search for one Ser Nuto, whom

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Messer Lapo de Castiglionchio meant to have made *Bargello*, or head serjeant, over us; we will hang him forthwith." Most of the ragged troops that were about him readily obeyed this injunction, which he followed up by issuing a proclamation that none should dare to burn or steal any thing; and, as a sign he was in earnest, he caused a gibbet to be erected in the public square. He next declared that, as he was king, he would have a radical reform; he annulled the syndics of the trades and made new, deprived the lords and colleges of the magistracy, and burnt the purses of offices. Meanwhile Ser Nuto was brought into the square, and being hung by one foot on the gibbet, every one slashing a piece from his body, there was very shortly nothing left but his foot. The Council of Eight believing themselves, since the lords were departed, to be the chief magistrates of the city, had already begun to make a new election of peers; which coming to Michael's ears, he sent to tell them to desist and get out of the palace, as he intended it for their betters, and would let every one see that he knew how to govern Florence without their counsel. Like the celebrated Parliament of Saints, the council were fain to follow the Protector's orders, and quickly gave place. Taking possession, he assembled new syndics of the people, and created a Seignory of Four for the labouring people; two for the greater, and two for the lesser trades. Besides this he made a new *Squittini;* that is, an imborsation for the choice of magistrates, and divided the state into three parts. To Messer Silvester de' Medici he gave the rent of the shops upon the old Bridge, and conferred on himself

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the *Podestaria*, or Bailiwick of Empoli. On the common people he bestowed gifts, in order to induce them to be prompt and ready in defending him from envious attacks.

Spite of all this, however, the people began to think that Michael's plan of reform leaned too much towards the nobles, and that they, the rabble, had not been admitted to so great a share in the government as they deserved. Again, therefore, they took up arms, and, marching into the piazza, they sent word to the lords to come down to the *Ringhiera*, or place of audience, to debate concerning new matters. It was now the Masaniello of Florence began to experience some of the cares as well as the sweets of sovereign power; and, to humour his ungrateful subjects, he assured them that they should have what they wished, if they would only lay down their arms and go home. To this they replied by electing eight deputies from the trades, who should sit with the lords in the seignory to decide upon public affairs; and they revoked the grants which Michael had conferred upon Silvester de' Medici and himself. They next sent a commission to the lords, requiring them to ratify what had been done; and even summoned their late favorite to account for his public proceedings.

Irritated beyond measure, Michael resolved to punish their arrogance, and first, drawing his sword, he smote down the insolent orator who had dared to dictate to his sovereign, commanding his body guards to seize the rest of the ringleaders. On this the populace in the utmost rage flew to attack the seignory; but King

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Michael, aware of the approaching storm, judged it more honorable to attack them in the rear than to wait their assault, like his worthy predecessors, within the walls of the palace. He put himself at the head of the more respectable citizens, who came forward to defend their property, and, followed by many men at arms, he led them, mounted on a white charger, to engage the enemy towards S. Maria Maggiore. But, by a manœuvre, the rabble army reached the palace unseen, by another direction; and, on retracing his march, he found they had already occupied the square, and were busily scaling the walls. Taking them at once in flank and rear, after a hot skirmish he put them to the rout, some throwing down their arms, and others hiding or scampering away.

Having gained this victory, he proceeded with singular moderation, and, remarking the general disposition to shake off the plebeian yoke, he yielded to it, and by means of a few of the better quality contrived to retain part of the power he had enjoyed under the preceding administration, thus displaying a degree of statesmanship far superior to that of the Rienzis and Masaniellos of their times.

This tragi-comic episode being closed, the restless spirit of the Florentines engaged in new intrigues and dissensions. A grand conspiracy of the nobles and chief citizens came to light, the heads of which, including Pietro Albizzi, a man feared and honored by the people, were condemned to death. While the guest of a particular friend, Pietro not long before had been presented at table with a silver cup full of *confects*, under

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which he found hidden a great iron spike, and, handing it to his companions, it was interpreted by them as an admonition for him to 'stop and fix the wheel; for, Fortune having brought him to the very top of it, it was impossible, if it continued its career, that he should not fall to the very bottom,'—an interpretation fully verified by his sudden ruin and death.

About the end of the fourteenth century, the Florentines, more successfully to resist foreign aggression, took into their service Sir John Hawkwood, an Englishman of great military reputation and experience in the Italian wars. He fulfilled too well the expectations they had formed of him, having basely betrayed the Pisans; but the real enemy to their glory and repose did not attack them from without,—discord and jealousy continued to rage in the heart of Florence, to wield the dagger, to drug the bowl, and fill to overflowing the heavy measure of confiscation, banishment, and death. Among these martyrs to their country was the noble Benedetto Alberti, who, on taking his departure for eternal exile, called together his consort, with the whole of his relatives and friends, and seeing them, says the historian, sad and full of tears, he told them that they "ought not to grieve nor wonder, for it ever happens thus to men who among a great many wicked strive to be good, or would support what many seek to destroy. Love of my country makes me content with my banishment; I shall be free from my enemies; and they will be free from the fear which they had, not of me only, but of all who they know are sensible of their wicked and tyrannical government. The

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honors conferred by my country when free, she cannot now a slave take away from me; and, of a truth, I shall ever find more delight in the memory of my past life than sorrow for the infelicity of my exile. That my country should become a prey to bad men, and be forced to submit to their tyranny and avarice, indeed grieves me; and I am grieved for you; for, being no longer near you, I fear that they will persecute you with greater tyranny than they have persecuted me. Resolve within yourselves, therefore, to bear a mind steadfast against all misfortunes, and carry yourselves so that if any adversity befal you (as much certainly will) the world may know you to be innocent, and that not by any fault of yours had you deserved it." He then tenderly embraced his weeping family and friends, and, having gained as great a reputation for goodness abroad as he had enjoyed in his native place, he finally ended his travels by visiting the holy sepulchre, and on his return thence died at Rhodes.

The persecutions Alberti had predicted soon followed; but, having exhausted the noblest blood and energies of Florence, the demon of discord slumbered for a period, allowing an interval of nearly fifteen years' repose. From this she was roused by a disastrous war with the Milanese, and the rabble again flew to arms, when scenes similar to those already described occurred. Some of the most virtuous citizens were driven into exile, others put to death, while numbers were only what was termed *Ammoniti*, or admonished to show greater deference to the sovereignty of the people. A war with Ladislaus, King of

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Naples, proved equally unfortunate, and would probably, as in that of Milan, have ended in the fall of the Tuscan capital, had it not been for the death of that monarch; affording another remarkable instance of the happy fortune of the most turbulent of Italian republics, a fortune which seemed to bid defiance alike to its own internal distractions and to its disastrous campaigns in the open field. Previous to his death the Florentines had invited Charles, Duke of Calabria, to assume the reins of government; but, being engaged in the Sicilian wars, he deputed Gualtieri, Duke of Athens, to act for him, who, having succeeded in holding the invincible Castruccio at bay, was elected captain general in 1334, with the title of Preserver of the Florentine people. This he soon exchanged for that of their master, and one of his first acts was to arrest Giovanni de' Medici, captain of the Lucca guards, who fell a victim to his power. The ruin of most of the principal families followed, and such was the intolerable tyranny he exercised, both over the nobles and the people, that, having fixed the day, they simultaneously rose in arms, and, displaying the standards of the people, rushed in throngs to attack the tyrant and his troops at the palace.

Sensible of the impending storm, his adherents flew to their posts, and with their hired myrmidons engaged the people; while the Duke defended himself valiantly in his palace, already surrounded by the people. The prisons were burst open, the public archives burnt, and the houses of his obnoxious ministers sacked and razed to the ground. 'Liberty,' and 'Death to our Ty-

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rants!' re-echoed through the city; and, finding himself hard pressed, Gualtiero ordered down the ducal banner, and the ensigns of the people floated over his palace. It was, however, too late; his troops gave way on all sides, and the people now called upon him to deliver into their hands his two ministers and one of their sons, the instruments of his cruel power. He yielded; and the moment they were thrust out of the palace they were torn into pieces by the indignant citizens, whose wives or daughters they had dishonored; whose sons or brothers they had slain. They then entered into conditions with the Duke, consenting that he and his family should retire free and unhurt upon renouncing every kind of claim to the seignory of Florence and its states. Even his foreign guard and other troops were spared, and conducted out of Florence through dense ranks of murmuring citizens; and they trembled lest they should share the fate inflicted before their eyes upon the higher ministers of the tyrant's will. Nor is this a solitary instance of the generous and magnanimous spirit of a triumphant people, after ages of lingering and intense oppression; while we may seek in vain for an act of clemency on the part of despots and the blood-hounds of their tribe, when they once succeed in fixing or recovering the terrific power which crushes down the energies of man, violates all human ties, and bids him prostrate his free soul and erect forehead—the image of deity—before his fellow, lower than the dust. More modern times, as well as those of which we are speaking, help to corroborate this honorable and cheering truth, while they have as amply proved

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how destitute of all honor, religion, truth, or sympathy with any of those ties that bind mankind in general—with any thing good or great—are those usurpers of the rights and property of others, the despots, or rather monsters, of their species, who establish their kingdom in blood, yet on a base of sand. It is by this impious and reckless doctrine that modern Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and unhappy Poland, after achieving the most glorious victories over their oppressors, have been induced by appeals to their national honor, by their moderation and humanity, to spare those who never yet spared them, and to relinquish the fruits of that independence so dearly bought; often witnessing the return of the royal ingrates at the head of hired legions, spies, executioners, and bonds, to revive, in renewed vigour, those blessings of monarchy which their people vainly spurned.

Having recovered their liberty, a succession of fierce contests for pre-eminence took place between the nobles and the people, which terminated in the signal triumph of the latter. New laws for each order were enacted, and they were particularly severe against the nobles; but, from this period to nearly the middle of the fourteenth century, there was an interval of unusual tranquillity, when Florence perhaps lost in generosity of manners, and splendour of arts and arms, as much as she had gained in democratic ascendancy and a more fixed form of government. It was now, too, that occurred the memorable pestilence which Boccaccio with so much eloquence has described, and which carried off 96,000 people, spreading terror and

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desolation throughout Tuscany; yet, in the midst of scenes like these, that enchanting novelist, with a force of contrast true to the reckless spirit of such times, represents a party of Florentine ladies and cavaliers assembled in a pleasure garden to amuse themselves with recounting tales of chivalry and love.

> 'Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day?
> The morning banquet by the fountain side,
> The dance that followed, and the noon-tide slumber;
> Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay
> On carpets, the fresh waters murmuring;
> And the short interval of pleasant talk
> Till supper-time, when many a syren voice
> Sung down the stars; and, as they left the sky,
> The torches, planted in the sparkling grass,
> And every where among the glowing flowers,
> Burnt bright and brighter.
>
> 'He,* whose dream it was
> (It was no more) sleeps in a neighbouring vale;
> Sleeps in the church, where in his ear, I ween,
> The friar poured out his wondrous catalogue;†
> A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
> To the wise men! a phial full of sounds,
> The musical chimes of the great bell that hung
> In Solomon's Temple; and, though last not least,
> A feather from the angel Gabriel's wing,
> Dropt in the Virgin's chamber. That dark ridge,
> Stretching south-east, conceals it from my sight.'

It was not long before the distracted state of affairs led to the appointment of a committee of safety on the representations of the people, while the Holy Pontiff took advantage of their sufferings to invade Florence.

* Boccaccio. † Decamerone, VI. 10.

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No sooner was the dread of foreign aggression removed, than faction again reared its serpent crest, and finally accomplished the ruin of a republic which had acquired so much glory in arts and arms, had waged so many important wars, and finally subjugated so many other states and cities to its dominion. What might it not have achieved had it only been true to itself, combined its energies, and fostered its noblest children, instead of thrusting them forth, like an unnatural parent, from its bosom, into exile and despair.

Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the treachery of Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan, who had infringed the conditions of peace entered into with the Florentines, again compelled them to prepare for war. Having taken into pay Count Alberigo, in order to relieve the town of Zoganara they came to action with the Duke's forces, and sustained a defeat, rendered almost ludicrous from the circumstance of the loss of only three persons, Lodovico Albizzi and two others, who fell off their horses and were STIFLED IN THE MUD! This famous battle, so justly ridiculed throughout Italy, gave the people fresh cause for murmuring, and induced the Florentines soon after to take into their service Count Odo, son of Braccio, with the celebrated Niccolo Piccinino as his military governor and leader in the field. In early youth, the latter had been remarked by Sestio Capo, the head of a company of horse, for his daring spirit in managing a fiery steed, and was by him invited to become a soldier. Such were the ability and valour he displayed that, though of obscure origin, Sestio did not scruple to

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confer on him the hand of his daughter, a confidence, however, he had reason to regret, the young lady soon after falling a victim to the jealousy of her husband, by whom, like poor Desdemona, she was smothered during the night. Sestio, with just indignation, withdrew from him his former favor, and they continued on the worst terms together till the father's death. Unlike his great predecessor, Cavalcanti, Niccolo suffered many severe reverses in his campaigns, but he rose from them with unconquered spirit; and soon afterwards, at the head of 1200 horse and 200 Florentine foot, he entered Romagna to assist Guid' Antonio against the Duke of Milan. Having reinforced his army, he attacked the enemy from an ambuscade, and put him completely to the rout; but, finding his services unrequited by the Florentines, he went over to the Duke, a proceeding which so incensed the Republic that by a public decree an exact likeness was ordered to be painted of him in the great square, with the head placed undermost, as marking a violator and spurner of all faith.

This did not prevent his obtaining a series of successes over his angry caricaturists, after which he proceeded to winter at Milan. There an attempt was made to carry him off by poison; but he partook too slightly of the viands; the cook and another accomplice were thrown into prison, and they then confessed that they had been instigated to the attempt by several Florentine residents. Piccinino was next opposed to the famous Carmignola, the captain-general of the Venetians, who had joined Florence, and in this campaign

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he also came off with the advantage, and captured several places of strength. The Duke, his patron, however, suffered a severe defeat, but this did not prevent his sending a strong force under Piccinino to the succour of Lucca, then besieged by the Florentine forces. By a stratagem he took their camp by surprise, put them utterly to the rout, and raised the siege. He next made himself master of numerous towns and territories belonging to their confederates; and his reputation as a consummate soldier soon spread throughout Italy.

The Florentines, aided by Venice, renewed the war in Lombardy; while the great captain fell upon Pisa, and, after uniting his forces to the Sienese, entered and laid waste the Florentine territories. Astonished at the rapidity of his movements, and his splendid successes, the Duke of Milan appointed him to the command of all his forces, and adopted him into the family of the Visconti. The celebrated sea fight near Cremona, between the Duke and the Venetians, took place at this period, in which the latter were overthrown with the loss of eighteen ships of war, 1500 slain, and 6000 prisoners. Almost as tremendous an engagement was fought between their land forces in the territory of the Valtellina, in which Piccinino, after routing the Venetians, took the whole of their castles in that vicinity. He next encountered the troops of the Church, over which he was equally successful; and he even formed the design of possessing himself of the Holy Pontiff's person by entrapping him. But the Florentines, penetrating his secret, not only foiled

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the attempt by putting Eugenius IV. upon his guard; but actually, it is said, dispatched a number of bravos to cut off, by any means, however execrable, the man whom they could not cope with in the field. Niccolo, incensed at such dark and relentless animosity, bitterly retorted on his Florentine prisoners, whom he caused to be put to death in the most strange and revolting forms, even making targets of their persons, by binding them to trees and shooting at them with arrows. He also caused their mangled remains to be divided and hung up in different parts to terrify their countrymen—acts by which he well merited the title of *Piccinino il Crudele*, or the cruel little man.

He now took the field against the celebrated Francesco Sforza, who had invaded Romagna; and a series of stratagems and sharp skirmishes ensued; but without farther results, owing to the Duke offering terms of peace to the Pontiff. They were again opposed to each other; but the question of military superiority remained still undecided. The Venetians also dispatched against him the able Gattamelata, and a severe action was fought, night only dividing the combatants.

Combining their powers to crush the domineering genius and pride of Piccinino, the Florentines and Venetians now renewed their league, and induced Sforza to lead their forces once more against their formidable enemy. After various successes they met in the mountains of Verona, where a fierce and sanguinary battle took place, which terminated in favor of Piccinino, Sforza and his troops making a speedy retreat. He

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followed it up by another victory; and, proceeding along the banks of the Lago di Garda, he assaulted and sought to fire the enemy's fleet; but the men left in guard of the vessels crying to arms, and uniting with the Venetian soldiers and sailors, fell on the small force of Piccinino in advance, and routed it: he himself narrowly escaped being made a prisoner. But a more serious defeat was at hand; hearing that Sforza had a convoy going to Brescia, he laid an ambuscade in the Vale of Lodrone, which being by an accident discovered, he was suddenly set upon by the enemy's horse; and, to effect his escape, he had recourse to the aid of a faithful German, who conducted him in disguise to a fisher's boat, in which he embarked on the lake and regained his own party. Not long after, he was defeated in a second engagement, and was so completely surrounded that he could only save his life by ordering himself to be thrust into a sack (a process which his diminutive person greatly favored) and carried on the shoulders of the same faithful German, through the enemy's camp, to a place of safety.

But, not in the least dismayed, the little hero soon re-appeared in the field, and, carrying Verona by storm, was among the first to mount the walls, and became master both of the city and the state. Francesco Sforza, however, marching with a superior force to its relief, he was compelled to resign his conquest, and in his retreat through the territories of Brescia, Parma, and Bologna, he levied heavy contributions, pillaging and destroying many of the towns on his way. At Anghiari, in Lombardy, another well-contested en-

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gagement took place, in which Piccinino was again routed by the pontifical troops, with the loss of 1800 horse and 1300 foot;* after which he retreated through Milan to the great terror of the inhabitants, from whom he exacted enormous sums. Next passing the Po and the Oglio, before Sforza with a fresh army could again bring him to action, he recovered all the possessions he had lost, thus making even his retreat a series of fresh successes. As Sforza was on his march, Niccolo with his usual impetuosity approached to meet him, taking up a position within a mile of his camp. Such was the alarm he excited, that the enemy dared not venture forth to provide themselves with water and forage for their horses; but, just when he conceived himself sure of victory, tidings arrived of the conclusion of a peace.

Violently irritated, and abhorring repose, Piccinino then entered the service of the Church, and, having brought several places under its subjection, he arrived at Macerata, where his old enemy Sforza, at war with the Pontiff, advanced to attack him. A tremendous conflict ensued, during which the ambassadors of King Alfonso and the Duke arriving, with instructions for a truce, Piccinino was once more disappointed of his prey; and, enraged beyond measure, he withdrew his forces, seizing on Tolentino, Gualdo, and Assisi, which he pillaged on his route.

On reaching Terracina he was received by King Alfonso, who advanced beyond the gates to escort him

* The subject of Da Vinci's famous cartoon, representing a battle of cavalry.

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with every mark of honor, and, handing him into the Palace, he addressed the people, holding Niccolo by the hand, and extolling him as the great captain of his age. He became allied also to the royal family, was declared general of the king's forces, and in three days resumed his campaign. Pursuing Sforza, he arrived at Monteloro, where he offered battle to the enemy, who declined it. But the Venetians having sent a strong reinforcement, under Taddeo da Este, the Earl prepared for the encounter, and each commander was seen every where in the field, animating his soldiers, and frequently heading them, with the impetuous rivalry of military genius, and long personal emulation and envy, to the charge. The contest was fierce and protracted, the Earl's army, though out-manœuvred and in a bad position, fought bravely, and, Sforza himself making a sudden effort to retrieve his ground, they charged the enemy with such impetuosity that the troops of Piccinino gave way at the moment when victory seemed already his, and he with difficulty saved himself and reached Fossombrone. Despite of fortune, he again appeared in the field, harassing his more fortunate enemy with indefatigable spirit and skill, till when once more on the eve, as he conceived, of a decisive victory, he was recalled by a mandate of the prince whose battles he then fought. This seemed almost too trying even for the great soul of the little hero; justly indignant, he poured forth a torrent of reproachful invective in the presence of his princely employer, declaring that his weak and dastardly policy had deprived him of the entire sovereignty of Italy. In a few days he retired to

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one of his villas, where, being seized by a slow fever, he shortly after expired in 1446, in the 54th year of his age, not without suspicions, though most likely unfounded, of having been poisoned.

Numerous other examples from the line of Tuscan heroes might be adduced of high military genius, and heroic exploit. Never were devotion to country, and contempt of cowardice, more signally displayed than by Braggio, governor of the fort of Monte Petrosa in the Florentine service. When the enemy had set fire to the place, and he saw no means of saving it, he threw down all the beds and household stuff from the part above, which had not yet taken fire, and, casting down upon them his little children, cried out to his enemies:—"Here! take these goods which fortune has given me, and of which you may bereave me, but the goods of my mind, where glory and honor reside, I will neither give you, nor can you force them from me." The enemy, hearing this, instantly ran to rescue the children, and brought him ropes and ladders to save himself, but he would not accept them, "choosing," says the historian, "rather to fight to the last, and die in the midst of the flames, than live by the favor of the enemies of his country." Yet such was the versatile character of the Florentines, that amusing instances of an opposite spirit are not wanting, when they seemed to consider war as a sort of holiday pastime, rather than a contest for country and for fame. We more than once read of their making "cautious approaches to the enemy, and coming to a set battle which continued half the day, neither party giving ground to

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the other, yet was there not one slain, only some few horses wounded, and a number of prisoners taken on both sides, and both remaining masters of the field of battle."

From the close of the fourteenth century, a series of foreign wars and intestine divisions, less interesting both in their character and in that of the men who figured in them, introduces us to the most refined and glorious periods, sacred to the genius of poetry and art, that are to be found in the Florentine annals.

Notwithstanding the confusion which reigned in the city from popular causes, it continued to increase in wealth and importance; an active and successful commerce supplying it with exhaustless resources. In the meantime, also, the Medici were acquiring power and distinction; and the virtue and patriotism which inspired successive generations of this distinguished family at length established them as the ruling citizens of their free city. The spirit with which they were actuated shone forth in the patriarchal admonition with which Giovanni, the excellent and distinguished ancestor of the celebrated Lorenzo, took leave of his sons on his death-bed: "I feel," said he, "that I have lived the time prescribed me. I die content; leaving you, my sons, in affluence and in health, and in such a station that, whilst you follow my example, you may live in your native place honored and respected. Nothing affords me more pleasure than the reflection that my conduct has not given offence to any one; but that, on the contrary, I have endeavoured to serve all persons to the best of my power and abili-

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ties. I advise you to do the same. With respect to the honors of the state, if you would live with security, accept only such as are bestowed on you by the laws and the favor of your fellow-citizens; for it is the exercise of that power which is obtained by violence, and not of that which is voluntarily given, that occasions hatred and contention."

The conduct of Cosmo, the eldest son of this wise and venerable old man, was in conformity with the counsel of his father. The government of the city was now strictly republican in its constitution, and whatever authority he or his family exercised was at first so freely granted by the people that it seemed to be the representative only of their own power. Enjoying, however, as Cosmo did, the general esteem of the citizens, he was more than once exposed to the dangers which the intrigues of ambition so easily excite in a republic. He was at length even seized, confined in a castle for more than a month, and finally condemned, together with his friends, to banishment for ten years. Another change in the magistracy of the city occasioned his recall after only one year's absence, and he returned with fresh ardour to the work of improving his fellow-citizens by his princely encouragement of the sciences and liberal arts. Under his fostering care, Florence made her first rapid advances in literary glory, and his name appears adorned with the highest encomiums of contemporary writers. "You have shown," says one, "such humanity and moderation, in dispensing the gifts of Fortune, that they seem to have been rather the reward of your virtues and merit than

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conceded by her bounty. Devoted to the study of letters from your early years, you have by your example given additional splendour to science itself. Although involved in the weightier concerns of state, and unable to devote a great part of your time to books, yet you have found a constant satisfaction in the society of those learned men who have always frequented your house." By another he is described as a citizen who, whilst he exceeds in wealth every other citizen of Europe, is rendered much more illustrious by his prudence, his humanity, his liberality, and, what is more to our present purpose, by his knowledge of useful literature, and particularly of history.

Nor was this high praise either dictated or overcoloured by flattery. Cosmo was not only the liberal patron of men of letters, but the permanent benefactor of the city, by first establishing in it a library, designated by the name of the Laurentian. The numerous connections which he enjoyed by his mercantile transactions with almost every portion of the world greatly facilitated his views in regard to this admirable undertaking; and Florence became enriched by his means with some of the most valuable manuscripts in existence. " He corresponded," says the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, " at once with Cairo and London, and a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books was often imported in the same vessel." His example was followed by other wealthy citizens; but Cosmo united their collections to his, and in this manner, more than one library of manuscripts being formed, rendered the most valuable aid to the cause of

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learning. By such munificence he well merited the title of Pater Patriæ.

It was about this period, also, that the empire in the east was broken up, and many of the most learned among the Greeks were obliged to seek a shelter in the different cities of Europe. Florence had already obtained a wide-spread reputation for the advances her citizens had made in letters and the arts, as well as commerce, and thither, therefore, several of the accomplished refugees repaired, and the knowledge of Greek literature thus became a favorite and profitable pursuit in this foremost city of republican Italy.

But while these elegant employments were diffusing the lights of philosophy through the state, and thence over many neighbouring countries, its merchants were not the less devoted to its aggrandizement. About this time, according to most writers, Florentine banks and other houses were established in almost every part of Europe. The number of the inhabitants capable of bearing arms was nearly 80,000, which, if it be estimated by the usual mode of computation, will give 400,000 persons as the total amount of the population.

Every citizen, almost, we learn from contemporary authors, was, at this prosperous era of the republic, in the enjoyment of a good income, and, none of them being void of a particular feeling of regard for a state in which they enjoyed so many advantages, a considerable supply was always at hand for any sudden emergency; and Florence thus acquired the respect of its neighbours not only for its success in literature, and the luxury and elegance which pervaded its palaces

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and streets, but for its importance as a wealthy ally to states of greater extent and better provided with a native military force.

On the death of Piero de' Medici, son of Cosmo, the celebrated Lorenzo acquired the chief direction of affairs among his fellow-citizens, and, to the respect and admiration for literature which had distinguished his grandfather, he added the enthusiasm and influence which belonged to him as a poet and philosopher. The Pulci, Poliziano, and several other great men, owed their prosperity and fame to his protection and favor; and in their society this master citizen of the republic instituted a school of philosophy which was intended to revive the doctrines of Plato's academy. His own poem on the subject is regarded as worthy of being placed among the best of the class, either in Italian or any other language; and the re-establishment of the famous Platonic festival, which was owing to his admiration of the philosopher, is a still further proof, not only of the enthusiasm, but of the learned spirit which was at that time general throughout Florence. The literary men of all Italy delighted at being present at this institution, and, the writings of Plato being closely examined by so many acute and fervent inquirers, their meetings were remarkable for the spirit and ingenuity which they called into display. As, however, might have been expected from any design to engraft a system of ancient philosophy on modern modes of thinking, the institution was, after a short time, productive of injurious effects, and real learning became mixed with visionary and ill-

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supported doctrines. During the revival of knowledge and art in Europe, no other Italian city produced so many distinguished men in every department of science and literature. The noble monuments and innumerable specimens of exalted genius, whether in architecture, sculpture, or painting, with which the public edifices and private mansions of Florence became enriched, bear ample testimony to so honorable a distinction.

In the ensuing sketches of Florentine history will be found some brief notices of the most distinguished artists and poets of Tuscany, who threw lustre round the sceptre of her political power, and by their talents, their grandeur of mind, or their eccentricities, serve to withdraw the mind from the painful contemplation of civil violence, crimes, and disasters.

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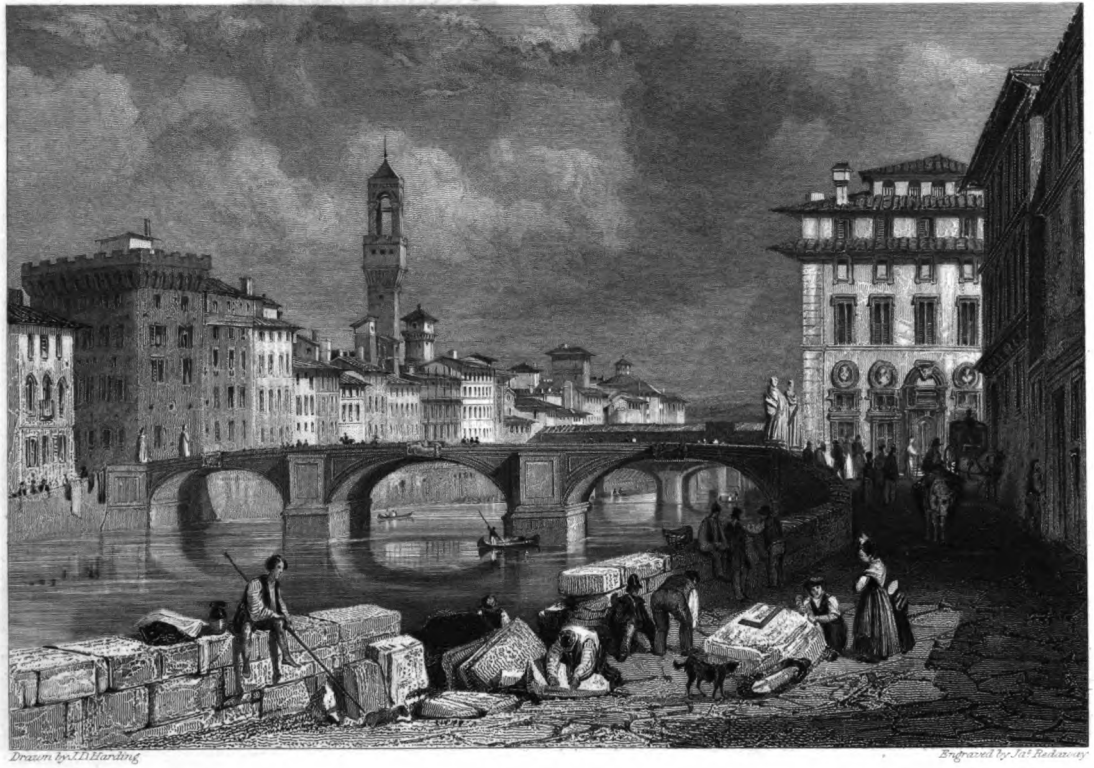

Drawn by J. D. Harding

Engraved by Jas. Redaway

PONTE SANTA TRINITA.

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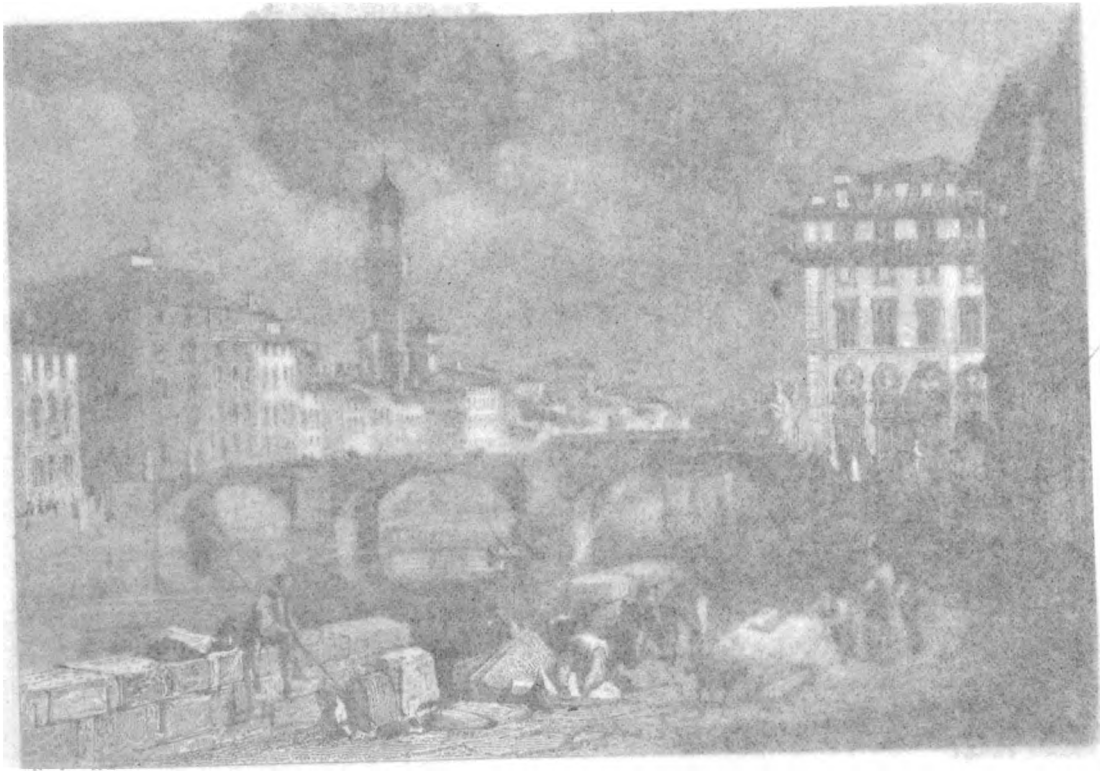

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PONTE SANTA TRINITÀ.

Da dotta mano in varie forme sculti,
Pitture, e getti, e tant' altro lavoro.

ARIOSTO.

———Neque ego detrahere ausim,
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.

HORACE.

THE Bridge of the Santa Trinità, erected over the Arno, rivals the most beautiful structures of a similar kind known throughout Europe. Yet, beautiful and noble as it is, we owe the first regular description of it to a countryman of our own—the talented Mr. Vulliamy, who, while residing at Florence as one of the travelling students of the Royal Academy, measured it with great accuracy, and, on his return, published the interesting drawings he had taken of its architectural structure and dimensions. According to the work of this gentleman, the accounts given of it previous to his own are of the most inaccurate kind, and no exact measurement of it was ever taken.

Florentine genius, however, appears to have exerted itself with distinguished success in raising the bridge, though its men of science have not since thought of directing their attention to the investigation of the principles on which it was so ably constructed. On the extremities of its marble exterior stand four elegant

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statues, representing the Seasons. At the centre of each arch there is also another marble figure; and these ornaments, as we are informed by Mr. Vulliamy, were intended to conceal the interruptions of the arched line by the intersection of the two curves which form the arch. But nothing, says the same gentleman, can exceed the beauty of the effect produced by the lightness of the arches, contrasted with the massiveness of the piers and the cut-waters, the strength of which, it seems, was necessarily great, owing to the force with which the Arno frequently overswells its usual current. It was formerly believed that the bridge was unequal to the support of any great weight, and on this account carriages were not suffered at one time to pass over it; but the French, on obtaining possession of Florence, taught the citizens to be less careful of their bridge, and it was thence discovered that there was little or no reason to suspect its solidity.

The history of this bridge, however, presents a formidable idea of the power of the Arno; for the earliest structure of which mention is made was destroyed by its floods in 1252. It was thrice rebuilt and twice destroyed in less than a hundred years from that period. The bridge which was built in 1346 cost 20,000 gold florins; but on the first of March, 1566, the present structure was commenced, and was finished in the spring of 1569, on a plan which has enabled it to resist all the force of the stream, while it is unsurpassed for beauty and lightness of appearance. The completion of the entire undertaking is stated to have cost above 40,000 silver florins.

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The character of Tuscan architecture is that of simple grandeur. Imposing in its aspect, its principle is one of power and security; and, in the lapse of time, the great masters of the Medicean age threw an air of Grecian grace and nobility round the old Etruscan style, without depriving it of the firm square form and heavy projecting cornices. To Michael Angelo is due the honor of combining the different styles so as to preserve the basis of the Etruscan, varied by Roman and Grecian lightness. At once grand, and suited to warlike times, by its deep massy walls, it appealed also to national taste by its old hereditary character.

To this early and massive style is to be attributed the sombre air which not all the grace and splendour of more modern art has wholly removed from the general aspect of Florence. The ground stone line, coarse rustic base, iron rings, and stone seats, with the square front and projecting cornices, affording a retreat from the glowing noon-tide sun, serve still to remind us of the days when every house was a castle, and Florence herself was one formidable garrison. Walls embracing the circumference of five miles, commanded by sixteen towers with as many gates, frowned defiance on her enemies, till the middle of the fifteenth century. Not a bridge but what was equally well defended, and the grand imposing effect produced by these towers has been often mentioned by writers with regret, about the period of their demolition under Cosmo de Medici. On more important grounds, however, it was a salutary and politic measure, at once removing a source of civil broils, and the more fearful ravages of the

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plague. The possession of a tower, rising over his palace, and threatening some hereditary foe, was no longer the marked distinction of a Florentine noble. It is recorded that, when Totila sacked the city, it was defended by two-and-sixty towers, filled only with the gentlemen of Florence.

Unquenched by civil discord or by foreign aggression, Freedom soon opened to Florence the path to greatness and renown,—her merchant princes secured her wealth from the most distant shores, and she assumed her rank in the presence of Pontiffs and of Kings. Her ambassadors were to be seen in every European Court, and her fortunes exercised a marked influence on the councils and destiny of the most powerful states. This moreover was effected by the singular union of the warehouse and the palace, and those arcades that were the scene of midnight factions became, by day, the great mart and exchange for trade.

In a city of bridges, palaces, and churches, most of them on a rich and magnificent scale of architecture, the effect is not so imposing as would be produced on a wider theatre than is presented by the view of Florence. It seems too contracted for the bold masculine taste of the Tuscan, and the scene which opens on the eye of the tourist from the bridge of S. Trinità—combined of massy squares, domes, spires, pinnacles, with the Arno broadly swelling beneath its noble arches—is almost oppressive and overwhelming. It conveys the impression of a giant city of nobles and of serfs,—superb, massy, but with its edifices heaped as it were together, and encroaching on each other; a profusion that

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detracts from the effect of individual majesty and beauty. Besides the proportions, the huge dark grey stones throw a heavy and gloomier aspect on all the minor objects around. Thus, in the older palaces, a grooved line of stone, forming a seat, sets off the whole length of the front; and there, under the broad deep cornice, did the dependents of the family in feudal days seek shelter from the mid-day sun. From these, too, were often displayed the banners of the family, fastened in the huge iron rings; or the midnight torches, which cast a wild and lurid glare on the vast line of walls below. The windows are high and arched, so that the besieged party were obliged to mount up to them in order to annoy their enemy. The gates are massy and splendid, opening into a court of which the entire base is surrounded by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble fountains. Gardens of great beauty next lead to a corresponding gate, on going through which a rich and verdant foliage relieves the eye.

Under the arcades, cooled by the waters of the fountains, were spread the rich treasures and merchandise of the east, mingled with Tuscan manufactures; while large vaulted chambers beneath contained other and rarer stores of wealth. A noble staircase leads from the court into a suite of halls and saloons, profusely adorned and hung with silks. The lofty ceiling is painted,—splendid galleries extend above the arcades of the court, decorated with a profusion of fine paintings, statues, vases, and specimens of antique art.

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In palaces like these did the noble, the magistrate, and the merchant of Florence, surrounded by their friends and adherents, meet for public or social views. A frank manly simplicity stamped the character of the times, throwing into nobler relief their splendour, rich possessions, and almost imperial sway. No mean distinctions of birth obtained: all rested upon character, to which a public deference was shown; and the visitors took their seats in order as they arrived. Thus Michael Angelo would be found seated by the side of Lorenzo the Magnificent; Politian by that of the Gonfalonier; and the Pulci among a knot of the most celebrated preachers of the day. Nor is this fine and free characteristic of Florentine manners yet passed away; it is still observable in the intercourse between the wealthy and the poor, the lord and his domestic, though their palaces are now deserted, and a death-like silence reigns through the once animated streets —the bankers of Kings, and the protectors of Popes, being dwindled into a passive and contented race. The works of her great early masters,—the poems, the paintings, statues, temples, palaces,—were framed with ideas of a race of freemen and giants; they could not even have dreamed of the existence of an age so effeminate and so spiritless as our own. Arnolfo Lapi, and Cimabue, drew and built not for a race of singers, but of men, and ushered in a splendid line of successors, who threw a far-off glory and immortality around Florence. We have seen that the space of half a century brought her, like Athens, to the summit of power. The noblest of her minds in every

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pursuit rose and flourished nearly at the same period. Learned societies, schools, academies, and galleries of art and science, sprung up and again disappeared, after a period of knowledge and high refinement.

The simple and massive style of Arnolfo, giving a stern dignified air to the city, was subdued by the milder taste and genius of Giotto, the refined Tuscan of Brunelleschi, and the decorous union and magnificence of Michael Angelo. Almost every pursuit, and every kind of knowledge, formed the characteristic of minds like theirs. Alberti was also one of the first scholars of his times. Arcagna, whose name is identified with the Piazza Lanzi, inscribed on his statues "fece dal Pittore," and on his paintings "dal Scultore;" and Michael Angelo was the Proteus even of those early days.

About the year 1250 Arnolfo raised the grand edifice of the Palazzo del Podestà, since called Il Bargello—the residence of the chief magistrates, and the scene of many tragic and appalling events. At the portal was fixed a silent monitor, named *Tamburazione*, through whose medium, as in the era of the French Revolution, were conveyed secret communications to the state. The accused were thus often hurried, without notice, into swift and inevitable destruction.

Another of the oldest masterpieces of architectural skill is the Palazzo Vecchio, surmounted by a lofty tower, the work also of Arnolfo Lapi, a disciple of the great Cimabue. Before the vestibule stands a marble statue of David in the act of slaying Goliah, by Michael Angelo, and a group, also in marble, repre-

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senting Hercules destroying Cacus, by Bandinelli. The grand hall is decorated with frescos commemorating the exploits of the republic and the family of the Medici, the whole executed by Vasari; there is a group of Victory with a captive at her feet by Michael Angelo; and another by Gio. di Bologna, representing Virtue exulting over prostrate Vice. In the *Sala dell' Udienza Vecchia*, we see the exploit of Furius Camillus, nobly painted by Salviati. The Loggia of this splendid palace was erected from a design of Andrea Arcagna, and is decorated with the works of Donatello, Giovanni di Bologna, and Cellini:—a group in marble represents a young warrior carrying off a Sabine virgin, and near it are two lions, also in marble, from the Villa Medici at Rome, and six antique statues of Sabine priestesses. The name of the Riccardi palace is celebrated for having been erected from the design of Michael Angelo, and as having been originally the residence of Cosmo de' Medici and his descendants. An inscription is still seen over the entrance which recals the virtues and the patriotism of these its illustrious inmates:—"Hospes, mediceas olim ædes in quibus non solum tot principes viri, sed et Sapientia ipsa habitabit ædes, omnis eruditionis quæ hic revixit nutrices—gratus venerare." "Stranger! be grateful, and venerate these Medicean halls, the abode not only of many princely men, but of Wisdom herself, who here dwelt and nursed the infancy of learning." The name by which this venerable edifice is distinguished is derived from its present possessors—the Riccardi family, who are generally spoken of as deserving

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the honor of occupying a mansion so early devoted to the patronage of the arts and of literature. The noble gallery and library it contains are open to the inspection of the curious, and thus the Medici may yet be regarded as adding glory to their native city.

But, among all the public buildings in Florence, the Royal Gallery is the most celebrated, and the most deserving perhaps of the reputation it has obtained. It was built by Vasari, and forms part of the splendid edifice called *Fabbrica degli Ufizi*. It is supported by Doric columns, and forms two porticos, united by an arch which supports the chambers occupied by the courts of Justice. Over this arch is a statue of Cosmo I., Pater Patriæ, by Giovanni di Bologna, with two recumbent figures of Equity and Rigor, by Vincienzo Dati. In the gallery are contained the noblest collection of curiosities in Europe, and in every department of science or arts. Under the same roof is the famous Magliabecchi Library, abounding in rare manuscripts and early editions of printed books. It is open from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and here the Florentine Academy is accustomed to hold its sittings.

The Hall of Niobe is distinguished for containing a group of sixteen figures, which, it is supposed by many antiquarians, are the original statues mentioned by Pliny the elder as the productions of Zeuxis or Praxiteles. Winkelman regarded them as the most splendid triumphs of the sculptor's art, but his opinion has been controverted, and neither extreme antiquity nor such perfection of beauty has been ascribed to them by his

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opponents. In one of the apartments also of this gallery stood the far-famed Venus de Medicis, the name of which has been made the type of all that is most perfect in female loveliness. The room itself is highly ornamented, its dome being ceiled with mother of pearl, and its pavement formed of various coloured marbles.

The general arrangement of paintings and statues in this vast gallery is intended to convey a knowledge of the progress made by the arts, from their rude revival in the eleventh century, through their most flourishing periods, till the commencement of their decline towards the close of the seventeenth. Some degree of confusion is said to be caused by this attempt to preserve an exact historical series, useful perhaps to the student, but not to the mere lover of art, who finds himself disturbed by the heterogeneous mixture thus brought under one view. In regard to the edifice itself, it has been also objected that, notwithstanding its regularity, its appearance is somewhat heavy, the ceiling being too low, and the entablature, which is disproportioned to the size and number of the pillars which support it, adding to the defect. It is however considered, on the whole, as only inferior to that of the Vatican at Rome, whether in point of extent, grandeur of architecture, or the richness of its collections.

The Cathedral of Florence is also in harmony with the grandeur and luxurious elegance of its other buildings and general appearance. Michael Angelo, it is commonly said, was so delighted with its dome that he declared it to be a matchless specimen of ecclesiastical

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architecture, and copied from it when he constructed that of St. Peter's at Rome. The foundation of the church was laid in the latter end of the thirteenth century, but the dome was not built till the following one, when the architect Brunelleschi completed the entire edifice. Notwithstanding the general beauty and solemnity of its appearance, it is deficient in the classical simplicity and imposing grandeur of later structures. The dome is octagonal, and wanting in light and airiness of effect, while the nave, owing to the absence of pilasters, and the smallness of the windows, is liable to the same objection.

The historical recollections connected with this cathedral are numerous, and some of them deeply affecting. It was in its aisles that the conspiracy excited by Pope Sixtus IV., against Lorenzo de' Medici and his brother Julian, was consummated by the assassination of the latter. The details of the affair are too extended for this place, but they are highly interesting, as will appear from the following brief outline.

After the preliminaries of the insurrection to take place at Florence had been arranged, it was determined that the assassination of Lorenzo should be committed to one Monte Secco, while that of his brother was to be perpetrated by Francesco de' Pazzi and Bernardo Bandini. The former however, on finding that the murder was to be committed within the walls of a church, shrunk from the design, and his place was supplied by two priests. The plan being thus far agreed upon, the conspirators anxiously

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awaited the approach of the Sunday on which they intended to put it into execution. The day at length arrived; Lorenzo proceeded to the church, attended by the Cardinal Riario; but Julian was not present. His two assassins, fearful lest they should lose the expected opportunity, proceeded to his house in order to hasten his arrival. Meeting him on the way, they embraced him, with the intention, it is said, of ascertaining whether he had armour under his clothes. Unfortunately as it happened, he was so far from being thus protected that he had left even his dagger at home; and he took his seat at the church without any suspicion of the fearful fate that awaited him. The signal agreed upon by the murderers was the elevation of the Host, or, as some authors assert, the breaking of the Eucharist, by the officiating priest. With the most gloomy anxiety they expected this part of the solemn ceremony, and the moment the wafer was raised, and the congregation was bowed in mute adoration before the sacred emblem, Bandini drove his poniard into the breast of his unsuspecting victim. Notwithstanding his immediate fall beneath the blow, Francesco de' Pazzi flew upon him, plunging his dagger, with all the fury of hereditary hate, into every part of his body, and even wounding himself in the repeated blows given in the blind passion with which he was instigated. Lorenzo, in the mean time, had been attacked by the conspirators who had undertaken to dispatch him, but, the wound he received not being mortal, he had time to draw his sword and defend himself against the assassins. Before Bandini could reach him a second

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time, a number of friends had rushed to his protection, and hurried him into the sacristy, where, having closed the doors, one of his most faithful attendants sucked the wound lest the weapon should have been poisoned, a practice recently introduced into Italy by the Saracens. They then bore him in safety, escorted by a large body of noble youths, to his own palace. The conspirators, nearly all of them, met with the retributary punishment merited by their crime; those who were not torn to pieces, by the indignant and ferocious populace, falling by the hand of the executioner, not sparing an archbishop hung in his sacerdotal robes from the palace windows.

The campanile or belfry, which stands near the front of the church, but detached from it, is conspicuous for its grace and variety of ornament, while the baptistery, with its granite pillars, beautiful mosaics, and brazen portals, which Michael Angelo with characteristic enthusiasm called the gates of Paradise, has claimed the admiration of successive generations of travellers. But the spectator will turn from these ornaments of sculpture and architecture, to gaze with veneration and delight on the sacred spots which contain the ashes of the most illustrious Florentines. Yet a painful feeling passes across the mind while indulging in these contemplations, as the eye fixes itself on the picture which recals to memory that Dante was a citizen of Florence, but that his remains are committed to a foreign soil. It has been already mentioned that this oldest and most magnificent of Italian poets was driven to seek an asylum from the fury of his poli-

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tical enemies in the states of neighbouring princes. Ravenna was the last place of his abode; and there, some time after his death, a monument was raised to his immortal memory by Bernardo Bembo. To the credit, however, of the later Florentines, be it spoken, that they sought for many ages to recover the ashes of their poet. The gifted Michael Angelo exercised his influence to effect this purpose, but nothing could induce the people of Ravenna to give up the sacred possession, and Florence was obliged to content itself with passing a vote for raising a splendid monument to the honor of her exiled son. Whether want of means, or the agitations to which the republic has been since exposed, or both these causes, have prevented its being erected, is uncertain; but it has never been carried into effect; and a picture is all the monumental fame which the great Dante enjoys in his native city.

Painting, however, when the master-pieces contained in this cathedral are contemplated, can hardly be considered as less fitted to honor the memory of poets and patriots, than sculptured monuments of marble.

Petrarch and Boccaccio are absent also from this mausoleum, which ought to have been the sacred temple of the departed genius of Florence; and the kindred heart which glows with the recollection of their names feels all the force and noble truth of these lines:—

> "But where repose the all Etruscan three,
> Dante and Petrarch, and—scarce less than they—
> The bard of prose, creative spirit! he
> Of the hundred tales of love; where did they lay
> Their bones, distinguished from our common clay

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In death or life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?"

The church of San Lorenzo is regarded as deserving the particular attention of the tourist. Its sacristy was planned by Michael Angelo, and contains numerous statues by that celebrated master. Several princes, also of the house of Medici, are interred here; and behind the chancel of the church is a magnificent but yet unfinished mausoleum for the same family. It was begun in the year 1604, and was intended, it is said, to exceed in size and grandeur every structure of the kind in the world. Its plan is an octagon; its diameter ninety-four feet; its elevation to the vault 200 feet; and it is described as being literally lined with jasper, onyx, agate, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones; while its granite pilasters with their rich capitals of bronze, and its porphyry sarcophagi, are generally admired for their elegance and grace. Still more worthy of admiration are the sculptures by Giovanni di Bologna, representing the Crucifixion; a statue of the Virgin by Michael Angelo, and one of St. John by a scholar of his. It is feared that this edifice will now never be completed; the feeling of veneration for the Medici, unlike that for the name of Dante, having long since been weakened, and slight means remaining for carrying on so expensive an undertaking.

From the middle of the thirteenth century, Florence, despite of her popular ebullitions and protracted

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wars, made rapid strides towards the maturity of her greatness, her wealth, and her surpassing renown in letters and the arts. Under the Augustine sway of the Medici, sculpture and painting realized all that the brilliant dawn of Italian art had promised to the world; and, though the age of her divinest poets was gone by, the fathers of Italy's poetry and language, a race of classic scholars, novelists, and wits, had sprung up—the Popes and Swifts of Florence—whose works of high refinement were crowned by the more romantic glory of Ariosto's and Tasso's verse.

Florence, for the first time, was not ungrateful to a family whose spirit and munificence were congenial to its temper; and felt an awe mingled with its admiration of a citizen who deported himself like a prince, and of a man who bore among his rivals and his equals the title of the Magnificent. Lorenzo supported the reputation and influence of his family during many years, and Florence, under the direction of his counsels, continued to advance in wealth and refinement, without compromising her liberty by thus endowing him with the first honors of the state. While periling his life for his country, which he more than once saved from ruin, he ceased not to cultivate letters and the arts, and became the associate as well as the patron of her artists and poets. His conversations with Michael Angelo in his garden, and with Politian, Pico, and the Pulci, reciting their verses to him over the festive board, display a character attached to poetry and the arts for their own sake—above all ostentatious and mercenary views of lordly patronage.

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There is hardly a spot in Florence that does not exhibit some vestiges of its former power and magnificence in these its golden days;—palaces and churches with their domes, and splendidly decorated chapels, its noble sculptures and paintings, still breathing of the creative spirits that gave them birth, and recalling the extinguished race of genius and valour which raised her name high among the proudest capitals of Europe. Her history no less abounds in scenes of domestic interest, of thrilling passion, deep tragedy, and humorous incident or adventure. Of these it may not be unamusing to give a few remarkable instances, and more particularly of the latter, in which the older painters are more rich and racy than any other class of men.

In the dawn of art, about 1285, Cimabue, one of its earliest restorers, in going through the Campagna from Florence to Vespignano, saw a shepherd boy, who, instead of attending to his flock, was busily engaged in tracing figures with a piece of pointed stone upon a rock. He stopped, and, surprised at the skill which the child evinced, asked if he would go home with him and become his pupil. The boy readily assented; and to this circumstance did Italy owe her celebrated Giotto, the father of modern painting, and Dante a friend and solace in his exile, whom he has extolled in his immortal poem:—

> Credette Cimabue nella Pittura
> Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido;
> Sì che la fama di colui oscura.

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Giotto, indeed, not only surpassed his master, but soon filled Italy with the fame of his works. Rome, Naples, Florence, Padua, and Avignon, abounded in the master-pieces of his hand, and in every branch of the art. His reputation induced Pope Benedict IX. to depute one of his courtiers to invite him to decorate St. Peter's; but first he was to obtain some specimens of his skill. By the way, this trusty agent selected other specimens from every artist he could find, intending to compare them with Giotto's, and, arriving at Florence, he walked into the painter's shop, where he explained the Pope's wishes, concluding with a demand to see him make a design. Giotto took his pencil, and using it like a pair of compasses made a circle perfectly equal with his hand. Then, with a facetious air, he handed it to the courtier, observing: "See a wonder! this is your design." "I must have a different kind of design to this," returned the courtier coolly.—"Enough, and too much," retorted the painter; "put it up with the rest, and you will see the result."—The deputy, declaring that he would report his conduct to his Holiness, in a great passion left the place, in the firm belief that Giotto was making a fool of him. He was agreeably surprised, therefore, when some wiser heads at Rome assured his Holiness there was not another artist in Italy who could do the same; and from that time came in use the popular proverb, when wishing to designate a person of the courtier's taste: "Tu sei più tondo che l' O di Giotto."—You are more round (thick-headed) than Giotto's great O,—

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the word "tondo," in Tuscany, being expressive both of a circle and of little wit.

The poet Dante, in exile at Ravenna, hearing that his distinguished fellow-citizen was then staying at Ferrara, sent to invite him to come and join him, and he painted for the lords of Polenta several frescos in the church of San Francesco. It was here a friendship was formed between these extraordinary men which served to soothe the grief and bitter feelings of the poet's mind. From Giotto he is said to have acquired that knowledge and skill in matters of art in which he is known to have been no mean proficient, and which may perhaps have given to his poem that vivid and picturesque force which, while striking terror to the soul of the reader, brings the shadowy forms before the eye.

While at Florence, in the year 1322, tidings were received by Giotto of the death of his friend—the celebrated poet—whose ashes have twice refused to rest in the bosom of his ungrateful country:—

"Even in his ashes live his wonted fires;"

as if his spirit, speaking from the urn, spurned the futile offer of being reconciled to his hated persecutors. Though in the midst of his successful and splendid career, Giotto was much concerned at this event; and some of the next works he executed for the King of Naples—comprehending the Apocalypse and other histories, at Assisi—he is stated to have owed, from the conversations he had held with him, to the fine invention of Dante, who thus amply repaid him.

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So highly did the King of Naples estimate Giotto's social qualities, as well as his genius, that he would spend hours with him, while painting in his studio, delighted with his acute remarks. The King one day observing that he was determined to make him the first man in Naples, "It was for that reason," replied Giotto, "that I took up my quarters at *Porta Reale*, to be ready to *receive myself*."

On another occasion the King said to him, "Giotto, if I were you, I would not labour so hard this hot weather."—"Nor I, certainly," returned the painter, "if I were the King."

One day, as he was completing a picture, the monarch observed in jest:—"Now, Giotto, I should like you to paint me something on a larger scale; for instance, my own kingdom." Giotto did as he was requested; and, setting to work, soon after presented the King with the painting of—an ass suffering under a heavy bastinado, which instead of resenting, the beast was busy with his paws and nose snuffling up another and larger flagellum than that he felt upon his back, as if desirous of making an exchange. On both the instruments of good order were painted the royal crown and sceptre of magisterial sway.

Whether or not the King thought he had carried the jest too far, it is certain Giotto soon after set out to visit other cities of Italy. At Rimini he painted, in the church of San Francesco a number of noble pictures, as they are described, for that age; and in particular one in the cloister—a fresco of B. Michelina—a wonderful performance in point of beauty and expression.

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It represented an exquisitely lovely woman engaged in appealing to heaven, and kissing a book with fervent expression, her eyes fixed in solemn earnestness upon her husband, on whose features were written scorn and doubt, finely contrasted with the gentle calm simplicity and innocence depicted in the wife, and which made the spectators feel the wrong he did her in exhibiting a suspicion of crime in one so fair and perfect. The story is cleared up by the appearance of a little black-complexioned child, which it is quite plain the husband cannot prevail on himself to believe to be fairly his own.

Another painting, of the Death of the Virgin, with a Christ and Saints, was so highly extolled, in particular by Michael Angelo, that he declared that, in truth and propriety of expression, it was so true to nature as to challenge the powers of any artist, an admission that stamps the fame of Giotto—the self-taught genius of his times. Like his great successor—painter, sculptor, and architect in one—it is enough that the Campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore, the model, and the entire sculptures, all teaching the principles of art to his followers, were the work of the poor shepherd boy tracing lines upon a stone. Never then let the sons of genius, in fulfilling their high calling, yield to thoughts of doubt or despair, blaspheme the creative fire, nor cast reproach upon their high Promethean descent. Let them glory in being brothers of the shepherd boy,—the monarchs of men's minds in every age; and possess their spirits in calm and persevering confidence of reaping the harvest of their richest

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hopes. Even Fortune herself will cease to persecute when a firm and constant bosom is opposed to her shocks; and Genius, her martyr, will as often become her favorite as her favorites have ended in being martyrs.

Both Boccaccio and Sacchetti, in their novels, extol the works and record the pleasant sayings of Giotto, and his fame also in that line was long held dear, like the Abernethy of his art, by his many and successful pupils. A curious dialogue of the kind is recorded. Vainglorious and elated, at having escaped martyrdom in his first campaign, a certain captain of the guards, hearing Giotto's fame bruited louder than the trump of war, resolved to have a coat of arms, and to exhibit them painted on his shield. A serjeant, bearing it, followed him into Giotto's studio:—"God save you, master," cried this ancient Pistol; "I want you to draw my arms on this here shield?" Giotto instantly rouzed by the short style of the man, and his whole appearance, but affecting great complacency, only replied: "Pray when do you wish to have it?"—"Oh, on such a day!" "I see, I see," said Giotto; "leave it to me; go away, and come again!" When he was gone, Giotto gave his pupil a design from which to paint. It consisted of a helmet, a gorget, a pair of corslets, a pair of gauntlets, a cuirass,—in fact, a complete suit of armour, with a sword, a knife, and a lance. Arriving to the day and hour:—"Master," enquired the hero, "is that there shield painted? be quick, and bring it me down." But, exhibited to view, what horror seized on the soul of the captain! not less

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than when Scriblerus beheld the polished surface of his own, freed from its antique rust. "Oh, what a job is this here you have done!" cried the indignant hero. "I dare say it will be a job to pay for it; what did you ask me to paint?" inquired the painter. "My arms to be sure!" "Well, there they are; is there any wanting?"—"This is good!" exclaimed the soldier, in an attitude of despair. "Good!" returned the painter, "God give you good of it; what a Goth you are,—if one were to ask your name, I dare say you have forgotten it. Yet you come here—or rather bolt in—'paint me my arms!'—just as if you were a lord of the first order. Now what *arms* do you bear but these?—whence come you?—who are your parents, much more your ancestors? Are you not ashamed of playing thus the fool? Here are arms for you in plenty—all staring at you on your shield; if you have any others, say so, and I will paint them."

"You are an abusive painter, and you have spoiled my shield; but I will find a remedy." On this off goes the soldier—lays a complaint before the police—and summons Giotto. On hearing both sides, the magistrate was quickly won by Giotto's pleading, and decided that the soldier should take the shield as it was, and give ten lire* to Giotto, under penalty of being sent to the galleys.

In testimony of the gratitude of Florence to Giotto, for the benefits he conferred on the arts, Lorenzo the Magnificent raised to his memory a marble monument

* Namely, 7*s.* 1*d.*

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in S. Maria del Fiore, bearing an inscription by Politian:—

> Ille ego sum, per quem pictura extincta revixit,
> Cui quam recta manus, tam fuit et facilis, &c.

Among other anecdotes connected with the lives of the early painters is that of Antonio Sogliani, the son of a poor mechanic called Il Zingaro, the Gipsey, from his wandering habits. Engaged in some servile task in the house of a celebrated painter, Antonio saw and loved his only daughter. Being informed that no one should obtain her hand but a man ranking high in the art, the young lover, with rare devotion, became a painter; and in ten years, returning crowned with fame to the beloved spot whence he had been driven by an indignant father, he claimed and enjoyed the object of all his painful toils and pilgrimage.

It is to be regretted that the same art which, in one instance, crowned the efforts of love, should in another have kindled in the human bosom only the suggestions of treachery and revenge. Andrea del Castagno, an artist of considerable repute, owed much of the success he had met with to the kindness and instructions of his friend Domenico Beccafumi, one of the most beautiful colourists of his time. From what Domenico communicated to him, Andrea suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to colour, which gave Domenico so proud a pre-eminence in this branch. Ingratiating himself still farther into his confidence, he at length received the utmost proof of friendship which a friend could bestow—a knowledge of the means by which he

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himself rose to distinction, supposed to have been the secret of painting in oil. Andrea resolved to appropriate it to his own fame, and conceived the horrid idea of murdering the friend to whom he was indebted for it. With terrific rapidity the deed followed the diabolic impulse which inspired it. He knew that Domenico had just rambled out with his lute into the fields; it was evening; and, seizing the instrument of death, he hastened to place himself at a remote spot by which Domenico was accustomed to pass on his return at night-fall.

There the demon in human shape waited patiently for his victim, wrestling with the relenting pang which ever yields to the desperate purpose of the man of blood. He caught the glimpse of a shadow;—he heard a footstep approach;—he knew it; and as Domenico passed he struck him with a heavy leaden weight one blow upon the chest. It crushed at once the lute and the breast of his friend, who, uttering a cry, fell to the earth; while Andrea, rushing from the place, regained his apartment, and resumed his work. Scarcely had he seated himself, before two countrymen hastily entered, bearing tidings that a dying man, whom they had found, had directed them to him, beseeching he would hasten to a wounded friend.

Andrea, affecting the utmost surprise, ran back with them to the place; and the unfortunate Domenico, it is related, actually breathed his last sigh in the murderer's arms. The fact was only revealed when Andrea was on his death-bed; and then with no expression of remorse. What is more singular, he was interred in the

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exact spot where slept the remains of his victim; and during his life least of all succeeded in that peculiar excellence to attain which he consigned his conscience, while living, to the Furies, and his memory to perpetual infamy after death.

A pleasing contrast to this sombre and revolting character is to be found in that of Buonamico Cristofano, called Buffalmacco, whose facetious feats, with those of his contemporaries Bruno and Calandrino, have so often afforded a topic for the wit of Boccaccio. Buffalmacco was not a bad painter, but he was not attached, it appears, to very early rising in his youth. His master, Andrea Tafi, made a rule of rousing up his pupils even during the longest nights, at a most unreasonable morning hour. So much was Buonamico annoyed by it, that he resolved to find some remedy for the evil, and happening to find in an old vault a number of large *scarafaggi* or *beetles*, to the back of each of these he appended, by means of fine threads, a lighted taper, and, exactly at the hour when Tafi used to be stirring, he contrived to introduce them through an aperture into his room. Seeing these strange lights, the aged Tafi, seized with a panic, conceived his hour was come, and, commending his soul to God, he hid his head under the bed-clothes, in which state he remained trembling until it was fair day-light, and Buonamico had enjoyed a good sleep.

Next morning he enquired of his pupil "whether his room had been haunted, like his own, by a thousand fiery demons." "No," replied Buffalmacco, "but we all wondered that you failed to call us as usual."—

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" Call you! I was thinking of other things, not about painting, God help me! I am going to leave this house, Buonamico." The ensuing night, the compassionate pupil introduced only three devils to his master, but they were enough to keep him quiet till morning. Buonamico rose very comfortably at eight o'clock, and his master, hearing some one stirring, followed him down stairs, and walked—straight out of the house. It was with difficulty he was prevailed on to return; and then he begged Buonamico not to go to work, but to go and bring him the parish priest. To his consolations, his pupil added, " You say well, holy father; I have always heard that these demons are the sworn enemies of our Lord, and consequently that they are equally bitter and spiteful against us painters, the reason of which doubtless is, that we make them so horribly like, so brutally ugly, while we every where draw the saints in the most beautiful and attractive forms. No doubt, they hate you, my excellent master, for rising so early to fulfil this task." In this reasoning the priest perfectly agreed, and persuaded the painter that he would infallibly be lost one time or other, if he rose to paint before day light. After a bitter struggle between fear and avarice, the latter gave way; and Tafi's example of sleeping till day light was followed by all the other masters and pupils in the city.

On setting up for himself, our friend Buonamico found he was annoyed by a certain noisy neighbour, the consort of Messer Capo d'Oca—Mr. Goosehead, who began to ply her wheel even earlier than his ancient

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master had done his brush. It was close against Buffalmacco's bedhead, and clitter clatter it began at three o'clock every morning. This also he resolved to remedy, and, forthwith boring a hole through the partition wall, he introduced a long hollow cane, by which he could reach the cooking apparatus, and, in the absence of the good housewife, down this pipe he sent such a superabundance of salt into her dinner pots, that poor Capo d'Oca, on his return, could touch neither soup, fish, flesh, nor pudding, so horribly were they salted. Again and again he entreated she would not put so much salt in *his* provisions; and, finding the evil only grow worse, in a fit of passion he one day gave her a sound beating. The neighbours, hearing her cries, ran to the place, and Buonamico was among them. On hearing the merits of the case, the cunning painter exclaimed, "My good Sir, you have no right to complain; it is only a wonder how your wife can do any thing like another woman, when I can witness that she does not get a single hour's rest of a night. It is enough to make any one's head light, spinning as she does from three in the morning till night-fall. Pray let her have her natural rest, and she will no longer make these strange blunders, I will be bound for her. You see how pale and wild she looks!" and the whole company cried out shame on Messer Goosehead. "She may be in bed till noon, for me," cried the indignant husband, "provided she will not salt me, till I am nearly pickled, and preserved—nay, ready for hanging." Buonamico and the neighbours, laughing heartily, took themselves off; and, when any

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undue repetition of the spinning-jenny perplexed him, a new prescription of salt remedied the evil; for Messer Capo d'Oca then insisted on his wife's keeping her bed.

Bishop Guido, lord of Arezzo, employed Buffalmacco to paint one of his churches. During the progress he frequently came, accompanied, not by a courtier, but by a tame baboon, a very intelligent animal, who, perceiving the interest his master took in the pictures, evinced much the same sort of admiration. Intent upon the whole process, the ape would often remain watching the painter after the bishop departed; and one Saturday evening, Buffalmacco, having concluded his work, retired, when Messer Jacko instantly seized the brush. With a daring hand he first made a union of all the colours he could find, which he applied to the canvass with so much energy and rapidity, using all the strangest gestures and grimaces, that in a few minutes not a trace of the original was to be seen.

What was the horror of Buffalmacco, who had so often passed his jests on others, when he came on the Monday morning, and witnessed the catastrophe. Secretly determined to discover the author of so atrocious an act, he hid himself in the chapel; nor did he wait long, before Messer Jacko, tripping into the place, ran up the ladder, and recommenced his labours on the scaffold. Buffalmacco went forthwith to the bishop, and tendered his resignation: "Your reverence, I find, is already provided with a court painter; and one I cannot pretend to compete with;" and, after presenting the bishop with a painting of the lion tearing an

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eagle, instead, as he had been told, with that of an eagle on the back of a lion, he hastily left Arezzo.

His friend Bruno one day complaining that he could not throw sufficient expression into his faces; "put it into their mouths then," replied Buffalmacco: "label your saints, and they will speak like Cimabue's."

The next exploit of Buffalmacco shows how far credulity could be carried in a Catholic country, and during the fourteenth century. Calandrino was a man more distinguished at Florence for his excessive *bonhommie* than for his skill as an artist. Such a character offered too strong a temptation to his friends, Bruno and Buffalmacco, to try their favorite art of playing upon the weak points of their companions. Accordingly they gave our hero to understand that, at a certain spot near Florence, a species of enchanted stones was to be found, which gave their possessor the power of making himself invisible. Instances, they declared, had already occurred in which the invisibles had pocketed a large sum from the bankers without a cheque, and entertained themselves in the first style at a public hotel without ever paying the waiters.

The simple Calandrino was in raptures, and by the promise of a dinner and half a dozen lacrymæ Christi on their return, induced Bruno and our painter to accompany him. On reaching the spot, Calandrino, having filled his pockets as directed, reproached his friends for their indolence; and, converting his mantle into a bag, he began to fill it also with the precious stones. When he had gathered enough to load an ass, they helped him with it on his shoulders; and, toiling and panting,

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the poor Calandrino retraced his steps back to Florence. On their way Bruno, accosting Buffalmacco, suddenly called out: "What has become of Calandrino?" The other, looking round in great surprise, replied that he was certainly gone. "I lay you what you please," exclaimed Buffalmacco in an angry tone, "that he has gone home, and has made fools of us for our pains." Calandrino, hearing this assurance of his invisibility, resolved indeed to go home without saying another word to his friends. "He is a great villain," exclaimed Bruno, "for acting in such a way; I have long known him; he has more of the knave than the fool." "Were he only here," returned Buffalmacco, "I would make him feel;" at the same time hitting the invisible a severe rap on the legs with a stone. "And so would I," said Bruno, launching another which hit Calandrino in the small of the back, who consoled himself, however, for all, with the consciousness of his invisibility.

The sufferings of a painter named Spinello Aretino, from the effect of terror on the imagination, were still more remarkable than Calandrino's. He painted the Fall of the Angels, in which picture Lucifer appeared in such hideous colours as even to affect the artist's mind, and haunt his sleep. One night he awoke in an agony of terror, exclaiming that the demon had appeared to him, and demanded how he had dared to paint him in such a horrible shape. This vision repeatedly returned, until the wretched artist, deprived at once of his peace and his reason, fell into a lingering atrophy, and in that state died.

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THE VILLAGE OF PELAGO.

Ben provvide natura al nostro stato,
Necando dell' Alpi Schermo
Pose fra noi e la Tedesca rabbia.
Ma 'l desio cieco, e' n contra 'l suo ben fermo
S'è poi tanto ingegnato,
Ch' al corpo sano ha procurato scabbia.

PETRARCH.

NEXT to the public walks and gardens round the ducal palace of the Cascine, Florence can afford few excursions more attractive to the tourist than such as are to be enjoyed on the Perugian road, among the neighbouring little towns and hamlets which enliven the banks of the Arno. It stretches along the windings of the river for a space of five or six miles, and at every turn presents prospects of a very varied and pleasing description. The eye is relieved, as you proceed, from the somewhat too uniform, gray and olive-coloured,—nay, almost monotonous aspect of the Tuscan capital and its suburbs, by a more rich and agreeable diversity of sylvan scenery—wood and hill, and grassy glade—with elegant villas, farms, or single houses scattered at intervals on the borders, or little eminences along the enchanting waters which glitter through the foliage that skirts their banks.

After passing L'Incisa, the first post-town, beautifully situated on a knoll, gently sloping towards the

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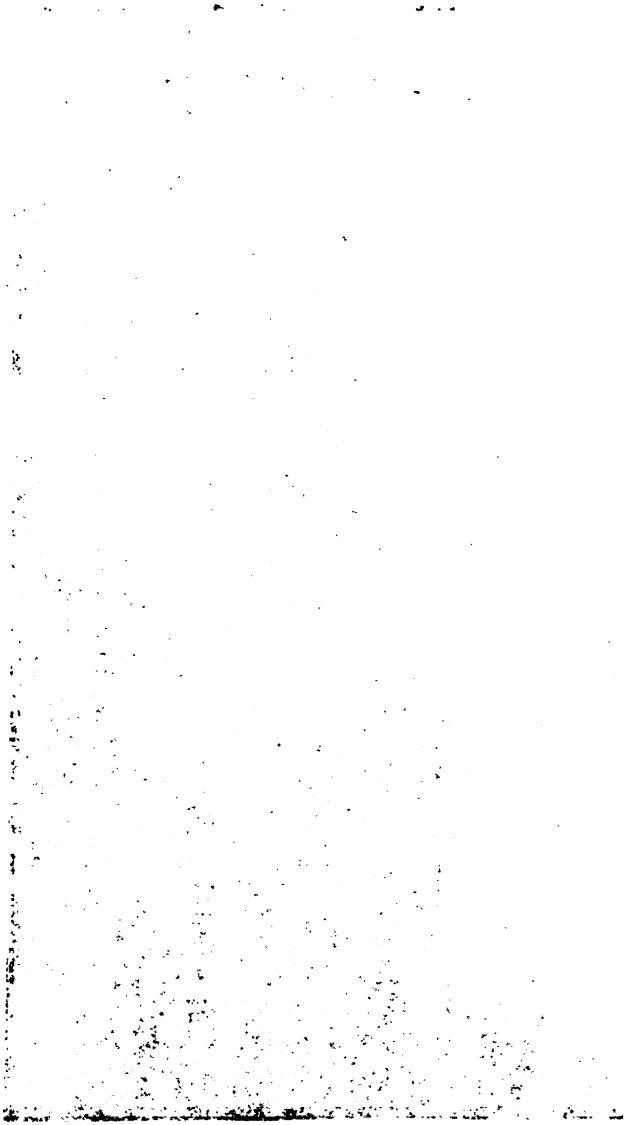

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Arno, with the remains of a castle overlooking the town; the landcape combining with the river becomes still more striking and picturesque. Here a fine rural bridge, built of brick, opens on the road leading to Pelago, suddenly diverging to the left over a steep and difficult acclivity, which continues for a mile and a half. The village is very delightfully seated on an eminence, which overhangs the brink of a valley luxuriantly wooded with magnificent chestnut trees, and is skirted by a small stream running from the mountains, which in summer is nearly dry, but in winter its full and rapid current adds much to the picturesque scenery.

From this site the surrounding view is variegated and extensive, embracing the windings of the Arno with its combination of woods, villages, vineyards, castles, and mountains, almost as far as Florence. The country round Florence has thus all the charms which the bright sun and gentle breezes of Italy can bestow; and the loveliest of her cities may be compared, without extravagance, to some elegant temple built amidst the luxurious shades of a noble and richly cultivated domain. Poetry, as well as her sister art, has shed her sweetest influence around these sunny scenes; and the names of Fiesole, and the Arno, and Vallombrosa, are fraught with magic memories, even to our northern ears. The very sound of the latter, the Italian of our *Shady Valley*, is, like the spot itself, one of the most romantic in the world,—the entire vale and mountains of Vallombrosa presenting a combination of the sublimest and most beautiful features be-

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longing to natural scenery. Winding up a steep of vast height, the vale is in most parts rendered wild and gloomy by the rocks and heavy shades of the ancient forests which overhang it. Here and there, however, these barriers are separated by small unexpected fissures, and the eye is charmed by the sight of little grassy glades, the deep repose of which is only broken by the breath of the breezes escaping through the openings.

From the summit of the mountains which enclose the romantic valley, a prospect of wide extent attracts the sight; but the eye is speedily drawn back to the green and sylvan shades beneath, where the wild mountains, and their dark curtain of gnarled oaks, firs, and beeches, are seen surrounding a dell—the best visible representation of Paradise which the most imaginative of our poets could find to assist his fancy.

It is from this eminence that Milton, reclining amidst its sublime solitudes, is supposed to have pictured on his soul those images which were afterwards formed into his noble descriptions of Paradise. More than one traveller have remarked the striking resemblance between these scenes and the following lines, which may perhaps give the reader a truer feeling, if not a more defined idea, of Vallombrosa, than the language of prose could do.

> So on he fares, and to the border comes
> Of Eden, where delicious Paradise
> Now nearer crowns with her enclosure green—
> As with a rural mound—the champaign head
> Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides

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With thicket overgrown grotesque and wild
Access denied, and overhead up grew,
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm;
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend—
Shade above shade—a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

If thus rich and magnificent in natural scenery, in historic associations, and the lives of her illustrious men, Florence will be found no less abounding.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Florence witnessed a very singular spectacle, productive of momentary surprise and terror. It was the work of an artist of most eccentric genius, Pietro Cosimo, a being made up of sympathies and antipathies, and endowed with a peculiar wildness of imagination. On the approach of a storm he trembled and sought to hide himself, with a sort of instinctive fear; and, when the thunder rolled, wrapt in his cloak, he would be found concealed in the obscurest corner of his mansion. The cry of a child, the sound of a clock, the song of the monk, and even the noise of a person coughing were his antipathy, while one of his greatest pleasures was watching the silent fall of a shower of rain. His actions partook of the same singularity; and, the idea having struck him of impressing the Florentine people with greater devotion and seriousness of character, he set earnestly about the means, and having provided every thing necessary he fixed upon the period of the approaching Carnival for its execution.

On the evening of the last day that terminated its rejoicings and excesses, there suddenly appeared in

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Sprung of noble Tuscan blood—that of the Simoni —Michel Agnolo Buonaroti was born in the year 1474. Nurtured by the wife of a stone-mason, he was in the habit of saying that he sucked in sculpture with his milk. His father vainly attempted to combat the impulses of nature and genius; he became the pupil of Ghirlandaio, and, at sixteen, the famous academy and the gardens of Lorenzo, filled with the works of antiquity, were opened to his view. There the first specimen of his sculpture—the head of a satyr—attracted the admiration of Lorenzo; and, after conversing together for some time, he became the protegé and the guest of that remarkable man. So far did he soon outstrip his fellow pupils, as to excite their envy and resentment; and one of them, a youth of ungoverned passions, fixing on him a quarrel, struck him so violent a blow as to break the bridge of his nose, the marks of which he bore with him to the grave. Yet such was his benevolence that he sought no means of secretly avenging himself; and when able, in after-life, he was accustomed to give sums to portion out orphan children, in order to preserve them from the effects of destitution and want.

This great artist was often so attached to solitude that he would adjourn at some periods to a monastery among the hills, to commune the better with nature and his own thoughts; for he was heard to declare that the art was a jealous mistress, and would suffer no rival. Possessed both of wit and good sense, he always asserted his opinions with astonishing singleness

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and fearless frankness of manner. Charles V. one day inquiring his opinion respecting Albert Durer, an able German painter and writer,—" Such is my esteem for him," he replied, " that, were I not Michael Angelo, I would prefer to be Durer, even before Charles of Spain."

On being treated with want of courtesy and attention, by Pope Julius II., Michael Angelo sent him word that if he wanted him he must come to seek him, and not he the Pope; after which he immediately took his departure from Rome.

In the grand ducal gallery there is preserved a head of Brutus, only roughly chiselled, by the great artist. At the edge of this unfinished bust we read these lines:—

Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit; et abstinuit.

Whilst Brutus' form the sculptor's hand recals,
His crime came o'er him; and the chisel falls.

An English traveller, Lord Sandwich, we are told, on reading these lines was heard to observe, in turning to the attendant Cicerone, that there was certainly a mistake in the inscription, for that the lines should have run thus:—

Brutum effinxisset sculptor, sed mente recursat
Multa viri virtus; sistit et obstupuit.

The patriot form breathed—lived; but, while the hand
Of Michael waved the sculptor's magic wand,
The Roman's virtues rose before his view;
He paused astonished; nor the likeness knew.

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With the view of ascertaining the extent of knowledge possessed by some antiquarian connoisseurs of his time, Michael Angelo is said to have made use of a curious experiment, and one which was crowned with perfect success. He executed at Florence the statue of a Cupid; and then, despatching it to Rome, caused it to be inhumed in a certain spot in the vicinity, where he knew that researches were then making after the antique. He had first, however, detached from the bust one of Cupid's arms, which he took care to preserve. It was not long before the discovery of the modern antique began to make some noise,—a committee of antiquarians was held upon it, and these Roman connoisseurs agreed that it was a genuine antique, by an ancient Greek master, and regretted only that it had lost one arm. It was purchased by the Cardinal San Giorgio at a prodigious price, as being one of the best specimens yet discovered.

What was the surprise and chagrin of the whole party when the ancient sculptor made his appearance, as if following his work out of the earth, with the god of Love's arm in his hand, and claimed the statue for his own. The Cardinal, who had paid dearest for the jest, was the least satisfied; the work had lost all merit in his eyes; and, as if to revenge himself, he invited Michael Angelo to his residence, where he amused him with a number of grand projects, not one of which he put into execution, during the space of a year.

On the death of Lorenzo, in 1492, Michael Angelo returned to his father's house; but was prevailed upon

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soon after by Pietro de' Medici to resume his former apartments in the palace, where he dined at the same table, and was treated with every mark of respect. Pietro, however, had none of the noble qualities and cultivated taste which distinguished his father, and one of his first requests to Michael Angelo was, that he would make him a colossal statue of snow to adorn the court-yard of the Medici palace. Pietro then boasted that he had two of the most extraordinary men living at that time in his house, namely, Michael Angelo who had made a snow man, and his handsome Spanish footman, so celebrated for swiftness of foot, and so long-winded, that even when riding full speed he could not overtake him!

The revolution in the fortunes of the Medici, in the person of Pietro, was attended with some singular occurrences, of which the following may be adduced as none of the least strange and marvellous. In the zenith of his power and reputation, Lorenzo was accustomed to entertain at his table a certain improvisatore of high ability, named Cardiere, who sang to him on the lyre, in the evenings, when surrounded by Michael Angelo and his literary friends. Previously to Pietro's banishment, we are told by Condivi, that one day Cardiere accosted his friend Michael Angelo with a very disturbed air, stating that he had had a vision the preceding night which gave him no little uneasiness. The apparition of Lorenzo, he declared, had appeared to him in his sleep, his form arrayed in a black and tattered robe,—and had commanded him to go and acquaint his son that he would shortly be driven into

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exile, never to return. Perceiving Cardiere's distress, our painter advised him to disburden his mind by obeying the injunction, while his friend, aware of Pietro's violent disposition, was terrified at the idea of running so great a risk.

Not long after, Michael Angelo, while in the court-yard of the palace, observed Cardiere walking about, pale and sorrowful, quite opposite to his accustomed manner, and inquiring the cause was told that 'Lorenzo had again appeared to him, and that he had been suddenly awoke by a blow on the face, the apparition angrily asking why he had not before acquainted Pietro with what he had seen.' Michael Angelo reproached him for not having already done so, and, by encouraging him, his friend seemed comforted, and declared he would then set out for the Villa Carregi on foot, so eager was he to relieve his mind. On the way however he met Pietro with a grand retinue coming to Florence. The unhappy ghost-seer stopped him, and boldly told all that he had seen and heard. Pietro laughed aloud, and turning to his attendants repeated Cardiere's story, not a little amused at his expense, while his chancellor, afterwards Cardinal of Bibiena, exclaimed:—"Cardiere, you are out of your senses. Think you that Lorenzo is more attached to you than to his own son? If to his son, see you not that he would have appeared rather to him than to you, if indeed it were of importance to appear at all?" But Cardiere, having thus obeyed the wishes of his deceased master, returned home, apparently so impressed with a sense of the reality of what he had seen, and of having

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performed a severe duty, that Michael Angelo himself was persuaded that the strange prediction would be fulfilled, and in a few days, taking with him two of his friends, he departed for Bologna. As if to be convinced of the wisdom of this measure, he was shortly joined there by the whole family of the Medici, the head of which never lived to return to Florence, meeting after a series of bitter reverses an untimely death.

On completing his colossal figure of a David, Vasari relates that the artist's friend Soderini, the chief magistrate, was attempting to criticise it, observing that the nose was somewhat too large. Michael instantly mounted the scaffold with a chisel and some sand, and, while he affected to be chipping the edges, he let fall a little dust, as if just broken from the statue. "Is it better?" inquired the artist. Delighted at this proof of deference, Soderini repeated, "There! that will do; it is quite well now—you have given David fresh life!" a lesson to the hypercritics of all times.

The same great artist once painted a holy family for Angelo Doni, an avaricious citizen, and required for it the payment of seventy ducats. Quite shocked, the man of numbers told the messenger he could not think of giving more than forty; on which Michael sent for his picture back, or for 100 ducats. Doni now agreed to pay the first demand of seventy; but Michael Angelo, growing indignant at this species of chaffering, demanded 140 ducats, which, after many struggles with Plutus, the unhappy Doni paid to him.

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Next to his magnificent productions in the Sistine Chapel, his works of sculpture and architecture,—all in the noblest spirit,—the grand Cartoon of the battle of Pisa acquired for Michael Angelo the highest celebrity. To describe the scene it commemorates in the words of a distinguished living poet,—

> ' Oft, alas ! were seen,
> When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were there,
> Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring,
> The man, the hero, on his foaming steed,
> Borne underneath, already in the realms
> Of darkness. Nor did night, or burning noon,
> Bring respite. Oft, as that great artist saw
> Whose pencil had a voice, the cry "To arms !"
> And the shrill trumpet, hurried up the bank
> Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide,
> And wash from their unharnessed limbs the blood
> And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,
> Violent the tumult; for, already in sight,
> Nearer and nearer yet the danger drew,
> Each every sinew straining, every nerve,
> Each snatching up and girding, buckling on
> Morion and greave, and shirt of twisted mail;
> As for his life—no more perchance to taste,
> Arno, the grateful freshness of thy glades,
> Thy waters—where exulting he had felt
> A swimmer's transport, there alas ! to float
> And welter.'

Like his eccentric contemporary Cellini, who defended the castle of St. Angelo, this great artist was called on by his countrymen to command as the head engineer at Florence, when it was besieged by the emperor and the Prince of Orange. He long held the

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enemy at bay, and it was only by the dissensions of other commanders that the city was finally lost.

Several anecdotes have survived, relating to the jealous feeling which is said to have existed between Michael Angelo and Raphael. Meeting one day the latter, attended by a numerous retinue of scholars and admirers, Michael Angelo called out to him jestingly, "You march along like a Provost followed by a band of police." "And you," returned Raphael in the same tone, "walk by yourself like the executioner." On another occasion it is said that while conversing together, and admiring a work of Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo turning to him exclaimed, "Yes, there is that little fellow in Florence who, if he had been employed in great matters as thou art, would have *made thee sweat again.*"

There is an account also of a curious scene which took place between Pope Julius and the painter, when, after a bitter quarrel, they again became reconciled. A certain bishop attended our artist as a sort of peace-maker into the pontiff's presence. Fixing on him a stern look, Julius cried out, "So, instead of coming back to us, sir, you have obliged the Pope to wait upon you—what think you?" Michael Angelo having replied with an air of noble frankness, the good bishop then interposed in his favor:—"Did your Holiness only know how ignorant persons of his profession are; mere ideots out of their own art!"—"Silence!" exclaimed the Pope, at the same time hitting the bishop a smart rap on the shoulders; "it is thou who art the *ignoramus*,—not Michael Angelo, and you do him much wrong—see you

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not that we ourselves wish to be friends with him?" and from that time he ceased not to lavish on the painter fresh testimonials of his favor. Yet this great man, we are amusingly told by an old traveller, "had a most unhappy itch of pilfering, not for lucre (for it was generally of mere trifles), but it was what he could not help; so that the friends whose houses he frequented would put in his way rags of cloth, bits of glass, and the like, to save things of more value (for he could not go away without something), and with such as these, at his death, a whole room was found filled."

When at a loss to account for the author of any invention you happen to admire, an Italian has always a resource in Michael Angelo. An English tourist, praising the plan of some cart-wheels, inquired who was the inventor? Michael Angelo, to be sure, was the reply, else why was he named Buonarroti?

When Michael Angelo was made chief architect of St. Peter's, he stipulated, from a religious feeling, that he should reap no sort of worldly profit in discharging that high duty. He survived, and retained all his faculties to an extreme old age, and was interred with distinguished honors in the Church of Santa Croce, where so many of his most honored countrymen also repose.

The descendants of the great Lorenzo were speedily reinstated in the authority early acquired for them by enlightened and liberal conduct; but an ambition, as vain as it was dangerous, began at length to infect the blood of his family, long distinguished for its patriotic love of freedom. From that period the prosperity and

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influence of Florence seem to have rapidly declined, and subsequent wars and revolutions reduced it to its present state of comparative indigence,—its chief dignity and wealth being thenceforward derived from recollections of its past freedom and patronage of learning.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, aided by foreign force and intrigue, the Medici assumed the title of princes; and with the life of Cosmo, the first Grand Duke of Florence, are connected events which proclaim the dark inauspicious reign of tyranny that ensued. The chambers of the old ducal palace, the most sacred edifices, and even the delightful retreats where the father of his country and the great Lorenzo devoted their leisure to rural and literary pursuits, became the scene of tragic passions, and deeds that make the blood run cold. The Duke Cosmo had two sons,—Giovanni and Garzia, the latter and younger of whom had conceived a bitter jealousy against his brother. The elder had not yet attained his nineteenth year. They one morning went out to the chase together, and, having withdrawn from the rest of the party, it was not till towards evening that Garzia was observed to return alone. In vain did they search, in vain did they blow the hunter's horn, no Giovanni appeared,—till at length, after a minute search, the body was discovered in a lonely spot deluged in blood.

These tidings reached the ear of Cosmo, who knew enough to divine the author of the deed,—he had lost his *favorite* son. He commanded the corpse to be

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conveyed to a certain chamber, the same which contained the portraits of his two boys.*

On the night of that fearful day, fatal to the repose of Cosmo, when all but the mother of these fated youths lay buried in slumber (and she herself did not long survive)—the father, going into Garzia's chamber, commanded him to arise and follow him. In one hand the unhappy tyrant held a key, in the other a lamp; and leading the way, followed by his trembling boy, he entered a dark and gloomy part of the palace. Closing and locking the dungeon door, he took his son by the hand, and, looking him earnestly in the face, questioned him as to the manner in which he had spent the day. But not the least change of colour in the fair boy's cheek betrayed the traces of guilt or fear. The Duke then suddenly lifting up a blood-stained sheet, "See there," he cried, "now know you not your day's work? now answer me. Blood calls for blood,—a brother's blood; and, unless thou wilt spare him that dread office, the hand of a father must spill it. Ah! dost thou shudder at the sight?—it is all then but too true." "Father," stammered out the youth, "I stood only upon my guard." "Darest thou calumniate HIM thou hast murdered, and who never injured thee?" interrupted Cosmo;—"he would not have hurt the smallest thing that lives, how much less his brother? It needs be thou must die, or thou wouldst be worse than Cain, and be the slayer of us all." With these words he

* A picture which was afterwards seen by the historian De Thou upon his visit to Florence, and again brought to light by the indefatigable research of the classical and accomplished author of "Italy."

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seized the dagger from Garzia's belt, the same haply which had drank his brother's blood, and, going on his knees, folded his hands, appealing to heaven for strength to bear him through the terrific task. Then, folding the wretched youth in his arms, he wept long and bitterly upon his neck, breathing out only words of tenderness, yet true to his awful purpose. "Oh cursed doom—and most cursed father!" he cried out as he thrust his son from him, and, turning away his face, buried the dagger deep in his heart's blood.

Caffagiolo and Poggio Caiano, the favorite seats of the elder Medici, were equally the witness to deeds that shunned the light. The bowl, the dagger, and the noose were the usual instruments of jealousy and revenge employed by the little despots of their native states, when genius and valour had alike faded under slavery's withering frown. Let man no more be reproached with accusations of popular tumult and revolution—the most glorious works of genius were ever the offspring of free times, when mankind bowed to no master but the Deity, and when all things were alike open to all. Homer, Dante, and Milton were the beacon-lights of tumultuous times, and all the noblest spirits of Rome had plumed their wings for an immortal flight before the degrading days of Augustus Cæsar made Romans forget the ancestors from whom they had sprung. It was only from the hydra root of modern despotism that—

> "Came the unpledged bowl,
> The stab of the stiletto. Gliding by
> Unnoticed, in slouched hat, and muffling cloak,

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That just discovered, Caravaggio like,
A swarthy check, black brow, and eye of flame,
The Bravo stole."

"Misnamed, to lull alarm,
In every palace was the Laboratory,
Where he within brewed poisons swift and slow,
That scattered terror, till all things seemed poisonous,
And brave men trembled if a hand held out
A nosegay or a letter; while the great
Drank only from the Venice-glass, that broke
And shivered, scattering round it as in scorn,
If aught malignant, aught of thine was there,
Cruel Tophana; and pawned provinces
For that miraculous gem, the gem that gave
A sign infallible of coming ill,
That clouded, though the vehicle of death
Were an invisible perfume. Happy then
The guest to whom at sleeping-time 'twas said,
But in an under voice (a lady's page
Speaks in no louder) pass not on. That door
Leads to another which awaits thy coming,
One in the floor—now left, alas! unlocked.
No eye detects it—lying under-foot,
Just as thou enterest, at the threshold stone,
Ready to fall and plunge thee into night
And long oblivion."

Such unfortunately were among the terrific instruments and devices employed by the petty despots of modern times, who rose "to their bad eminence" on the ruins of European constitutional government, and the free republics of Italy. The fate of Eleonora de Toledo, who was stabbed by her tyrant husband at Caffagiolo, on the 11th of July, 1576, presents a remarkable instance of royal treachery, which, after inveigling and welcoming its victim with caresses, can *coolly* deal the fatal blow. Another case is that of

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the unhappy Isabella de' Medici, the wife of Paolo Orsini, who was put to death at the villa of Cerreto. Both these unhappy ladies were residing at Florence, when they were sent for at different times under the pretence of joining a party of pleasure in the country. Isabella was a remarkably beautiful and accomplished woman, and was also celebrated as the first Improvisatrice of her age. On her arrival at the fatal villa, her husband presented her with two beautiful greyhounds, inviting her to join him in making a trial of their speed the next morning. While at supper, he was remarkably lively and agreeable. He was the first to retire, and, soon after withdrawing, he sent for her to come to his apartment, and there, while affecting to caress her, he slipped a cord round her neck and thus inhumanly executed his horrid purpose; she was interred at Florence with the usual pomp, but previously to her interment, according to Varchi, the crime was divulged, by her face appearing almost black as she lay on the bier.

The wretched Eleonora, we are told, appears to have had some presentiment of her fate. She obeyed the summons that called her from her family and friends at Florence, to join her husband; but, on setting out, she took a tender leave, for the last time, of her son, then a boy, beseeching those around to treat him with gentleness and care, as she should never behold his face more. Weeping long and bitterly on his neck, she then tore herself away, to die by the assassin hand of her lord.

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On the capture of Florence by the Pontifical troops, in the sixteenth century, the most terrific scenes took place, and the most barbarous excesses were committed. Neither age nor sex was spared, numbers of noble ladies fell victims to military licentiousness; nor were there wanting examples worthy of Sparta and of Rome, of high-souled virgins who voluntarily died to save their honor from the brutal violation of German barbarians. The historian Nardi relates the instance of an unhappy girl who had already fallen into the hands of those dastardly hirelings. Crying and full of pain, she dissimulated as much as possible the excess of her grief, and, while being caressed and consoled by these very soldiers, she gradually drew nigh to a high balcony, and, throwing herself over by a sudden effort, provided at the critical moment for the preservation of her chastity, by the bitter remedy of death. Another whose name is likewise unknown, and not belonging to the patrician class, having been dishonored by an officer, who forcibly took her along with him as a servant into Lombardy, took signal vengeance on her despoiler. Seizing his poniard, she stabbed him on his attempting to renew his violence; then, rifling his tent, she mounted one of his best horses, dressed in man's clothes, and, returning to her husband, asked him before dismounting if he were content to take her again, and treat her as a good wife, with the new dowry she had brought him. The husband answered gladly that he would, and they thenceforward lived in peace together.

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In the celebrated battle of Ravenna, which preceded the storming of Florence, the victory gained by De Foix was in great measure attributed to the talents of Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, of whom a somewhat invidious anecdote is related:—His disposition of the artillery, it is said, was such, that not only the army of the allies, but a part of the French on advancing before the line of the enemy, would be exposed to it. Alphonso, being made to observe this danger in the heat of the contest, only called out to the artillery-men: "Fire away, without fear of doing wrong, because they are all our enemies."

Never, perhaps, was the same national feeling more unanimously displayed than by the people of Florence in their last struggle for liberty against the overwhelming power of the Pope and the Emperor. Opposed to the troops of three nations, commanded by the Prince of Orange, who laid close siege to the Tuscan capital, the daring spirit and true patriotism of its soldiers and its citizens shone conspicuously in a series of brilliant actions and exploits, not unworthy the best days of Athens, when singly wrestling with the despot hordes of Persia. But for the basest secret treachery, Florence too would have achieved equally glorious results. Thrice did the brave youth and soldiery issue forth and give open battle to the veteran troops of half Europe; but they were betrayed, when on the point of victory, by their infamous commander Malatesta Baglioni. The names, on the other hand, of Ferruccio, Signorelli, Luigi Martelli, Dante of Castiglione, Monte, Ridolfi, and the great Buonaroti, live em-

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balmed by fame, in the history and recollections of their grateful countrymen.

The fate of the city was chiefly decided by the famous battle of Gavinana. Ferruccio, the patriot, though sick and wounded, was approaching to relieve Florence, and supersede the traitor Malatesta in his command. As if to crown the blackness of his guilt, the latter, it is averred, betrayed the patriot's march to the Prince, assuring him that he would not attack the allied camp during his absence; and, at the head of his veteran legions, the Prince of Orange hastened to meet Ferruccio. When Ferruccio knew that he had in front of him the Prince, with a body of chosen troops three times superior to his own, he exclaimed, "Oh Traitor, Malatesta, it is thy work!" The Prince, Ferruccio, and Maramaldo in pursuit of the patriot, arrived at Gavinana almost at the same time. The two latter entered the castle fighting; while the Prince marched to attack the 500 Florentines, who took post in a thick chestnut grove, where the cavalry could not act. The Prince fought on a bay horse, and confronted Nicholas Masi in single combat, the Prince brandishing his sword, and Masi an iron mace, with which he struck him several times upon the helmet. But, Masi having retired to the chestnut wood to avoid the men in armour coming to the succour of his adversary, two musket shots were fired at the Prince, who fell dead on the ground. The Florentines on this shouted out victory; but the disproportion between the combatants was too great. Ferruccio and Paolo, after having given the greatest proofs of valour, surrounded by the killed and

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wounded, at last retired into a house, where they still continued to defend themselves, till they were overpowered and taken. Ferruccio was brought before Maramaldo, who, remembering the disgrace he had suffered before the city of Volterra, and irritated at the death of the Prince, disregarding every law of humanity and honor, upbraided the patriot with bitter words, and, striking his sword into his throat, despatched him on the spot. Such a deed might well be held up to execration in those noble lines of Ariosto :—

Schiavon crudele, ond' hai tu il modo appreso
Della milizia ? in qual Scizia s' intende,
Ch' uccider si debba un, poch' egli è preso,
Che rende l' arme, e piu non si defende ?
Dunque uccidesti lui perche ha difeso
La patria ? Can. 30.

Caitiff, and cruel, where learnt THOU the art
Of glorious war ? What more than Scythia rude
Taught thee to slay one that with thee had part
In all its laws, to spill the captive's blood ?
What ! didst thou stab, to reach the patriot heart,
Because it loved its country ?

The ancient glory and freedom of Florence thus fell before the bad pre-eminence of princes, who cast a blot on the distinguished name and character of the older Medici. Restored again to power, Alexander, the first of her petty despots, gave full loose to his native depravity and love of pleasure. The beauty and the honor of Florence were the speedy victims of his lust and his tyrannic pride. Among the daughters of

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Filippo Strozzi, his relative and rival, who had married Clarice de' Medici, was Louisa, the consort of Luigi Capponi. She was very beautiful, adorned with gentle manners, discreet, and virtuous; yet the Duke Alexander appeared to look upon her with an impassioned eye. One Salviati, a friend and creature of the Duke, frequently made use of words and manners towards her, at various festivals, not to be tolerated by a noble lady, whether he acted for himself or as the guiltier agent of the Duke. He had the folly too to boast of this conduct in presence of Leo Strozzi, the brother of Louisa, and after some sharp words the subject dropped. But, returning one evening on horseback from the palace, Salviati was assailed by three persons, and badly wounded in the head and thigh. Suspicion fell upon the Strozzi, several of whom were arrested, but after a strict examination they were acquitted; Pietro even ridiculed his accusers; and the whole of the Strozzi indignantly left the city and retired to Rome. The unfortunate Louisa, after supping in perfect health with her sister Ridolfi, was suddenly seized with dreadful pains, of which she died, and, as it was given out, by poison; whether administered by the creatures of the Duke, irritated at her refusals, or by her own relatives to protect her from a more dishonorable fate, still remains a mystery.

The end of Alexander was one well merited by the tenor of his life and reign. Lorenzo de' Medici, called Lorenzino from his small stature and slight limbs, after ingratiating himself into his relative's favor by the basest arts, became his assassin. One evening he in-

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formed the Duke that he had at length succeeded in persuading a noble lady, who had uniformly rejected his overtures to meet his wishes, and, if he would wait for her in his house, he would then conduct her thither. Having dismissed his attendants, he accompanied Lorenzo to his chamber, who in ungirding his sword took care to secure it fast in the sheath; and then hastened to bring—not the lady, but the terrible accomplice of his guilt. Scoronconcolo was one of the most daring of his savage tribe. Lorenzo told him that the intended victim was a great friend of the Duke. "Were it the Duke himself," replied the other, "I would do the business I have undertaken." "You have guessed well; it is the Duke;" said Lorenzo. "It is right—let us go to him," was the answer. On re-entering the room, the Duke, in full expectation, doubtless, that it was the lady, appeared to take no notice of their entrance. "My lord, are you asleep," called Lorenzo, at the same time hitting him a furious blow with his sword across the loins. Starting up, the Duke defended himself with a stool: Scoronconcolo gave him a deep cut across the face, and Lorenzo, pushing him back upon the bed, sprung upon him, and thrust his hand into the Duke's mouth to prevent his cries. The Duke seized the fore finger of Lorenzo so sharply between his teeth, that the latter, fainting with pain, cried to his companion to release him. Fearful of wounding Lorenzo if he struck, the savage coolly laid aside his dagger, and, taking out a knife, cut the Duke's throat as he lay, extricated Lorenzo, and wrapped the dead body in the curtains.

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His unnatural relative did not escape; pursued by justice, and his steps every where dogged during a space of ten years, he was at length overtaken and assassinated at Venice, in the thirty-second year of his age, his ill-planned enterprize only opening the way for a far more politic tyrant than the last. The ducal annals of Florence abound in those domestic crimes and excesses that stamp the reign of all despotic families, from the grand signor to the czar of Muscovy, writing their familiar history in characters of blood. It was thus, in the seventeenth century, that the lovely and noble Catarina Canacci fell a victim to the jealousy of ducal rank. Incensed at the loss of the Duke's affections, his consort resolved to wreak her utmost vengeance on the fair cause; and, not satiated by the assassination of the unhappy girl, she had the head severed from the bust, and brought to her to contemplate. On days of festival she had been accustomed to send to the Duke some little present, elegantly adorned and presented in a rich silver vessel. On that morning, being new year's day, she took the head of the ill-fated lady, and, decking it out in the usual manner, covered it, and sent it by her handmaid to the Duke.

Unconscious of her fate, and dreaming probably of presenting the new year's gift just arrived to his best beloved, the Duke approached it, and withdrew the coverlet. Imagine all the accusing horrors of that moment; the pangs he felt as he stood rivetted to the spot, with his eyes fixed in fearful enchantment on the fiendish spell-work before him! He knew the sorceress, for frequently had she warned both him and

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his beloved mistress; and he uttered no cry, no complaint. The authoress of his misery consulted her safety by flight, and he was left to the comfortless reflections from which no tyrant is exempt—whether disappointed in ambition, in oppression, or in royal seduction and adultery.

From the period when Florence fell under the sway of a petty despot, her history becomes a blank; a gloomy peace, like the sleep of death, shrouded all but her past fame; the genius of her poetry and her arts declined; the ages of her Dante, her Michael Angelo, and her Lorenzo were for ever fled, and, with her liberty, even valour, and beauty itself, decayed.

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TEMPLE OF THE CLITUMNUS.

Along the crisped shade and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed hours
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard's and Cassia's balmy smells.

MILTON'S COMUS.

ITALY, bright and beautiful as it is, has few spots which the wanderer leaves with more regret than the calm, fertile, district of the Clitumnus. No where in the world, perhaps, has the genius of pastoral life had a more favorite abode. In the ages of antiquity, when the influences of nature were the chief source of poetic feeling, it was peopled by the fairest creations of rural fancy, and might vie with Arcadia in the gaiety and beauty of its shades and grottos, haunted by nymphs whose mortal beauty derived a deep and inexpressible charm from the lovely scenes around them, and the sparkling dreams which the poets had sung beneath their bowers. The river had no rival for limpid clearness; its amber waves stole along with a gentle murmur which the listening ear of fancy might well convert into music;—and what was there in its bright, azure depths, whispering only to the winds as gentle as itself, which could

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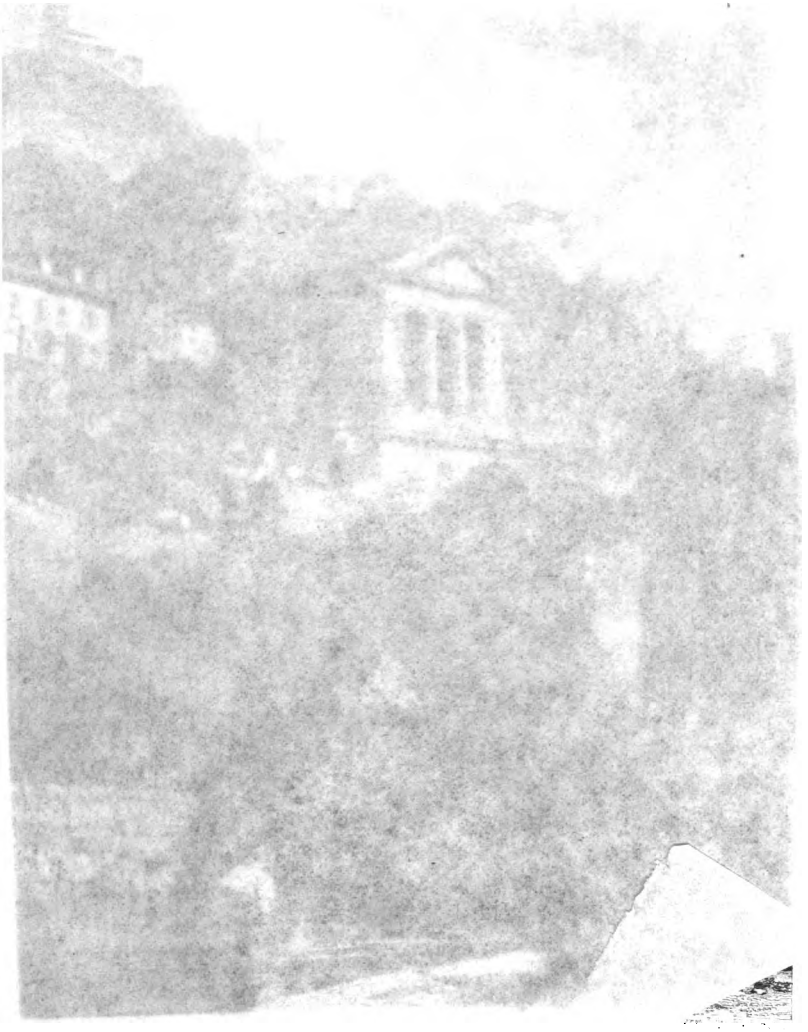

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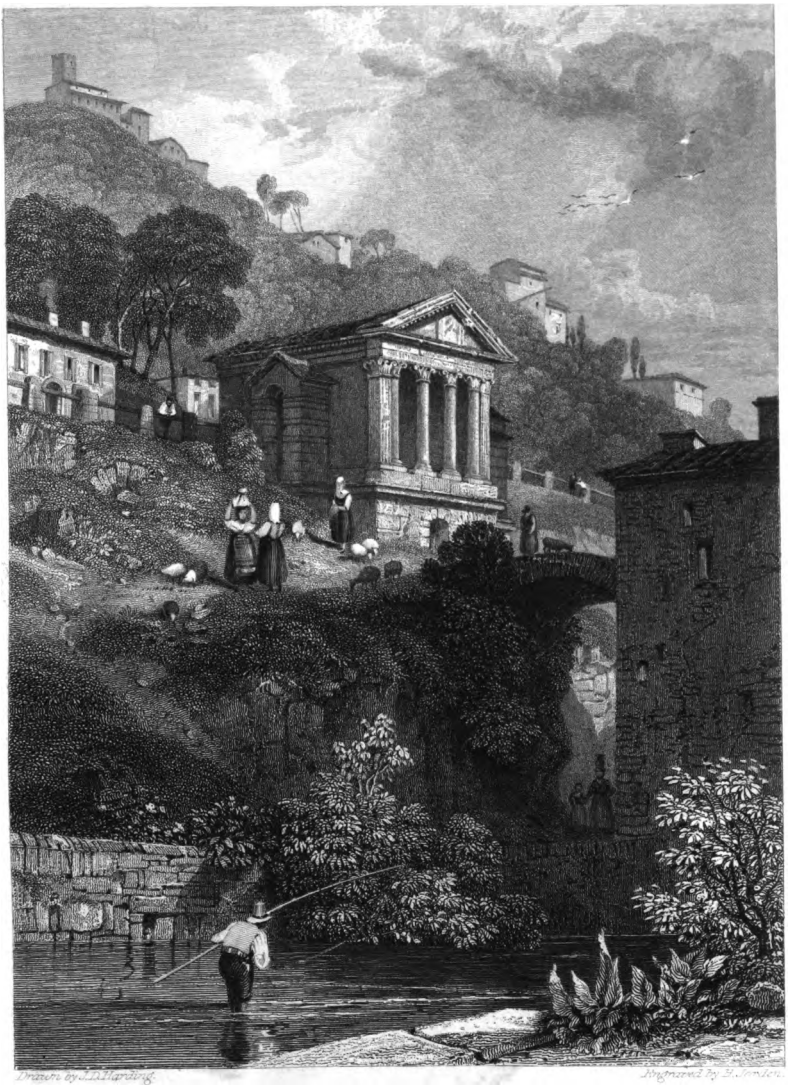

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lead the mind to doubt for a moment what the imagination had suggested,—that it was the home of a fair and beneficent being, the pure, gentle minister of a higher divinity? There is a beauty too and virtue in rivers which prevent our regarding them, except when fancy s more than ordinarily cool, as a mere collection of waters. They spring from the deep recesses of the earth, where imagination would fain believe a busy tribe of other beings are at work, tempering the shining metal, and scooping the marble rocks into urns and cisterns for the precious dews of heaven. Science, even, when speaking of rivers, is not content with her usually simple language, and Pliny gravely ascribes the snowy whiteness of the cattle which fed in his time on the fertile banks of the Clitumnus to the influence of its crystal waters. An effect of a similar kind was also attributed to other celebrated rivers by the nations of antiquity. Thus the Melas in Bœotia was said to give black fleeces to the flocks which ranged its banks; the Cephisus, the favorite river of the Graces, beheld like the Clitumnus only milk-white herds straying along its pastures; the yellow-flowing Xanthus imparted its own dusky hue; and the Peneus, running among dense groves of laurel, tinted, like the Melas, the fleeces of the flocks with black.

If Science could thus speculate on the virtue of rivers, how easy must it have been for the mythologists of the day to obtain credit for their beautiful inventions, and an assent to the favorite maxim of Seneca: "Wherever a spring rises, or a river flows, altars should be built and sacrifices offered!" The sacredness of the

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Nile and the Ganges is proverbial, and the adoration paid them is in conformity with the gloomy character of the religion professed by the people on their shores. But the holiness of the Grecian and Italian rivers was of a different kind; it was the holiness of a sweet and beneficent nature—the holiness we still in our hearts ascribe to the light and the other elements in their purity. Thus it was that the Peneus was worshipped for its beauty, and thus that the clear placid Clitumnus had a temple raised upon its banks famed throughout the country for its elegance.

In no part of Italy, indeed, did the religious or poetical feelings of the inhabitants so nearly resemble those of the more intellectual Grecians, as on the banks of the Clitumnus. The people in the neighbourhood retained the character of their ancestors of the isles of the sea, long after the original cause of that similarity may be supposed to have ceased from operating. Pliny, in his elegant panegyric on the district, has alluded to this circumstance, and justly as well as poetically attributes it to the Grecian loveliness of the scenery. The happy, and even, as he terms it, the blessed amenity of the soil and climate, gives to nature here the aspect of universal delight. Fertile fields, sunny hills, innocuous groves, refreshing shades, vindicate the justice of this description, and his beautiful expressions, *munifica sylvarum genera, montium afflatus, amnium fontiumque ubertas*, &c., afford as clear a mirror as the copiousness of language can produce, in which to contemplate the graceful Clitumnus and its lovely district.

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But if at the sight of ruined castles, or the gray, sombre, pomp of old cathedrals, the mind becomes instantaneously filled with images of feudal war, or monastic pageantry, not less instinctively does it recal, at the view of a lovely and interesting country, the forms of the gentle and happy people whom imagination pictures as the inhabitants of its shades. It is to this feeling that we owe all that is most pleasant in pastoral poetry, and which raises this species of composition above simple description. The pastoral romances, in fact, of some of the later Greek writers, are full of incidents as well as pictures which appeal very strongly to our affections; and the wanderer along the banks of the Clitumnus, and among the fertile pastures which extend from its willowy marge into the heart of the land, will delight to recal the dreamings of the days when the spirit of the old world was still hovering in the woods, and breathing over some favored spot the deep and solemn beauty which it once poured freely forth as the air, so that every thought of the human mind caught a hue of brightness and heaven.

The green steep on which stands the temple of the Clitumnus forms, with its surrounding glades, a scene well fitted to make us believe that the tales of the pastoral writers were far from being altogether fictitious, and the beautiful romance of Longus may be read here with a feeling of its more than traditional reality. It was on one of those lovely mornings, in the early spring, when Nature, awaking from her bed of half-opened roses, seems to convert every sight and

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sound into an emblem or expression of love, that the youthful Daphnis and Chloe chanced to drive their flocks under the brow of the same hill. The former was fifteen, the latter but twelve years of age, and fate had placed them both in a station which it seemed probable was far lower than the one to which their birth entitled them. They had been found while infants by shepherds in the neighbourhood, who had brought them up with tenderness, but had revealed sufficient to them of the manner in which they had fallen into their hands to raise their thoughts above the usual ideas of those among whom they lived. Scarcely, therefore, had they greeted each other in the valley, when they conceived a friendship which neither had yet felt for the other youths of the neighbourhood. From that hour their only pleasure consisted in sitting together under the shade of the cedar groves, or wandering, hand in hand, through the tranquil and flowery valleys, in which the song of the nightingale and the deep, thick, blooming of the roses, spoke to them in a language surpassingly sweet, though as yet unintelligible. It was thus with each other that they first learnt to feel the loveliness of nature, and whatever they met with beautiful on their path, the blush of the flowers, the music of the birds, made each look more lovely in the eyes of the other.

But the winter came and they were separated. Their foster-parents, watching them with the anxious care with which they tended the youngest and weakest nurslings of their folds, feared to expose them to the chilling blasts which swept over the plains and valleys,

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now covered with snow; they had no consolation left them, therefore, but to recal, as they sat and wove their willow baskets over the fire, the pleasant scenes and happy hours of summer; and, rapid as had been the growth of their affections while together, they seemed to acquire a still more rapid maturity with only their bright thoughts to ripen them. But at length the sun shot a warmer ray through the leafless trees; the snow was twisted into light gossamer folds by the favonian breezes, which dissolved the glistening wreaths as fast as they formed them, the brooks were heard just breaking into a murmur at noon-tide, and the swallow twittered among the tendrils of the vine. Each day gave birth to some new sign of the approaching spring, and at last the white sails of many a light skiff were seen floating over the bosom of the sparkling Clitumnus.

With the first murmur of the bees among the flowers, Daphnis drove his goats to the slope of the sunny hill beneath the brow of which, in the heat of autumn, he and Chloe had so often sought refreshing shade. Every bud that opened appeared to give him a fresh promise that she would soon rejoin him, and he listened to the song of their favorite birds, as if it were that of her own sweet voice. But the roses were now almost in full bloom, the morning and evening gale even had ceased to be chill; not a particle of snow was to be seen in the deepest clefts of the rocks, and the grass in every glade and valley seemed spread in its dewy richness for more flocks than were led to the pasture. Daphnis, however, looked in vain for the fair

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sylphine form of his little mistress. The summer came, but he still saw her not, and he for the first time felt the agonies of disappointment. Through the long day he would lie listlessly on the ground, forgetful of his flock, till the deepening shades of evening warned him to seek the stragglers which his neglect had exposed to be lost among the crags or in the woods. His foster-father saw with sorrow the change which had taken place in his bright countenance, but ascribed it to the rising spirit of the noble youth grieving over his humble lot, and Daphnis was allowed to indulge his melancholy humour undisturbed. One day however, as he stood looking over a rock into a deep ravine, in which one of his goats lay killed, and the fate of which he felt strongly inclined to envy, he was startled by the sound of voices near him, and, on turning round, saw some persons whose noble air and costly habiliments at once proved that they were strangers to the neighbourhood. Among them was a young and lovely female, the splendour and beauty of whose robes and the jewels which adorned them were only exceeded by the lustre of her exquisite form and countenance. Daphnis could scarcely believe either his eyes or ears when he found himself addressed in a familiar voice of tenderness by the lovely girl, nor could he restrain himself from expressing the most violent joy on discovering that it was indeed his own Chloe. But the recollection of their now changed condition, in respect to each other, cast a sudden gloom over his features, and he drew back with an air of sullen despair. It was not however of long duration. One of the persons

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present, a man of dignified look, stepped forward and embraced him as his son, while another, the father of Chloe, put her hand into his as his affianced bride. The circumstance which had led to their being exposed was an invasion of the district by the Etrurians, during which their parents, persons of high nobility, were obliged to save themselves by a precipitate flight.

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SPOLETO.

Est ubi plus tepeant hyemes! ubi gratior aura
Leniat et rabiem Canis et momenta Leonis,
Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum.

HOR.

Where fair Clitumnus bids his waters flow,
Through arching groves, and bathes his herds of snow.

PROPER.

IN exploring the wildly romantic and mournful scenery of the Clitumnus, passing by the site of the sacred grove and ruined chapels, once breathing only religious solemnity and repose, the traveller approaches the ancient town of Spoletum. It is distant from Le Vene, and the temple already described, about nine miles, and is situated on the sides and summit of a hill. The vicinity for miles around, especially on the side of Pesignano, affords rich and diversified prospects, often agreeably interspersed with little villages, farms, and single houses. From Foligno to Spoleto the entire country was at one period richly planted with vines, on every side, trained to run up the trees in the same manner as they are observed in Lombardy; but these marks of cultivation and happy life have more recently begun to disappear. Forming a portion of the ancient Umbria, afterwards called the duchy of Spoleto, the town formerly stood high in political importance, and

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it was thither that the emperor Justinian, having recalled Narses, the celebrated general, out of Italy, sent Longinus, with the power and title of Exarch, in his place. Swaying the whole of this part of Italy by his lieutenants under the denomination of Duces, the origin of our dukes, it was from this period that Rome lost her consuls, Narses and Basilius being the last two; and the mistress of the world was thenceforward, like Spoletum, placed under the ducal control. The ancient town made its name famous by its spirited repulse of Hannibal after his great victory at Thrasimene; and an arched gateway, through which the street passes in ascending the hill, is still, in commemoration of the event, called La Porta d' Annibale, and bears an inscription in honor of the exploit. There is also another ancient arch, divested of all architectural ornament, called the arch of Drusus.

From the town is derived the name of the delightful valley of Spoleto which lies near it, displaying a striking combination of the beauty and grandeur of Italian landscape, as seen nobly depicted in the accompanying plate. It embraces a compass of thirty miles, surrounded on all sides with sylvan hills, and diversified with numerous hamlets and villas; the sunny clearness, salubrity, and fertility of earth, air, and sky, rendering its vicinity a favorite sojourn, especially in the more classic times. Thus enriched with all the charms of nature, in her most varied and lavish mood, the aspect of Spoleto itself, its edifices, and its ruins, present a mournful contrast to the glowing scenery, by the air of desertion and decay which invests some of the noblest

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monuments of its by-gone power and grandeur. Colossal masses of stone, once the piers of a bridge, the ruins of a theatre, of a grand temple to the goddess of Concord, with other fragments of Roman splendour, all declare, with a silence but too eloquent, the perishable character of human efforts and ambition, and the immutable glory of nature's surrounding works.

The castle, in its sombre form and massy materials, presents a relic of barbarian antiquity. Raised by Theodoric, destroyed during the Gothic war, and rebuilt by Narses, the rival of the great Belisarius, it covers the summit of a lofty hill, looking down like some bird of prey, with outspread wings, upon its subject town below; and it is commanded by a still loftier mountain, which rises beyond it. Behind the castle is seen the celebrated aqueduct which, connecting Spoleto with the adjacent hills, supplies the town with water, conveyed over a narrow and deep valley. It is supported by arches of an extraordinary elevation, ten in number, and nine piers, with a bridge which stretches from the town to the noble hill rising beyond, called Monte Luco. Shaded with a dark skirt of evergreens, singularly relieved by the white dwellings of a tribe of hermits on the hill side, the prospect from the bridge is one of the most novel, and not the least enchanting of any in the vicinity. The inmates of these cells also are distinct from most other hermits separated from the world. Untrammelled by the usual vows, or by any of those trying observances peculiar to the anchorite order, they resort thither and retire whenever they feel inclined; while this very independence seems

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rather to promote than detract from the blamelessness of their quiet and exemplary lives.

The aqueduct is of Roman structure, dating about the year 560, but is said to have been repaired under Theodoric, king of the Goths. It was then that the pointed-arched style of architecture was introduced into Italy, sprung doubtless from the round-arched style, such as is exhibited in the palace of Dioclesian at Spalatro, and in the church of Santa Constanza, erected in the reign of Constantine, near Rome. The architraved manner in use among the Egyptians, the ancient Greeks, and Romans, is known to have ceased in Italy in the fourth century; and round arches rising from the columns, as in the fabrics of Spoleto, to have replaced it. The same was adopted by the Emperor at Constantinople, and in this form was erected the famous Santa Sophia by Justinian. So far, however, from its meriting the title of Gothic or barbarous, the best writers—Muratori, Tiraboschi, and Maffei, give their joint testimony to the fact, that, in place of introducing this or any other style, both Goths and Lombards only made use of the arts and architects found established on their arrival in Italy; and they continued the same convenient plan throughout the middle ages.

The old town of Spoletum lay on the road between the emperor Theodoric's royal seat at Ravenna and the city of Rome, then ranking only as second under the imperial sway. It was in his reign that the country round Spoleto put on so improved an aspect by the drainage of the low marshy grounds, among the deeper dells and ravines of the valley. The more modern

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town, though for the most part neat and well-built, bears occasional marks of the ravages of Italy's fierce scourge—the earthquake; a truth made too evident by numerous inscriptions left on public edifices, previous to the erection of many noble palaces and mansions of more recent date. A new bridge has also been constructed on the side where the Foligno road opens into Spoleto. While forming the foundations for it, two arches of an old Roman bridge were uncovered, known to be the Ponte Sanguinaria, a name bestowed from the number of Christian martyrs reported to have been thrown headlong from its walls. One or two old and classic love legends pertain also to the same spot.

In the time of Tiberius, the town of Spoletum is supposed to have been the first place of refuge sought by a young Roman knight named Decius Mundus, after being banished from Rome by that emperor, who about the same period is recorded to have abolished the worship of the goddess Isis, for reasons connected with the same edict. An amusing account of the whole affair is given by Josephus at some length, of which the following is a feeble abstract. Decius was violently in love with a noble Roman lady named Paulina, the consort of Saturnius, belonging to the Senatorial order. Virtuous as she was beautiful, the misguided lover sighed and courted, intreated, flattered, and even made presents, it seems, in vain. As a last resource, he had recourse to gold, and if two hundred thousand attic drachmas—about £6000 sterling—could have touched the heart of her he loved, he was ready to lay both that and himself at her feet. All in vain;

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for the lady remained obstinately virtuous, and true to her first vows. On finding no remedy, the young Roman resolved as obstinately and heroically to starve himself to death. Fortunately for him, a good natured freed woman of his father's, called Ide, who had a dexterous turn in affairs of that nature, saw how it was with him, and, seeing, she sympathised with him:—"Come," says she with the saintly chronicler—"don't pine thyself to death; cheer up, and never fear but I'll find some means to help you." He hearkening very attentively, she added: "Give me but a fourth part of what you offered the lady, and I'll lay it out so that, my life for yours, I'll soon put it all right between you." She received the money, and, knowing that Paulina was prodigiously devoted to the service of Isis, away she goes to the temple of that goddess with her purse of gold, and found no difficult access to the priests. "Holy Fathers," says she, "I'm come to beg a little of your assistance; there's money to be got, only be you hearty in the business; it is a love affair:" and then she tells her tale. "Fifty thousand drachmas is the sum; here's half in hand, and the rest ready when your work is done." There was no withstanding such a temptation. "'Tis very well, mistress, go your way; the business shall be done." Paulina's devotion to the goddess was such that the priests had access to her when they would. The eldest undertakes to manage the matter with her; he desires a conference, and, breaking the matter, informs her that he was sent to her by the god Anubis; who was delighted with her excellent qualities, and had sig-

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nified his pleasure that she should submit to his wishes. All devotion, she received the message with transport, boasted of the honor to her friends and acquaintance, and informed her husband of what was in store for her. With perfect reliance on her virtue, he bade her to do what she considered best. So to the temple she goes; the priests are ready to receive and conduct her to her apartment. The doors of the temple are locked, the lights taken away, and Decius represents the false divinity within. Early the next morning, ere the priests were stirring, the lover retired. Paulina on repairing home acquainted her husband how the god Anubis appeared to her; and the account was variously received, some believing, others mistrusting some roguery. About three days after this affair was over, Decius meeting his beloved Paulina could not forbear letting her know that he was her Anubis; though Decius Mundus could not be received with the same favor. Paulina on learning his villany, and amazed at his assurance, in a fury of tears tore her hair and clothes, rushed to her husband, and unfolding the matter besought him to prosecute her revenge to the utmost. He needed not much entreaty, but went straight to the Emperor and laid each particular before him. The Emperor upon a full examination of the matter ordered the priests and Ide to be hanged, pulled down the temple of Isis, cast Anubis' statue into the Tiber, and banished Mundus, his punishment being less than that of the others, considering his crime proceeded from extreme love.—

About the twelfth century, the family of the Ursini, tracing its origin to Spoleto, rose into high repute and

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power. The chiefs of a powerful faction, and the bitter enemies of that of the Colonna at Rome, the dissentions between these rival families kept that capital in a state of continual commotion for a space of 250 years. It was during the seventy years' incessant war excited by this animosity that the holy Pontiffs, unable longer to restrain these excesses, were compelled to leave Rome and fix their residence at Avignon. The Colonna, joining the faction of the Ghibelines, espoused the interest of the German Emperors, while the Ursini, adopting that of the Guelphs, allied themselves to the Church of Rome. The real object, however, which both had in view, was to obtain superior influence in the dominion of the Church and to accomplish the downfall of their rival, to effect which their ambition shrunk at nothing which secret treachery and open violence would dare to perpetrate. It is no way surprising therefore that two members of the Ursini family—Celestin III. and Nicholas III.—should have ascended the pontifical chair.

After leaving Spoleto the road on the right is overhung by finely wooded hills, on which the oak, box, Spanish broom, and *Clematis viorna*, flourish in all the glowing richness and variety of their sunny hues. On the left of these winds a clear, deep, stream, and about two miles from the town commences the ascent of the *Monte Somma*, supposed to have taken this name from a temple of Jupiter Summanus, situated on its summit. It is nearly 5000 feet high, and affords a splendid and extensive view over the whole of Spoleto, the vale and river of Clitumnus on one side, and the

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plains of the Nar as far as the fields of Terni on the other. The declivities of this magnificent mountain are clothed with almost every variety of forest trees, from the gray tinge of the olive, to the deep hues of the ilex and the fir; while, embosomed beneath the woody curtain above, are seen several little hamlets and farms, which, enlivening the scene, draw their existence from its fertile soil.

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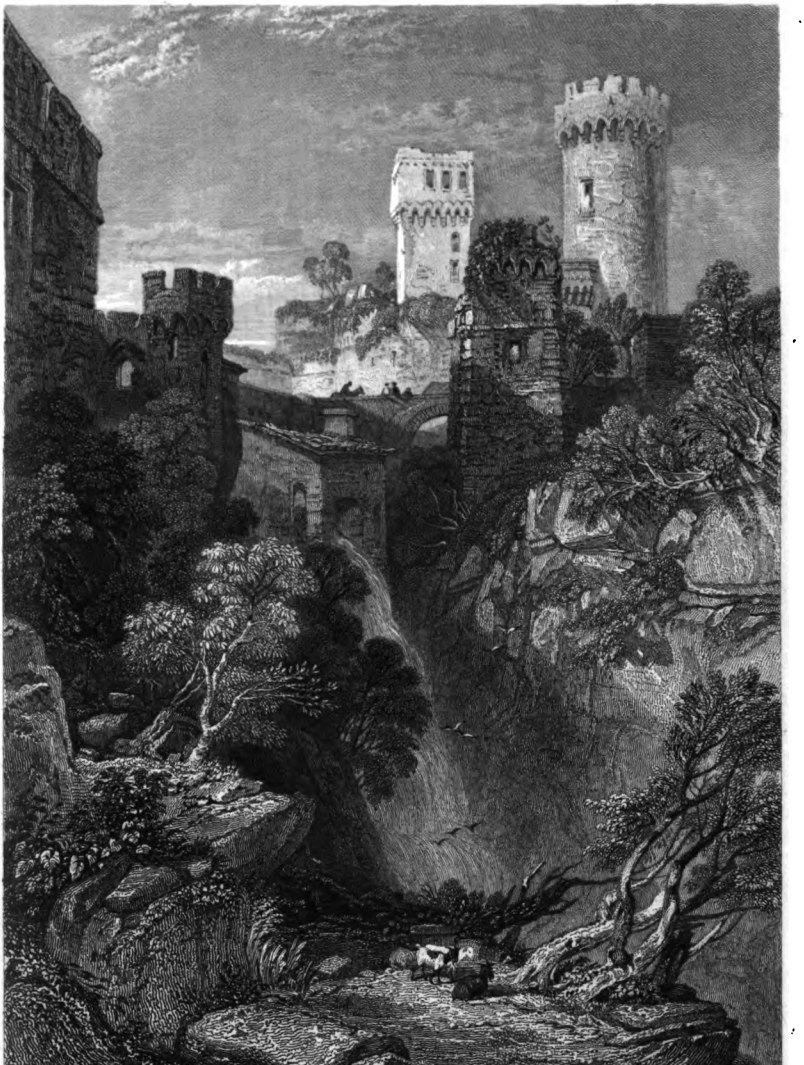

Drawn by J.D.Harding

Engraved by James B. Allen.

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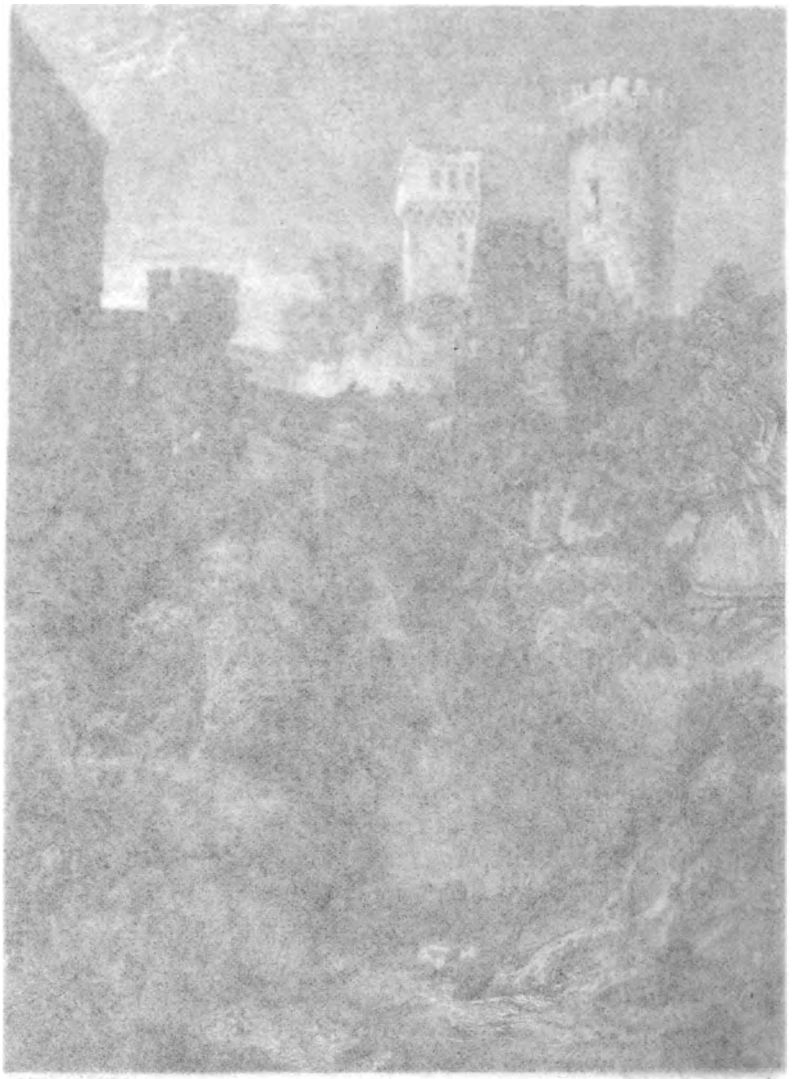

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NEPI.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian age ?
Roll round again, majestic years !
To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears.
Ye years, again roll round !
Hark, from afar what desolating sound,
While echoes load the sighing gales,
With dire presage the throbbing heart assails !

BEATTIE.

THE romantic little town of Nepi challenges the respect of the traveller, more for its rank in the melancholy pages of early ecclesiastical history than for any thing remarkable in its antiquarian remains. Its castle is a picturesque object, but not historically interesting. The cathedral, however, is one of the most ancient churches in Europe, and an inscription on one of its entrances purports that it was erected in the middle of the second century. It may perhaps be reasonably doubted whether the church in its present form arose at that period, but there appears little reason for doubting the general assertion of the inscription respecting the early foundation of a religious edifice on this spot, and at a time when the ground was still reeking with the blood of lately slaughtered martyrs. If, according to the inscription, the church

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was built in the year 150, and numbers of the towns-people fell either shortly before or immediately after that event, we may suppose the martyrdoms to have taken place in one of those casual and local risings against the Christians with which even the reign of the virtuous and almost Christian Antoninus Pius was unfortunately stained. Supposing this to be the case, the sylvan and varied scenery about Nepi may be regarded with a degree of interest certainly not inferior to that inspired by the annals of Rome and its neighbouring states, when struggling for their existence as a people, but under circumstances far less untoward than those of the early Christians. All the sympathies of our nature awake at the recital of sufferings borne long and patiently in the defence of elevated principles, and it is natural that they should be felt with double force when the people for whom they are awakened are very far inferior in strength and numbers to those with whom they contend, and when for some slight sacrifice of truth or virtue they might at once purchase an exemption from persecution and its consequent miseries. It was soon after the time specified by the inscription on the door of the cathedral at Nepi that the Christians had to endure several of the fiercest attacks that ever desolated the infant church. The reign of Marcus Antoninus deluged both the east and the west with Christian blood; and, from the enormities perpetrated in the provinces at some distance from Rome, it is not difficult to estimate the sufferings which must have been endured by that portion of the persecuted people who resided within the very view of

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the imperial capital. "Audacious sycophants,"—says one of the boldest and most eloquent of their advocates to the Emperor—"audacious sycophants, and men who covet the possessions of others, take advantage of your proclamations openly to rob and spoil the innocent by night and by day. If this be done through your order, let it stand good; for a just emperor cannot act unjustly, and we will cheerfully submit to the honor of such a death; this only we humbly crave of your majesty, that, after an impartial examination of us and our accusers, you would justly decide whether we deserve death and punishment or life and protection. But, if these edicts be not the effect of your personal judgment, edicts which ought not to be enacted even against barbarian enemies, in that case we entreat you not to despise us while thus unjustly oppressed." It need scarcely be added that this sober and powerful appeal to the Emperor's justice was countervailed by the prejudiced representations given him by the pagan governors of the towns in which the Christians had places of worship; and it was doubtlessly at the instigation of some bigoted and interested magistrate that the unfortunate inhabitants of Nepi, whether under the reign of Antoninus Pius or his successor, paid for their devotion in raising a church in the town by pouring out their blood on its steps.

Nepi does not hold any conspicuous figure in history; but, unfortunately for it, in the year 1798 the ancient scenes of sanguinary persecution were renewed, and the aisles of the cathedral were stained, as in the second century, with the blood of Christians

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engaged in worship. The soldiers of, we will not say republican, but of infidel France, seemed at that period desirous of emulating the fame of pagan prætors in their revengeful hatred towards all who could remind them of the religion they had cast off, and Nepi felt almost more than any other town the dire effects of their apostasy.

The traveller, with the recollections of these scenes in his mind, will wander among the delightful environs of the town with an interest peculiar to the place; and its green solitudes, now secure and tranquil, will inspire him with thoughts strikingly in contrast with the wild passions which have so often desolated the fair face of nature, and retarded the progress of civilization.

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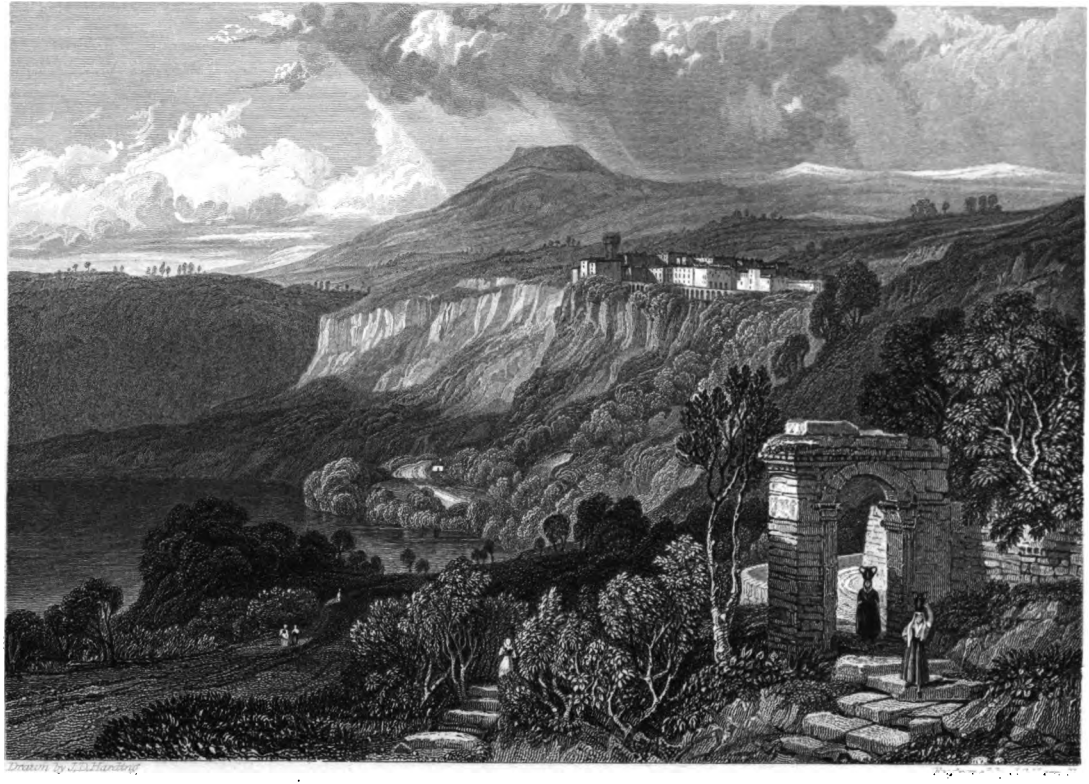

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LAKE OF NEMI

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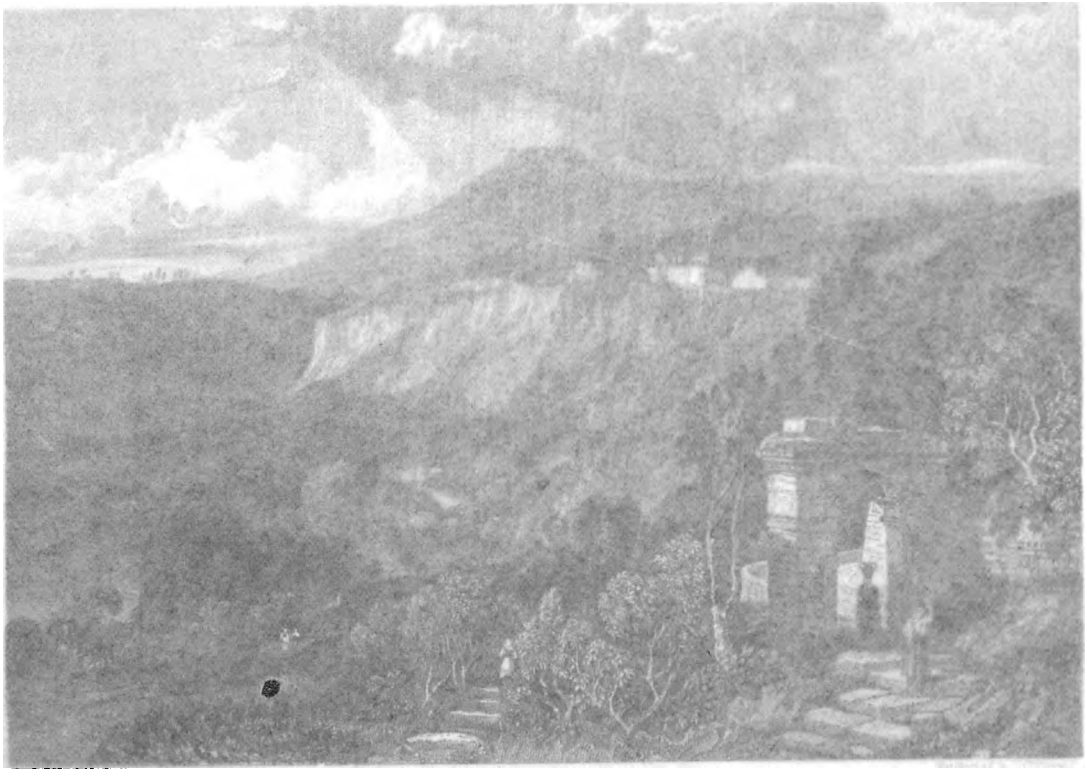

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THE LAKE OF NEMI.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

POPE.

THE Lake of Nemi and its surrounding shores abound in objects of interest both to the traveller and the antiquary. Roman mythology has scarcely any thing so purely, so mentally, beautiful in its creations as the fables respecting the goddess Egeria; and, at the base of the rock which supports the little town of Nemi, the tourist sees the fountain still pouring out its cool, clear waters in which the bride of the contemplative Numa is supposed to have sighed out her own pure and delicate spirit, when lamenting the death of her consort. The murmurs of the fountain, the calm, sylvan loveliness of the scenery, and the deep shade of the woods, all serve to give that species of conviction, not to the mind, but to the imagination, which renders fictions such as these so interesting to the heart.

From the rock on which the town is built, a view is commanded, rivalled by few in Italy. The lake, lying

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in its glassy smoothness below, gives an appearance of remarkable wildness to the dark, rocky banks which surround it. Like many other similar collections of waters, it is the offspring of a volcano; and like the bright, fair-haired daughter of a stern, rude warrior, its placid beauty affects the imagination the more from the recollection of its parentage. But the eye, on leaving the scenes immediately before it, embraces a panorama as various as it is beautiful. Towards the south-east swells the Monte Artemisio, covered with the old, romantic forest, which erst shielded the chaste Diana and her nymphs, and, if tradition speak true, once resounded to the shrieks of many a human victim sacrificed in gloom and solitude at her shrine. The rites practised in her worship resembled in this respect the mysteries of the ancient Druids. Like them, her priests sought the depths of the gloomiest woods as their sanctuary; the solemn echoes of far-extended solitude seemed a necessary accompaniment to their supplications, and darkness and horror were made the frequent emblems of her for whom the rosy bowers and the thrilling harmonies of divine love were given in vain. It is a great pity that the wanderings of Salvator Rosa, while in the heydey of his fancy, did not lead him to the grove of Diana. A painter could scarcely find a fitter subject for the exercise of a bold pencil, than the traditions afford of the manner in which the priests of this goddess took possession of her fane on the Monte Artemisio. It is generally related that the priest was always a fugitive, whose only chance of escaping the penalties of the law for his crimes

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depended on his making himself master of the temple of the goddess. As the fane was never without a resident, the outlaw's sole hope of success depended on his superior strength and address, and he was obliged to wage battle with his sacerdotal rival till he either buried his dagger in his bosom or was himself slain. It is not difficult to imagine the terrific nature of the conflict which must have taken place, when a bold and desperate man besieged the priest. Every stratagem was no doubt employed to render success certain, and fancy trembles as she depicts the gloomy felon stealing at midnight through the most tangled parts of the wood; the wild start with which the solitary tenant of the fane would hear his approaching step; the fierce and silent struggle which would follow; and the shout of triumph with which the conqueror would take possession of his new but perilous dignity, as the groans of his slaughtered predecessor echoed through the depths of the forest.

But the Lake of Nemi presented, during the flourishing reign of Trajan, a scene of gaiety and splendour on its bosom which reminds us more of the tales of fairy-land than of those connected with classic mythology. Delighted with the beauty of the surrounding country, Trajan resolved on establishing a summer residence for himself and his court in the very centre of the lovely lake. For this purpose he had a vessel constructed which is stated to have measured more than 500 feet in length, about 270 in width, and sixty in height. The strength of this enormous barge, if so it may be called, was in proportion to its size.

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Wood of the hardest kind was employed in its construction, while the beams were bound together with brass and iron nails, and covered with sheets of lead, which on the parts most exposed to the water were double. The interior was fitted up in the style of a magnificent palace; the rooms into which it was divided being both paved and lined with marble, and the ceilings resting on pillars of polished brass.

But the palace of ice built by the Empress Catherine only shared the same fate as the more solid structure of the Roman sovereign. Not a speck of the palace-ship is now to be seen on the lake of Nemi; and had it not been for the enterprising spirit of a learned antiquary named Marchi, who lived in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, we should only have had the doubtful testimony of tradition respecting this remarkable edifice. But the Signor Marchi, descending the lake in a diving machine, discovered it remaining still sufficiently entire to enable him to give a very interesting description of what it must have been in its original splendour; and the author of the Classical Tour very properly remarks that it is much to be lamented that some method has not been taken to raise this singular fabric, as it would probably contribute, from its structure and furniture, to give us a much greater insight into the state of the arts at that period than any remnant of antiquity which has hitherto been discovered. The most interesting circumstance, however, connected with this edifice, is the aid it affords us in estimating the character of Trajan, whose disposition, did we know little else of him, might

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be favorably estimated from the care which he took to render the walks on the border of the lake an agreeable resort for his subjects—no trouble, it is said, having been spared to adorn them with all the ornaments which rural scenery is capable of receiving from the hand of classical taste.

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GENSANO.

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare, et æthere ab alto,
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis;
Cum venti posuere, omnisque repente resedit
Flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsæ.
Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore locum
Prospicit: hinc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena
In mare prorumpit.

ÆNEID, LIB. VII.

THIS town is about four miles distant from Aricia, and like that village and Albano is situated in the midst of scenes consecrated by interesting recollections. The neighbouring Lake of Nemi and its picturesque banks have been already described as abounding in objects worthy of notice; nor will the traveller feel less inclined to wander with slow and pilgrim step among these hills, when the spot is pointed out to him on which once stood the town which Æneas dedicated to his wife Lavinia, and at a short distance that of Laurentum, erected on the part of the coast where it is said he originally landed with his Trojan companions.

Nothing can exceed, indeed, the interest attached to this part of the country by the beautiful dreamings of ancient poetry. Virgil has peopled it with heroic forms, which will haunt its shades as long as the spell of genius has power over the mind and its sympathies. It was

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GERMANY.

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here we may believe he wandered and held communion with his muse when most impressed with the grandeur of his theme; and the visions which rose before him in his solitary rambles can hardly fail to await on the readers of his breathing verse, less like the voice of heroes perhaps than that of Homer, but as full of the deep, powerful spirit of humanity. The latter half of the Æneid has done that for this interesting district which history strives in vain to do, and like Ilium it chiefly owes to poetry its existence in the memories of men as the cradle of a by-gone civilization.

It is however somewhat to be regretted, perhaps, that Virgil did not adhere to the style in which he composed the first six books of this noble poem. Many critics of acknowledged eminence contend that the interest of the work is considerably less in the latter than in the former part; and, though they may have been mistaken in the causes they assign for this circumstance, few readers probably would be inclined to dispute the general justness of the observation. The fact appears to be that Virgil desired to unite the plans of the Iliad and Odyssey in one poem, and that the materials with which he had to work were far better calculated to enable him to imitate the latter than the former. The wanderings of Ulysses over sea and land were not more fitted to inspire a deeply interesting narrative than those of Æneas; but the war of Troy, and that of Latinus with the Rutuli, a struggle between two petty chiefs of a half-inhabited and not very highly civilised country, were very different subjects for the high-sounding verse and magnificent displays of

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heroic fiction. The poet in the latter instance is always in danger of the reader's knowledge of the truth getting the better of his imagination; while, in the former, the judgment is only discontented with the imagination because it may sometimes fail of realizing all the glory of the mighty struggle of which the poet sings.

At any rate, the wanderer among the shades of Gensano will much more readily follow the bard in his mild and tender mood, than in that in which he woke the song of battle. The wide plain over which the winds have free course, seem necessary to the imaging of conflicts between nations:—to people the peaceful valley, the solitary grove, the brow of the sunny hill, with furious combatants, is to do violence to the rules by which even fancy, capricious as she is, consents to be governed.

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Drawn by J.D. Harding. Engraved by T. Jeavons.

THE GHIGI PALACE AT ZARRICIA.

Printed by Reuter Lizars & Co.

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GHIGI PALACE, ARICIA.

These are the haunts of meditation ; these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt.

THOMPSON.

THE palace of which the annexed plate is a representation forms the principal part of one side of the square which occupies the centre of the town of Aricia. Though not possessing in itself more claim to particular attention than the generality of Italian villas, its elevated situation, and the numerous groves and shrubberies which surround it, render it an object of great picturesque beauty. The town of Aricia itself is one of the most ancient in Italy, and is said to have been founded long before the settlement of the Greeks and Latins in the country. In the time of Cicero it had obtained municipal honors, and was greatly celebrated on account of its contiguity to the Nemus Aricianum, with which were so intimately connected the traditions respecting Egeria, Diana, and Hippolytus, the object of the latter's parental care.

But, while we are presented with most romantic views of this neighbourhood by both Virgil and Ovid, their great contemporary Horace represents himself as somewhat differently affected by the aspect of Aricia. It was here he made his first halt in his eventful journey to

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Brundusium; but, instead of breaking forth into some expression of awe or admiration at his near approach to the sacred empire of Trivia, he stammers forth, in the tone of a tired and discontented traveller, that the place afforded him but scanty comfort for the toil he had endured:—

> "Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ,
> Hospitis modico."

The antiquary, however, finds numerous objects to interest him in this neighbourhood, independent even of the associations so plentifully furnished by the poets. Aricia, as originally built, occupied the lower part of the hill, the summit of which is now crowned by its palace and church, and small neat streets. Some scattered but interesting ruins of the ancient town are still visible, and, yet more interesting, the foundations of the noble Appian Way, one of the most striking evidences that exist of the aspiring and confident spirit which animated Rome in its early days. The prodigious breadth and height of these foundations, and their rude appearance on the side of the hill, contribute greatly to the general effect of the landscape about Aricia, and the least contemplative mind can scarcely fail of being moved by the contrast which exists between the little town and its gay villa and these mighty remains of a people who seemed to personify empire in all they did, and to think of Rome as of a being destined to shake the earth by her step, and to form whose path-way to dominion it was necessary to bind rocks together with bands of iron.

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The elevated position of Aricia secures it an advantage which cannot be too highly estimated, considering its nearness to the pestilential track so fatal to human life. With refreshing gales always blowing through its shades, it looks down in safety upon the heavy tides of poisonous air that float about the pastures over which it hangs. Not more than a mile distant stands the beautiful village of Albano, equally favored in situation and climate, and still more interesting in point of antiquarian remains. The curious may trace here the vestiges of both Roman luxury and Roman greatness, the ruins of an amphitheatre, a Prætorian camp, and a reservoir; while tradition points to an ancient tomb on one side of the town as that of Ascanius, and to another on the side towards Aricia as that of the Curiatii. Relics of Alba Longa also may be still seen glimmering beneath the waters of the Lago Castello, and a museum at Albano contains numerous specimens both of the urns and domestic utensils in use among its ancient inhabitants.

If we are to believe the testimony of the ingenious Mrs. Starke, respecting the character of the people about this district, they retain a greater share of the primitive dignity of Romans than most of their countrymen. "A gentleman," says that lady, "told me he lodged in the house of one of those Trasteverini, a barber by trade, and wretchedly poor, when his daughter was addressed by a wealthy and respectable German; but, notwithstanding these advantages, the lover received a rude and positive refusal from the mother of the girl. My acquaintance, surprised at this behaviour,

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asked the mother why she acted so imprudently. 'Your daughter,' continued he, 'is wholly unprovided for; surely, then, you ought to rejoice in an opportunity of uniting her to a rich and worthy man.' 'Rejoice in uniting her to a foreigner—a barbarian!' exclaimed the woman, 'No! and, were my daughter capable of cherishing so disgraceful an idea, I should not scruple to plunge a dagger into her heart.'"

Those who are curious in examining into the causes by which human character is modified, may be doubtful whether they ought to ascribe this vestige of human dignity to the influence of mountain air, or to the simple circumstance that the manners of peasants, and consequently their feelings, undergo fewer changes than those of the inhabitants of cities.

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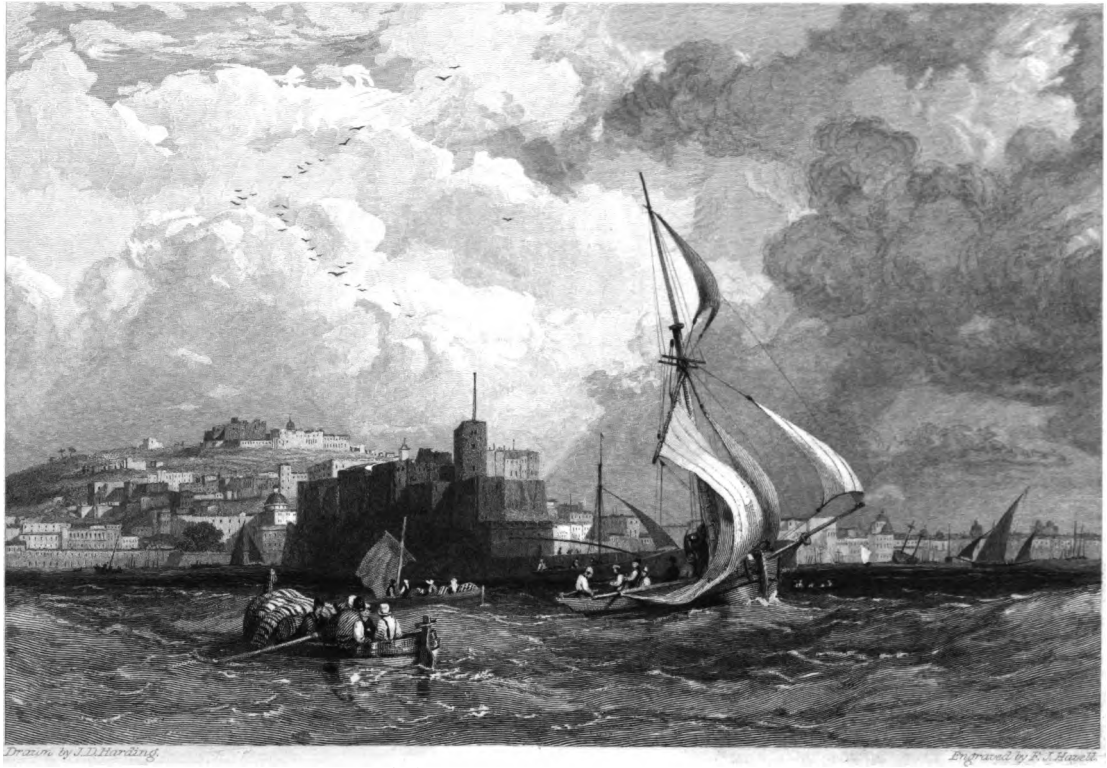

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NAPLES FROM THE SEA.

This region, surely, is not of the earth,*
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment.

ROGERS.

——————La Beata spiaggea,
Che di Virgilio, e Saunazar nasconde
Il cener sacro.

THE view on approaching Naples from the sea,—its magnificent bay, and its sweeping amphitheatre of a glowing land on which nature and art have alike lavished their profusest treasures,—has more the startling aspect of a vision than of mere reality, such is the air of enchantment that seems to invest every object, and throw fresh brilliancy into every prospect, near or remote. Castles, convents, spires, temples and palaces, glowing gardens, green sunny isles, and romantic shores, the syren retreats of the world's masters, of the sword or of the lyre, open around you on all sides; while the most vivid colours, attractive forms, and fervid spirit of life and animation, filling the imagination and dazzling the sight, seem no where to proclaim that here, in the bosom of scenes like these, is the mighty cemetery

* Un pezzo di cielo cadatu in terra. SANNAZARO.

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of cities and of kings. Nature, in all her beauty and majesty, is still as lavish of her flowers and fruits; still asserts her everlasting reign through the far solitudes of her hills and lakes and woods, and blooms again over the ruins of the wild,—the sole immortal queen surviving the triumphs of Death and Time. It is man only and his works that are the sport of destiny:—a tradition, a relic, and a tomb, and their brief history is told.

One of the most conspicuous objects that first arrests the eye is the castle of St. Elmo, towering from its rock-based eminence over the city and the sea. It is close to the Carthusian monastery, and was erected by Charles V., to hold in awe the subject town in quiet submission to Spanish sway. Nearer and more ancient, rises Castle Vovo, so called from its oval form, and said to have been built by William III. of Normandy, upon a rock in the sea. The third is Castle Nuovo, the work of Charles of Anjou, who aspired to the Neapolitan crown. It is situated near the mole, and being on a level with the town and sea, commands a view of both. Formerly these castles stood bristling with cannon, the great and final argument of kings; and it has been quaintly observed, by an old traveller, "that such a wanton courser as Naples is not to be ridden with snaffles; it hath often plunged under the King of Spain, but could never fling him quite out of the saddle, *merce a gli tre castelli.*" On the sweep of the left shore is seen the Chiaja, and public gardens opening to the Strada Nuova, and near which so many English now reside. Beyond these lies the

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road to Posilipo, passing near Virgil's tomb, and under the grotto, with the mountains stretching between and along the shore. As we approach the strand, Santa Lucia, the Strada di Toledo, the King's palace, the Teatro di S. Carlo, become more distinctly visible; and the tourist finds himself in the midst of the modern Capua.

Naples owes its fame, the character of its inhabitants, and perhaps its very existence, to the superlative loveliness of its situation. In no spot on earth are the skies brighter or the waters more pellucid and serene. Her hills and grottos, her luxurious groves and gardens, are the sojourn of summer in its most voluptuous moods; and Poetry, seeking in Vallombrosa for the caves and dells of romance or pictures of the earth in its first sylvan beauty, haunts the vicinity of Naples for images of a wide and sunny elysium.

The origin of this celebrated city is ascribed to a Greek colony, the parent establishment of which was at Cumæ. In the early struggles between Rome and her neighbours, she took part with the latter, but, after suffering severely from the contest, entered into alliance with the republic, and under its wing rose rapidly into populousness and wealth. Through all the wars which the senate waged with the Carthaginians, and other enemies of the republic, she preserved her fidelity unbroken, and more than once rendered powerful assistance to her noble ally. In the time of Augustus, the favorite winter residences of the nobility were in her neighbourhood, and the names of the most celebrated of the Roman poets are connected

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with her history. For centuries after, the beauty of the coast continued to attract the Emperors and their courtiers, and it was not till the terrific eruptions of Vesuvius began to spread ruin among their rich and elegant villas that this fashionable population deserted her lovely plains.

In the sixth century Naples had again acquired considerable wealth, and was a city of some extent and renown. The distinguished Belisarius, in the second year of the Gothic war, made it the object of his attacks, and invested it with his powerful fleet and army. The citizens, it is said, terrified by the fame of the General and the threatening appearance of his formidable host, implored him to leave their town unmolested and seek his enemy, the Gothic monarch, in the field. "When I treat with my enemies," he is reported to have said with a haughty smile, "I am more accustomed to give than to receive counsel, but I hold in one hand inevitable ruin, and in the other peace and freedom, such as Sicily now enjoys." Belisarius, however, was eager to press his conquests, and would have granted the inhabitants the most favorable terms had they at once offered to capitulate; but, at that early period of their history, they were torn by factions, and, owing to the influence of the party who had reason to dread or hate the yoke of the Emperor, his offers were rejected, and they prepared to meet his attack in the best manner they were able. Twenty days were passed by the besieging army in fruitless attempts on the fortifications, and by this time its provisions and water were nearly consumed. Thus

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circumstanced, the commander had begun to form the resolution of abandoning the siege, when an Isaurian in his army discovered that an entrance might be made into the city through an old aqueduct, the channel of which was soon rendered sufficiently large to admit a party of armed men. Four hundred adventurers undertook the enterprise, and, having made their gloomy passage in safety, they ascended, by means of a rope fastened to an olive tree, into the garden of a house, inhabited by a solitary female. The conquest of the city was now easily effected: the sentinels were surprised, and the army of Belisarius was admitted without delay to revel amid the spoil. A scene more terrible even than that produced by the raging of her Vesuvius was about to be witnessed in the streets of Naples, but the General repressed the fury and rapacity of his troops. "The gold and silver," he said, "are the just rewards of your valour; but spare the inhabitants; they are Christians, they are suppliants, they are your fellow-subjects. Restore the children to their parents, the wives to their husbands, and show them by your generosity of what friends they have obstinately deprived themselves."

The more modern history of Naples also, like that of most of the Italian states, is replete with incidents of long and fearful contention. The feudal form of government was established there at a very early period; and, in addition to the sources of discord thus bound up with its civil constitution, there were others resulting from its connection with Sicily, which formed an integral part of the kingdom. Revolution after revolu-

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tion was the result of these untoward circumstances, and, no dynasty being sufficiently long established on the throne to settle the affections of the people in its favor, the barons had full opportunity to aggrandise themselves by the ruin of successive princes. These disturbances had their commencement in the usurpation of Manfred, natural son of the Emperor Frederic II., who, it is generally reported, murdered his brother Conrad, in order to obtain possession of the crown of Naples. The hatred excited against him, by the real or supposed commission of this crime, encouraged the Roman Pontiff, already at enmity with the Suabian line, to attack him in the very beginning of his reign. In order to do this the more effectually, he called in the assistance of Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, King of France. That adventurous Prince readily undertook the affair, advanced against Manfred, and was crowned on the way.

The unfortunate Manfred heard of Charles's coronation with mingled feelings of indignation and despair. His situation was hopeless, but his courage supplied in some degree the place of hope, and, deplorable as were the circumstances in which he stood, he resolved to spare no exertions in preparing to meet his enemy. He was astonished, says the historian, that his subjects were so inconstant and fickle; for it seemed to him that they all cried out *Charles*, and that the name of that prince and of the French was echoed again from every corner! On the arrival of Charles on the bank of the Carigliano, Manfred's apprehensions were all realized; the Count of Caserta, to whom he had given the command

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of the pass, refused to fight, and the unfortunate King, seeing no means of resisting his enemy, surrounded as he was by the weak and the treacherous, proffered to his rival terms of accommodation. But Charles was too sure of a triumph to listen to proposals of peace, and he haughtily said to the messengers, as he dismissed them from his presence, "Tell the Sultan of Lucera that I will make neither peace nor truce with him, and that very quickly I shall either send him to hell or he shall send me to heaven!" In conformity with the spirit of this speech, he assured his soldiers that they would reap the highest rewards for fighting against Manfred; that they were thereby to be regarded as the soldiers of Christ, and that they must consequently either obtain a glorious victory or a crown of martyrdom, which would secure them immortal fame.

Defeat attended all the measures on which Manfred had placed his dependence. Fortress after fortress opened its gates to the French, and he at last found himself reduced to the necessity of hazarding his crown and his fate on the issue of a single battle. When princes fight for a crown, it is seldom that the contest fails in exhibitions of furious prowess, and Manfred on this last day of his reign seemed to feel all his royalty. Finding at length the battle going against him, he determined upon endeavouring to rally his army by making a desperate charge on the enemy with the squadron of Puglians which he headed, and which was still entire. But his hopes were again frustrated by the treachery of his officers, and, seeing no further possibility left him of retrieving his ruined fortunes, he

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rushed, sword in hand, into the midst of the enemy, and fell pierced with innumerable wounds.

Such, however, was the confusion which prevailed on the field, at the moment when Manfred exposed himself to the enemy, that it was not known either by his friends or his enemies that he was fallen. For three days a rumour prevailed that he had fled; but Charles, anxious to discover the truth, directed an examination to be made of those who were killed, and his body was found lying among the heaps of dead who had fallen either by his hand or in his defence. Charles, on its being brought to him, desired some of the noblemen who were prisoners to tell him if it were indeed the body of Manfred. Most of them, it is said, answered him in a low and trembling voice; but the Count Giordano Lancia, on beholding it, put his hands to his face, and throwing himself on the corpse, and kissing it, exclaimed in an agony of grief, "Alas! my Lord, what is this I see? My good Lord! my prudent Lord! who has been so cruel as to kill thee? The prop of philosophy, the ornament of warriors, the glory of kings! why am I denied a knife, wherewith to put an end to my days, that I may accompany thee in the grave as I have done in thy misfortunes?" The French chevaliers who witnessed this scene could not repress their sympathy at the affliction of the Count, and they united with him in petitioning Charles that the body might be decently buried in holy ground; but both the King and the Pope's legate objected to their request that Manfred had been a rebel to the Church, and the remains of the noble-hearted but imprudent

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Prince were deposited in a ditch near the bridge of Benevento, every soldier, it is said, being ordered to fling a stone over the grave, that it might not be forgotten that Manfred lay there. Rude, however, as was the resting-place awarded the unfortunate monarch, it was regarded as too good for him by his pious enemy, the Archbishop of Cosenza, who contended that, though he had not been buried in consecrated ground, he reposed within the holy territory of the Church, and that he, or the dead dog, as he termed him, ought to be dug up, carried out of the ecclesiastical dominions, and exposed to the elements. The Pope praised the Archbishop for his zeal, and the body was according to his directions exhumed, and carried with extinguished torches to the banks of the river Marino, where it was soon so entirely consumed that no vestige, it is said, was to be discovered of it by those even who had made the most diligent search. Dante makes an allusion to the treacherous conduct of the Puglians towards their chief in the twenty-eighth canto of the Inferno; and, in the third of the Purgatorio, he thus pathetically speaks of Manfred and his misfortunes:—

"Then of them one began,—'Whoe'er thou art,
Who journey'st thus this way, thy visage turn,
Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen.'
I towards him turned, and with fix'd eye beheld.
Comely, and fair, and gentle of aspect
He seem'd, but on one brow a gash was marked.
When humbly I disclaim'd to have beheld
Him ever, 'Now behol l!' he said, and show'd
High on his breast a wound: then smiling spake.
'I am Manfredi, grandson to the Queen

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Costanza: whence I pray thee, when return'd,
To my fair daughter go, the parent glad
Of Aragonia, and Sicilia's pride;
And of the truth inform her, if of me
Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows
My frame was shattered, I betook myself
Weeping to him who of free will forgives.
My sins were horrible, but so wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it. Had this text divine
Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scanned,
Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,
Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,
Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
Protected; but the rain now drenches them,
And the wind drives out of the kingdom's bounds,
Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights
Extinguished, he removed them from their bed.
Yet by their curse we are not so destroyed,
But that the eternal love may turn, while hope
Retains her verdant blossom. True it is,
That such one as in contumacy dies
Against the holy Church, though he repent,
Must wander thirty fold for all the time
In his presumption past, if such decree
Be not by prayers of good men shorter made.
Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss;
Revealing to my good Costanza how
Thou hast beheld me, and beside the terms
Laid on me of that interdict; for here
By means of those below much profit comes."

CARY.

The Neapolitans received their new monarch with every demonstration of joy, and seemed to imagine that his reign would be to them a reign of gold. But the days of feasting were scarcely over when they found how greatly they had mistaken the

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character of Charles. Taxes of every description were imposed upon them without mercy, and complaints began pretty generally to supersede the voice of congratulation and patriotism. Discontent is of rapid growth when the seed is sown in a soil heated into fermentation by extravagant expectations. In a brief period Charles of Anjou saw himself both feared and hated by the people to whom he chiefly owed his elevation, and it was evident that it only required the appearance of some leader, who had any claims whatever on the nation, to bring about another revolution.

It was not probable that these circumstances should escape the observation of the party opposed to the House of Anjou, and Charles suddenly heard his right to the throne disputed by the young Conrad, a youth of fifteen years of age, but aspiring and enthusiastic, urged to attempt the enterprise by many men of power and influence, and the only remaining representative of Frederic. His mother, Elizabeth of Bavaria, whose affections were all expended on her son, opposed almost irresistible arguments against his commencing so perilous an undertaking, and it was some time before either Conrad or his friends succeeded in obtaining her reluctant assent to his departure. It was, however, at length gained, and he set out for Italy in company with the young Duke of Austria, who had generously volunteered his services in the desperate enterprise. His forces consisted of 10,000 cavalry, and on his arrival at Pisa, which he reached in the month of February, he was

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received by his partizans in a manner strongly calculated to confirm him in his hopes of success.

Having advanced thus far in his way to the scene of action, Conrad, by the advice of his associates, published a manifesto, in which he boldly inveighed against the conduct not only of Charles of Anjou, but of the reigning Pope and his predecessor, and called upon the people to aid him in his design. The most violent excitement was produced in Puglia, Calabria, and Sicily, by the publication of this document, and the popular voice was loud in the praise of young Conrad. The Pope, alarmed at these appearances, issued a summons which directed the youth to desist immediately from his enterprise, and proceed to Rome, where, it was said, he would be at liberty to set forth the claims on which he founded his right to the crown of Naples. It need scarcely be added that this summons was treated with perfect neglect, and the Pontiff shortly after solemnly excommunicated him in the cathedral of Viterbo. It would detain us too long on this subject to detail the various minor circumstances which took place in the period intervening between the excommunication of Conrad and the day which beheld his army and that of Charles opposed on the plain of Tagliacozza. The sequel of the tale is short, as the sequels of such tales generally are. The unfortunate youth and his companion, the Duke of Austria, were left after an obstinate engagement prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Neither their early age, their reputed virtues, nor their now melancholy condition, touched the heart

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of the conqueror with any feeling of compassion; they were immediately thrown into prison, treated with extreme severity, and not allowed to cherish the slightest hope of deliverance.

Charles however, though now sure of his prey, does not appear to have been able to decide at once in what manner he should dispose of the two princes. The most vindictive and tyrannical of victorious monarchs usually prefer the sword to the scaffold, and would rather see their enemy lifeless on the field of battle than alive in their dungeons. But Charles was as little troubled with the weaknesses of the human heart as most men, and was not long before he came to the conclusion that both Conrad and the Duke of Austria ought to suffer death by the hand of the executioner. A process was accordingly commenced against them, and a judge was found sufficiently lost to shame to pronounce upon them a sentence of death. When led to the scaffold, the instrument which ordered their execution was read by the person who had urged the King to the measure, but no sooner had he finished it, than a nobleman who stood by, after bitterly reproving him for his conduct, struck him a violent blow with his sword, and laid him dead at his feet. Conrad, in the mean time, had earnestly contended that, as he was himself a King, Charles of Anjou could have no power to condemn him; but his protestations availed him little, and he was compelled to witness the execution of his friend and companion as a prelude to his own.

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Finding that death was inevitable, the youthful Conrad prepared himself to receive the fatal stroke; but before laying his head upon the block he drew off his ring, or according to some authors his glove, and, flinging it among the crowd, begged that some person present would bear it to Peter of Aragon, as a sign that he left him his heir to the crown of Naples. The only expression of complaint which is recorded to have escaped him during this painful scene was when, on beholding the head of his friend roll from the block, he took it up, and, as he kissed it and bathed it with tears, lamented that he had allowed him to leave his afflicted mother. In respect to himself also he exclaimed, "alas! my poor mother, what will be thy thoughts when thou hearest of this my end!" Having given way to this burst of feeling, he composed himself, knelt down and begged God to forgive him his sins, and then, laying his head on the block, it was severed from his body at a single stroke.

The hate with which Charles had been for some time regarded by his subjects was rendered still deeper by this barbarous execution, and the unfortunate Manfred was remembered with an affection as poignant as it was fervent. But Charles, by his vigorous policy, was in a short time able to set his enemies at defiance, and his prosperity went on increasing without interruption till the accession of the Cardinal Gaeta, to the pontifical throne under the title of Nicholas III., in November, 1277. Offended at the King's refusal to form an alliance with his family, he omitted no

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opportunity of humbling his pride, and deprived him of the office of Roman senator, and lieutenant of the empire, which he had enjoyed under the late Pontiff. Charles, however, treated these proceedings with disdain, and it was from Giovanni da Procida that his authority received the first shock which endangered its stability.

This celebrated nobleman had been the firm and unvarying friend of Manfred, and, on the final discomfiture of his party by the defeat of Conrad, he had sought an asylum in the court of Peter, King of Aragon, whose wife Constantia was now the only surviving branch of the house of Suabia. By these sovereigns he was treated with the most marked respect, and received from them the grant of a valuable barony. Grateful for such favors, his whole mind was occupied with plans for restoring his benefactors to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, and, on finding that the watchfulness of Charles would prevent his assailing the former with any chance of success, he confined his plans to the latter.

A variety of circumstances favored Giovanni's attempt. The French were more hated, if possible, in Sicily than in Naples, and all the principal men of the country were eager to revenge the oppressions they suffered from the ministers of their tyrannical sovereign. The Pope also was known to be ready to join in any attack upon him, while the Greek Emperor Palealogus, who dreaded the immediate appearance of a French force at Constantinople, would aid in the measure as his only hope of safety.

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Disguising himself in the habit of a monk, the Lord of Procida visited both Constantinople and Rome, and demonstrated to the Emperor and the Pope the advantages attending his scheme with so much eloquence, that they both agreed to furnish the King of Aragon with means amply sufficient for carrying on the enterprise. But, while the affairs of the allies were in this prosperous condition, the hopes of the party were suddenly dissipated by the death of Nicholas, who was succeeded by Martin IV., a man as inimical to the cause of the King of Aragon as the late Pope had been desirous of his success. Procida, however, still resolved to carry his object, returned to Constantinople to confirm the Emperor in his views, and directed that ambassadors should be immediately sent to Rome, both from Aragon and Sicily. The representative of the Aragonese King appeared at Rome for the professed purpose of congratulating Martin on his accession, and desiring that he would grant the honors of canonization to a monk of his nation, who had earned a right to that honor, according to his account, by having raised no fewer than forty persons from the dead, and traversed the ocean on his mantle, which had served him for a ship. Having dispatched this business, which was intended to appear the more important part of his mission, he proceeded to ask the aid of the Pontiff for his mistress, who was about to claim the restoration of her rights as sovereign of Naples and Sicily. The only reply he obtained was an angry demand of the arrears of tribute which it was alleged were due from Aragon to the Church.

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The Bishop of Paito and a Dominican monk, who had undertaken the perilous task of representing the Sicilians, received a still ruder repulse. It was intimated to them that his Holiness would hear what they had to communicate only in full consistory, and, on being admitted to the august assembly, they beheld to their surprise that Charles himself formed one of the numerous auditors. Fortunately, however, the Bishop possessed as much boldness and presence of mind, as patriotism and, without evincing any sign of discomposure, he began his address with this significant text of Scripture, "Son of David, have pity on me, for my daughter is cruelly vexed by a devil!" The discourse was in perfect conformity with the text, but the Pope, not deigning to reply, dismissed the ambassadors without a word. They had scarcely left the assembly when the guards of the King of Naples seized them; by considerable bribes the Bishop effected his escape, but his companion suffered for many years close imprisonment in a dungeon.

Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, and the threats of Charles that he would devastate Sicily with fire and sword, Giovanni da Procida continued his proceedings with the same persevering confidence as at first. In the year 1281 he made another journey to Constantinople, and on his return presented the King of Aragon with a sufficient sum of golb to induce him to fit out his armament, and prepare it at once for action. As these preparations could not be concealed from the enemy, he replied, in answer to the demand which Charles made for an explanation of his

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conduct, that the force he had raised was intended to attack the Saracens of Africa. This answer, though little satisfactory, served to prevent any immediate interference on the part of the French, and, as soon as the fleet was ready to sail, Giovanni da Procida hastened to Sicily, where he laboured incessantly to prepare the people for a general rising upon their oppressors.

The manner in which he followed up his plans evinced the most profound skill. It was not to a faction that he wished to trust his hopes, but to the indignant feelings of the whole people, and he well knew with what infinitely greater force a popular passion acts when left to gather nourishment from incidental circumstances, and let loose at the exact moment when it arrives at its height, than when it has to be excited by artificial oratory. Instead, therefore, of fixing any day for the rising, he patiently awaited the occurrence of some event which might answer the purpose of a signal better than his own word of command, and on Monday, the 30th of March, 1282, the third day of Easter, circumstances took place which fully verified his expectations.

On the evening of that memorable day, the inhabitants of Palermo, according to a custom which had long prevailed among them, proceeded to hear vespers in the church of Montreal, a village situated about three miles distant from the city. It was there they were accustomed, it is said, to spend all their festivals, and on the present occasion the natural beauty of the surrounding country was heightened by the genial

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influence of the season. A temporary gleam of happiness thus seemed to light up the faces of the numerous groups which thronged the road and the fields that lay between Palermo and Montreal; the cares of ordinary days, and even the miseries they endured under the yoke of the French, appeared forgotten in the sudden ebullition of pleasure which filled their hearts, and even their oppressors themselves lost something of their pride and insolence as they mingled in the happy throng. The distrust with which the festivities were observed at their commencement by the viceroy was thus considerably diminished, and there was little or no reason to believe that any of the gay Palermitans had broken his orders, that no one should be seen with arms, which it appears the young men had been accustomed to bear and exercise in the fields at such times.

But in the midst of the liveliest expressions of pleasure, and while the bells of the church of Montreal were chiming to prayers, a cry was heard amid a little family group which speedily attracted the attention of the surrounding throngs. The exclamation of terror had proceeded from a young and beautiful girl, who, leaning on the arm of her affianced lover, and with her father at her side, was hastening to offer up her devotions. Struck by her lovely appearance, a French officer, named Drouet, went up to her, and with brutal insolence, pretending that he suspected she had arms concealed in her vest, he thrust his hand through the folds which covered her bosom. The insult, together with the terror of his bride, roused the

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young Palermitan to madness, and with a desperate plunge he seized the Frenchman's sword, and buried it in his heart. A few short, fiery, words, explained all to the crowd, and in an instant the air resounded with shouts of "death to the French! death to the French!" The signal was obeyed with awful promptitude. Unarmed as they were, the Palermitans fell upon their enemies, and, with the bells still chiming to vespers, they slew upon the field, and almost instantaneously, more than 200 of their oppressors

Having thus dispatched every Frenchman they could find in the fields, they returned with rapid steps to the city. The flame which had burst out with such fury seemed to burn the more furiously, the more copiously streamed the blood of the French. With a courage that petrified their enemies, the Palermitans attacked them in all their quarters, and put them indiscriminately to the sword. Neither age nor sex was regarded. "Death to the French" was the cry day and night, and whether a child or a band of soldiers represented the odious nation. It is recorded even that a woman being found who was pregnant by a Frenchman, the crowd seized her, and ripped open her womb, that they might deprive the unborn infant of existence.

Charles was at Monte Fiascone, when the intelligence reached him of the revolt. He listened to the account in perfect silence, biting in the meanwhile in an agony of rage the end of the cane he was accustomed to carry in his hand. At length, with fury in his looks, he broke silence, and swore that he

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would leave to posterity a terrible example of vengeance, to make all future rebels tremble. In his endeavours he was as good as his word, but his rage was impotent against the valour and resolution of the Sicilians. Finding his attacks fruitless, he was at last obliged to contemplate an arrangement, but he demanded as a preliminary that the revolted people should send him 800 of their children as hostages, to which they replied that they would rather eat them than do so. In consequence of this answer, the struggle was resumed with all its original fury, and Charles had the mortification to see the crown of Sicily wrested from him, and placed on the head of his rival of Aragon.

The conflict, however, which had thus commenced with the Sicilian vespers, did not terminate with the struggle for the crown of Sicily. For nearly two centuries, the princes of Aragon and Anjou kept up a bloody and scarcely intermitted contest for the Neapolitan inheritance.

In the fifteenth century, the struggle seemed brought to a close by the settlement of the crown on an illegitimate branch of the Angevin family; but the hope of tranquillity was not long unshaken. The Count of Maine, the representative of the house of Aragon, having transferred his claims to the French King and his descendants, Charles VIII. invaded and conquered the territory, but, failing in wisdom or caution to secure his advantage, was almost immediately compelled to retire. Louis XII. and Ferdinand of Aragon next entered into a league against the

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reigning prince, the one on account of his right to the Angevin succession, the other because of his rival's illegitimacy. The united monarchs succeeded in compelling the Prince to abdicate, but were about to desolate the country by their own contentions, when the celebrated Gonsalvo de Cordova, surnamed the *great Captain*, put an end to the contest in favor of his master Ferdinand. From this monarch the territory descended to his grandson, the Emperor Charles V., under whose sceptre a prospect seemed opened for its enjoying some years of peace and prosperity. This however it was far from doing, and many a volume might be filled with the narrative of the troubles it had still to endure from the conflicts of rival princes and factions.

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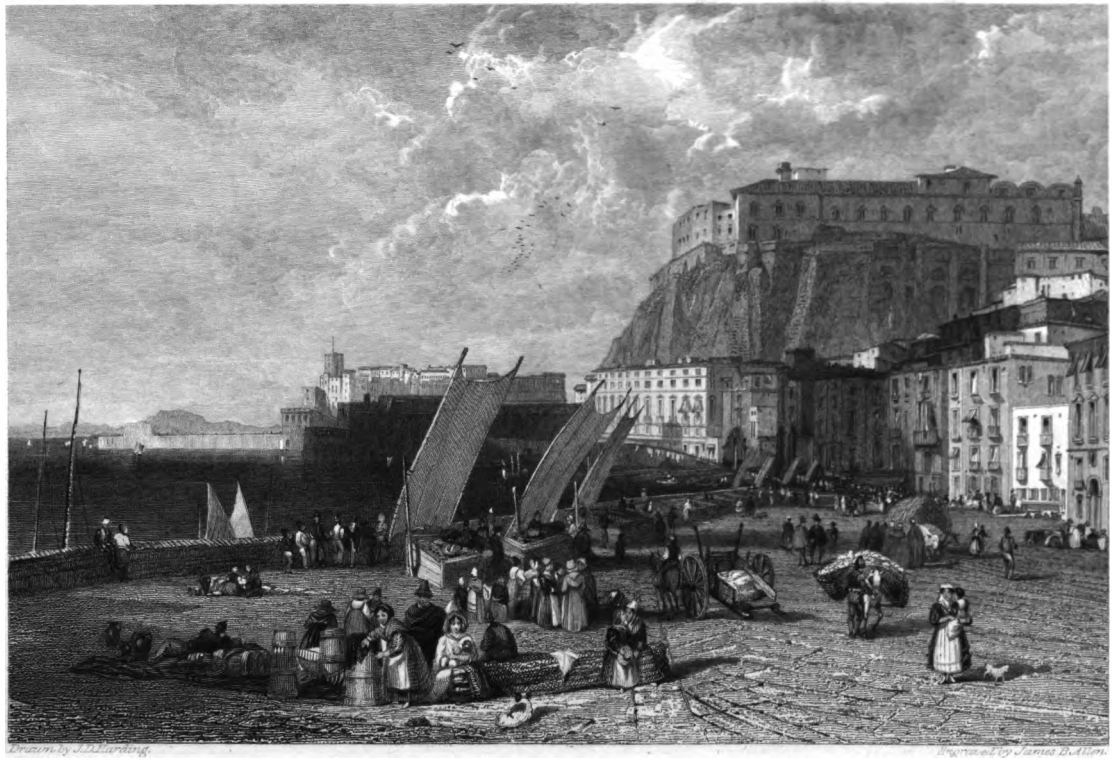

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NAPLES, SANTA LUCIA.

Diceris extructa a dulce Sirene; Phaleri
Diceris, et felix imperitantis honor.
Diceris et Veneris gratissimus hortus et acris
Alcidis campus diceris esse novus.
Diceris et flavæ Cereris ditissima tellus;
Diceris intonsi vinea pulchra dei.

ANGIRIANUS.

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope studiis florentem ignobilis oti.

GEORG. IV.

FROM the Santa Lucia, opening into the grand Strada di Toledo on one side, and the Strada Nuova which skirts the bay on the other, a noble prospect of the sea and the surrounding shores bursts on the eye, enriched with all the interest and attractions which monumental and classical associations, connected with those of modern history, can confer. In itself, however, Santa Lucia, with singular incompatibility of name, is the Billingsgate and Thames Street of Naples, with the addition of all that the genius of confusion and misrule can be imagined, among so lively and enthusiastic a populace, and in such a scene, to produce. Its effect on the eye and the senses of a stranger is almost inconceivable, and quite astounding; for when the confusion of tongues has reached its climax, and individual vociferation can no longer make itself heard, recourse is had to bells, and a peal of them is rung loud enough to rouse the ancient Roman salesmen,

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sleeping in the vast catacomb of cities beneath, from their long and no more usurious repose.

To this market of the south did Campania send her choicest products, and the neighbouring coasts their wealth of trade in corn, oil, and fish; insomuch that, but for the grinding taxes which oppressed her, Naples would have been the most prosperous city in the world. But, the prey alike of foreign and domestic oppression, it has been truly observed of her succession of continental tyrants, that *if they suck in Milan, and fleece in Sicily, they flea in Naples;* a system which, it is well known, drove the people to desperation under Masaniello, and left an example, of which it is hoped that people will know how, with more wisdom, to avail themselves in times to come. In the quaint words of an old English traveller, "Tomaso Angelus Maia, his true name, was the son of a poor fisherman, without stockings or shoes, who for ten days together swaggered here so powerfully, at the head of 200,000 mutinous people, that when he commanded them to burn a house they did it; when he commanded them to cast into the fire all the goods, papers, plate, beds, hangings, &c., of the *gabelliers* (tax-gatherers), they did it without reserving the least precious piece to themselves; when he commanded them to cry out 'Down with the *gabells!*' they did it; when he put his finger to his mouth, they were all silent again; as if this poor fisherman had been the soul that animated that great body of people. It was prodigious, indeed, that such a poor young man, not past twenty-three, in waistcoat and drawers and his fisher's cap on, should

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find such obedience from such rich and witty citizens. But as tumultuous people make arms of every thing they meet with, so they make captains of every man that will but head them; and as the proverb goes, *in seditione vel Androclides belli ducem agit.* They showed me the house of this fisherman: but the other houses showed me his fury. Thousands have not yet recovered those ten days' tumults; for, when God hath a mind to punish, fleas and gnats are powerful things even against princes."

The state of society at Naples is far from being such as to do credit to Italy; but there is scarcely a town in the world so famed for charitable institutions of every kind and description. There are thirty establishments, known by the name of conservatories, which are open for the reception of orphans and other helpless and unprotected children; there are five banks for lending small sums of money to poor honest people, who may require such assistance, the mention of which will probably remind the reader of Dean Swift's custom of exercising charity in a similar manner; there are also numerous societies, composed of the principal persons of the place, for searching out and attending to peculiar cases of distress, each fraternity, as they are called, devoting itself to one class of objects. Altogether, the charitable institutions are said to amount to sixty, among which there are seven regular hospitals, conducted on a very extensive scale, and with as much care and judgment as benevolence. The noblest Neapolitans delight in performing the offices requisite to the proper management of these

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establishments, and are described as exercising a patience and attention to frugality in this duty which they seldom manifest in their private concerns.

Of the two principal hospitals, one is for the reception of the sick and wounded, of which it generally contains above 1800; the other is of a nature similar to our Magdalens and Penitentiaries, and is said to be among the richest establishments for a charitable purpose in Europe. To each of these institutions is joined a villa, or rural retreat, where the patients who are recovering, or who are likely to receive benefit from the purer air of the country, are placed as soon as it is judged necessary. Another useful appendage to the hospitals of Naples is an extensive cemetery outside the town, to form which the sum of 48,500 ducats was raised by voluntary subscription. This burial-ground is about half a mile from the city, and occupies an elevated spot, shaded with rows of cypresses. The whole space is divided into 366 spacious vaults, which are opened successively once a year, and, being closely covered in with blocks of lava which fit very exactly, the public are thus effectually preserved from every thing offensive either to the mind or senses.

As we are beginning to turn our attention in this country to the state of the public cemeteries, it may not be amiss to give the opinion of so experienced a traveller as Mr. Eustace on this subject, coming as it does with the additional recommendation of his having been an ecclesiastic, and a member of a church never characterized by indifference to the sanctity of the dead. "It is to be regretted," says he, "that this

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method of burying has not been adopted in every hospital and parish in Naples, and indeed in every town and city, not in Italy only, but all over Europe. It is really lamentable that a practice so disgusting, not to say so pernicious, as that of heaping up putrid carcases in churches where the air is necessarily confined, and in church-yards in cities, where it cannot have a very free circulation, should be so long and so obstinately retained. It would be difficult to discover one single argument drawn either from the principles of religion or from the dictates of reason in its favor, while its inconveniences and mischiefs are visible and almost tangible." After tracing the progress of the abuse, Mr. Eustace continues, " the first attempt, I believe, to check, or rather to remove it entirely, was made by the Emperor Joseph, who prohibited, by edict, the interment of bodies, not in churches only, but even in towns and their suburbs. This edict still prevails in the Low Countries, and, if I mistake not, in the Austrian territories in general, though certain clauses gave considerable offence, and suspended for some time its full effect." France, it is then observed, adopted similar regulations, and the writer concludes with this observation:—" It is astonishing that in a country governed by public reason, and guided by public interest, as England is, no attempts have been made to put an end to a practice so absurd and prejudicial; especially as this practice is more evidently dangerous in Protestant than in Catholic countries; as, in the former, churches in general are only opened for a few hours on one day in the week; while in the latter they are never

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shut, and have the additional advantage of being fumigated with incense and sprinkled with holy water, which latter has always a considerable quantity of salt mixed with it." To complete the admirable character which so justly belongs to the Neapolitan hospitals, and the institutions connected with them, we must also mention that every patient who leaves them in a distressed situation has a certain sum given him, equivalent to the loss he has sustained by being obliged to cease from his usual labour.

Of the fraternities already alluded to, the most remarkable is that devoted to the visitation of condemned criminals, whom the members strive with pious attention to prepare for death, and afford them not only the comforts of religion and the decencies of burial, but the consolations of an assurance, never broken, that they will provide for their widows or orphans. The motto of this society is, *Succurrere miseris*, and it is said to have been at first chiefly composed of nobility, but is now confined to the clergy. The fraternity of nobles for the relief of the "bashful poor," the title of which explains its purpose, deserves also the highest praise; as does that for the succour of distressed strangers, whom they receive and attend with the kindest and most careful assiduity, and another for the relief of the poor and imprisoned; while the congregation of lawyers, who plead the causes of the destitute without charge, and provide for all the expenses which their suits may require, illustrates better, perhaps, than any other circumstance, how deeply and universally the spirit of charity has imbued the Neapolitan character. As an

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instance of the benevolent feeling which also actuates the lower orders, we may quote the following anecdote, as told by a recent traveller:—" I cannot dismiss this subject without mentioning a peculiar trait of charity we met with among the common people. Our cook, by birth a Neapolitan, was married to a young woman whom we hired, one summer, as our housemaid; and, after being with us a few weeks, she requested permission to go and see her adopted child, who was (she said) very ill. The word ' adopted' surprised us so much that we enquired why a man and woman who worked hard for their bread, and both young enough to expect a family of their own, had been induced to adopt a child? They replied, that the child was a foundling, and therefore belonged to the Madonna; consequently, by such an adoption, they ensured her blessing on themselves and their own offspring: and afterwards, when we mentioned this circumstance to our Neapolitan friends, they informed us that such instances of charity were by no means rare among the common people."

But, having alluded to the inferior classes of Neapolitans, we must not omit to mention one of the most singular of them, both in character and appearance. The Lazzaroni are described as the porters of Naples, and are of course sprung from the lowest class of the people. Their dress is of the slightest and meanest kind, as is also their food; but their frames bespeak almost herculean strength. They have in general no settled homes, but find shelter under the porches of churches or great houses, where they stand ready to answer the call of any one who may require their

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services. The most extraordinary part, however, of their character, is that passing as they do this unsettled kind of life, depending on the chances of the day for the day's support, and being constantly exposed to temptation, they enjoy a reputation for singular honesty and fidelity in performing the errands on which they are sent. They are even distinguished by a spirit of patriotism, which has given birth to more than one remarkable exhibition of courageous self-devotion that put the indifference of the higher and wealthier citizens to the blush. When the inquisition was preparing its terrors for Naples, they are reported to have united against it in fearless opposition—when the French invaded the territory, they offered to unite and march against them—and when the earthquake, which produced such ruin and misery in 1783, called forth the humane feelings of the Neapolitans in general, the Lazzaroni, to be equal with the most charitable of their fellow-countrymen, offered, with that ready will which best proves the warmth and earnestness of benevolence, to employ themselves in the free conveyance of whatever provisions or necessaries could be collected for the suffering Calabrians.

There is however, we are told, a considerable difference between the Lazzaroni who are natives of the country, and can alone rightly claim the name, and the crowd of turbulent and thievish mendicants, who, under that appellation, haunt the churches and different quarters of the city, but are distinguished more by their raggedness and filth than by the coarseness of their dress, and are much readier to cheat than labour.

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Naples, being almost proverbially a city of pleasure, is well provided with places of public amusement. Its principal theatre, the Teatro Reale di San Carlo, is one of the most extensive and elegant edifices of the kind in Europe. It was nearly destroyed in 1816 by fire, but in less than a year was restored to its original magnificence. The interior of this spacious building presents six tiers of boxes, and the *parterre*, or pit, is sufficiently large to hold nearly 700 persons seated, and above 150 standing: the stage, corridors, and other parts of the edifice, are of the same proportions; while the Ridotto, an adjoining building, is fitted up with similar splendour for balls and other fashionable amusements. Besides the Teatro di San Carlo, there are also the Teatro Reale del Tondo, devoted, like the former, to operas; the Teatro Nuovo, and others, of which the little theatres of Fenice and San Carlino are the best frequented; the former being appropriated to slight musical dramas, and the latter to the famous Pulcinello, and both sufficiently attractive to find audience for two parts of the day.

Of the public walks, the best and most frequented owe their present excellence to the French. The Botanical Garden, a road to Capo di Monte, and another, begun by Murat, to Pozzuoli, were formed by the invaders, and are excellent additions to the Villa Reale and the Chiaja, the chief promenades which formerly belonged to the city.

Besides the Carnival, several other seasons of the year are distinguished by religious festivals, and the streets and public avenues at such periods present a

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motley scene of devotion and rejoicing. One of these occurs on the eve of Corpus Christi, when the magistrates treat the people with a concert of music, vocal and instrumental. A long and spacious street is fitted up with galleries and other accommodations; a fountain, set playing in the midst, is planted round with a variety of evergreens, and adorned with statues, and at one end of the street rises a gay temple for the musicians, who fill the illuminated streets with their harmonious airs.

But we must now leave the populous streets and squares of Naples for the far more celebrated hills and valleys of its neighbourhood; and the first object which here strikes us is the mountain of Pausilipo, rendered sacred as the burial place of Virgil.

"Every where
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came,
Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own:
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested; scenes by him described,
Who here was wont to wander,* here invoke
The sacred muses, here receive, record,
What they revealed, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved Parthenope."

* Virgil.

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The tombs of poets are consecrated by the most pleasing associations. The awe and painful melancholy with which we approach the spots where the common race of men mix with the earth are changed, at the grave of the poet, into recollections of his power over our hearts. The visions he created, and the life and glory which he every where diffused, swell before our eyes, and at last, resigning ourselves to the spell, we imagine he has only passed behind the curtain of life to contemplate from a better sphere the lovely aspect of the universe. The tomb of Virgil is beautifully situated, and the mild, lonely character of the surrounding scenery greatly aids the impression which the sepulchre makes on the mind. The steep hill of Pausilipo is covered, both on the top and sides, with gardens and vineyards; and on one of the most precipitous edges of this mountain stands the tomb, partially protected by a rock which overhangs it, and shaded by the thick foliage of an aged ilex which grows from the precipice. The broad leaves of ivy and numberless flowering shrubs are intermixed with the spreading branches of this tree, and seem to vie with it in protecting the tomb from public exposure. The building itself is square and flat-roofed externally, but in the inside it is vaulted, and lighted by windows of modern make. The urn which, it is said, once contained the ashes of the bard, has been long removed, and the name, with an epitaph of comparatively late inscription, are the sole marks by which the stranger learns to whom the spot was dedicated. But it has suffered from more than simple neglect, or the effects of time. The wild and forsaken character

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of the mountain has made it the frequent resort of banditti; and Mr. Eustace relates that, on his visiting it, he was surprised at the sudden appearance of some ferocious-looking men, who, it seems, were *Sbirri* lying in wait for a murderer who made it his nightly retreat.

The church built by the poet Sannazarius is interesting on account of its celebrated founder, who raised it on the site of his favorite villa, one of the most beautiful even in this lovely land of gardens. The little church is dedicated to *Virgini Parturienti*, and, in his poem Del Partu, he thus describes his motive for building it, and its situation:—

"Tuque ades spes fida hominum, spes fida deorum,
Alma parens, quam mille acies, quæque Athenis alti,
Militia est, totidem currus, tot signa tubæque,
Tot litui comitantur, ovantique agmina gyro,
Adglomerant: Niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus: si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens, celso se culmine Mergyllina
Adtollit nautisque procul venientibus, offert:
Si laudes de more tuas, si sacra diemque,
Ac cœtus late insignes, ritusque dicamus,
Annua felicis colimus dum gaudia partus
Tu vatem, ignarumque viæ, insuetumque labori,
Diva, mone, et pavidis jam læta adlabere cœptis."

The church itself, however, has not much to attract attention, it being very small, and little ornamented. The tomb of Sannazarius, who lies buried in it, is the only object of curiosity, and this is usually regarded as presenting too many ill-assorted figures to be admired by the lover of pure monumental statuary.

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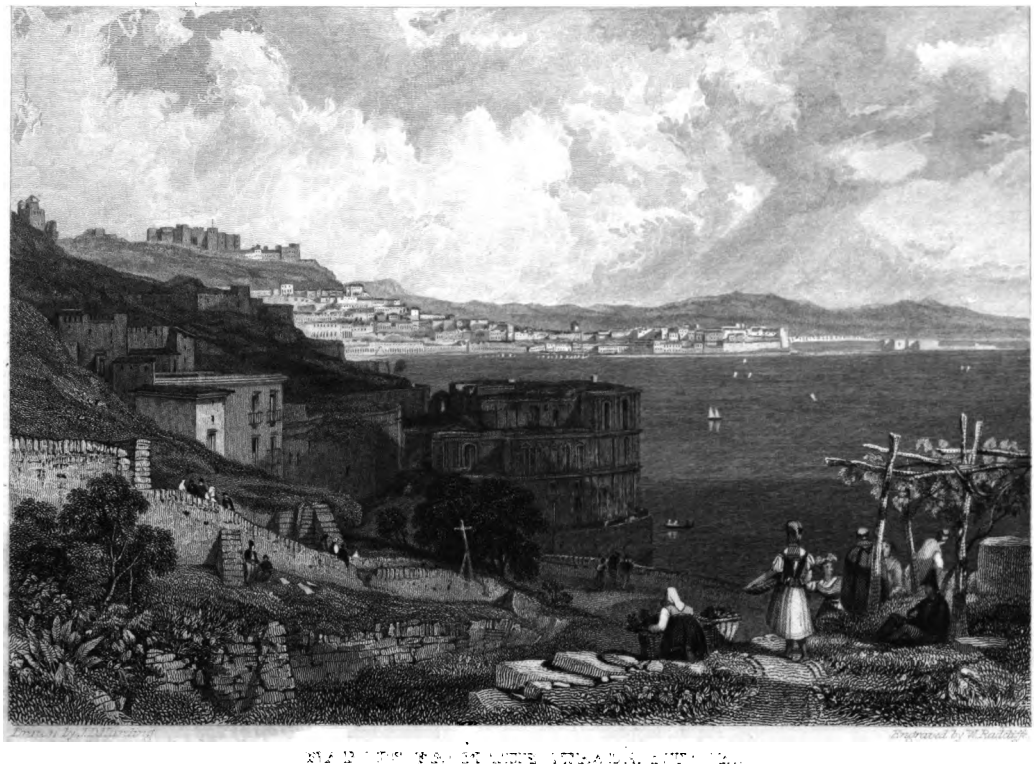

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NAPLES, FROM THE STRADA NUOVA.

> There would I linger—then go forth again,
> And hover round that region unexplored,
> Where to Salvator (when, as some relate,
> By chance or choice he led a bandit's life;
> Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
> To wander through those awful solitudes)
> Nature revealed herself.
>
> ROGERS.

THERE is an indescribable beauty in rich and thickly folded clouds, lit up by the strong rays of a brilliant evening sun. The same beauty is to be seen on a wide expanse of turbulent waters, tossing about as if unwilling to wear the magnificent mantle which the heavens fling over them; but, brilliant as are the effects of a bright sunset on the clouds, and on the sea, they are surpassed by the grandeur diffused, in a glowing cloudless evening, over a vast city. If any one be sceptical as to this point, let him contemplate Naples by sunset, from the Strada Nuova, and he will never doubt the assertion again. Every traveller is alike enthusiastic when speaking of this magnificent spectacle; nor can any thing be conceived more sublime, even according to the briefest of their descriptions. A whole vast city, involved in one mighty globe of the richest light, and surrounded by hills and waters, all partaking in various degrees of its brilliancy, is a figure which can give only a faint idea of the reality;

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but such is Naples at sunset, when seen from the Strada Nuova. After contemplating such a scene, the tourist will turn with satisfaction to ponder on the fate which has attended some of the most gifted children of this queenly city; and where in the records of art shall we meet with a man in closer association with what is great and splendid than Salvator Rosa?

Salvator was indeed one of those men of genius whose individual history is as attractive to the affections as that of the triumphs of their art is to the mind. His ardent temperament led him to attempt a path to eminence, steep and rugged, and open only to a few such enterprising spirits; while the real strength of his intellect enabled him to derive solid advantages from pursuits which, to men of less genuine ability, would have been fruitful only in the gossamer fantasies of romance.

This remarkable man was born at Naples in the year 1615. His father, who was an architect or land-surveyor, numbered among his ancestors several painters whose celebrity, though probably of little extent, was sufficiently great to inspire Salvator in his earliest youth with a strong admiration of their art. Their success, however, it seems, had not been of a kind to convince his father that their profession was one of either profit or dignity; for, as soon as he was of sufficient age for the purpose, he was sent to learn Latin with the view of his being devoted in due time to the Priesthood. Whatever were the feelings of repugnance with which the embryo painter saw himself destined to another and far less fascinating pursuit, they were not

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of a kind to prevent his distinguishing himself as a quick and talented student. Unfortunately, however, for the completion of his father's wishes, he was sent to fulfil his novitiate in a Carthusian convent, the rules of which were so severe that his lively disposition suffered continual martyrdom, while he laboured to subject himself to their sway. Nature and youth at length got the better of all prudential restraint, and Salvator took the desperate resolution of forsaking the convent and returning home, to face poverty and all its attendant evils.

The mind, however, of this extraordinary man had within it too powerful a spring of activity ever to remain idle, and, even in the cloisters of the Carthusian monastery, he had found means to furnish it with a knowledge of the most elegant arts. Poetry had fascinated him with its visions; music had inspired him with its passion,—and, in the leisure he enjoyed after he returned to his father's house, he composed several songs, which he set to airs of his own, and in both evinced an exquisiteness of taste and sensibility, and a power over the elements of the arts he practised, which, under favorable circumstances, would have at once secured him the admiration of the world.

But it was for himself only that Salvator was a poet and a musician, or, if he employed his talents for the delight of others, it was for that of his own family, who could reward him with nothing but smiles. The fondness, however, which he had manifested in early youth for painting was revived at this period with increased force, by the circumstance of his sister's

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marrying a young artist of considerable ability, named Francanzoni, and who had sufficient taste to admire the genius which was evidently at work in the soul of Salvator. Encouraged by the praises of his new relative, the refugee of the Carthusian convent began to make experiments with the pencil, and his earliest sketches were such as confirmed Francanzoni in his original opinion of his powers.

The disposition, however, of the young artist was not changed with the change of his profession. He could no more brook the idea of tamely following the rules of a painter's school, than he could yield obedience to the formal regulations of an order of friars. Instead, therefore, of confining himself to the studio of his brother-in-law, he took a portfolio in his hand, and every day, with the first dawn of the light, set out on an expedition to the magnificent hills or wild and picturesque valleys which surrounded the city of Naples. To a mind constituted like his, every thing he beheld was redolent not merely of beauty but of thought. Nature herself would have been sufficient to him, as to every one else of such a disposition; but an interpretation, as it were, had been given to her majesty and beauty about Naples, which he at once seized upon, and mingled up with his own rich fancies. Some touch of classical antiquity, therefore, it is observed, may be traced in almost all his productions, and the learning he had acquired thus tended materially to influence his character as a painter.

In his daily rambles in the country, he sketched with a free and happy hand, and, as his sister's house

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was made his home more frequently than his father's was, Francanzoni, on his return in the evening, was accustomed, it is said, to look over his portfolio, praise him for the spirited drawings he had made, and not unfrequently to select some of them as subjects for his own study.

The encouragement he thus received from his brother-in-law confirmed him in his determination to become a painter, and the pleasure he had derived from his shorter rambles made him resolve upon undertaking a tour of some extent. La Puglia, Calabria, and the mountainous solitudes of the Abruzzi, now attracted his adventurous steps; and tradition reports that, while wandering among the wild and terrific passes of the last-named district, he was discovered and made prisoner by a horde of banditti. The delight he appears to have taken in introducing the figures of outlaws into his pictures gives a strong probability to the truth of this report; and one of his most celebrated paintings is supposed to recount in some degree the history of his adventure.

Lady Morgan has described this tour of Salvator in a strain of romantic eloquence, and it would be difficult to doubt the truth of her half-theoretical statements; least of all, however, is it to be disputed that the young painter, on returning from his wanderings, and with his mind filled with thoughts and images of things sublime, found only care and sorrow to welcome him home. His father, who had been long struggling with adverse circumstances, was sinking under the twofold burden of distress and sick-

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ness, and, a few days after his son's return, expired in his arms.

Salvator was now free to pursue his inclinations without fear of opposition, but the necessities of his friends rendered it necessary for him to convert the productions of his pencil into a means of support; and this, unknown as he was, required a kind of exertion which must have been in the highest degree offensive to a young man of his disposition. Having ventured to employ a style of his own, instead of cultivating, like the other Neapolitan artists, the prevailing taste of the day, he had no chance of obtaining notice from the persons who were regarded by the multitude as the legitimate arbiters of public opinion. Obliged, therefore, to dispose of his pictures as he best might, he took them to the brokers in different parts of the city, and generally sold them for a sum only barely sufficient to provide him with the necessaries of the day.

It was for a considerable time that he continued thus to labour in penury and obscurity, till at length, happily for him, a painting he had executed of Hagar and Ishmael attracted the attention of the disinguished artist Lanfranc, who was then employed at Naples in decorating the cupola of the Church of Jesus. The merit of Salvator's work was instantly recognized by the experienced eye of this painter, who bought it, and soon after several others, to the great joy and advantage of the young artist. Till now his countrymen had left him unnoticed, but the praises bestowed by Lanfranc were more easily comprehended by such judges

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than the merit which excited them; numerous purchasers accordingly appeared for his productions; he raised his prices; became noticed by the great; and was at length engaged by the bishop of Viterbo to accompany him to that city, and decorate the altar of his cathedral.

On concluding his labours at Viterbo, Salvator returned to Naples, where his reputation became every day greater, and a more fruitful source of emolument. Rome, however, was the field in which he was ambitious to exercise his strength, and the admiration excited by his picture of Titius torn by a vulture made him resolve to establish himself in that city. Thither he accordingly proceeded, and the striking originality of his genius, his engaging personal address and numerous accomplishments, speedily gained him the patronage and friendship of all the most distinguished personages in the place. But, as fond of satire as he was of poetry, he so freely descanted, in some plays he composed for the carnival, on the characters of certain persons of rank and influence, that he soon found himself involved in a very disagreeable controversy, and saw the expediency of yielding to the suggestions of his friends and retiring to Florence.

The Tuscan capital was still celebrated as the resort of taste, elegance, and genius; and Salvator, immediately on his arrival there, became the intimate associate of the celebrated Berni, Pietro Salvetti, Lorenzo Lippi, the author of the mock-heroic poem Il Malmantile Racquistato, and other persons similarly distinguished for their talents. In the meetings of the

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academy into which, according to the fashion of the age, they formed themselves, they were accustomed to display their talents in theatrical compositions and performances, and in these amusements the vivacity and genius of our painter shone conspicuously among the most successful. A somewhat laughable anecdote is told of the manner in which he and his friend Lippi employed themselves, when, relaxing from professional cares, they retired to the country-house of the latter, which was pleasantly situated on the side of the river, a few miles from Florence. It so happened that the high road wound along a walled and lofty bank, which overhung the stream, and that, when passengers arrived at the point which lay contiguous to Lippi's plantation, their reverted shadows could be seen in the river, though they themselves were not observable by persons in the grounds. Salvator and his friend, regarding this as a grand discovery, whispered it about, with an air of great solemnity and mystery, that in one part of the river it was possible to look through it and see the antipodes. Whenever they met with any one who suited their purpose, he was, as a great favor, invited to witness the wonderful spectacle, and great was their delight when they beheld their visitor bending his head over the water, and watching with intense curiosity the people of the nether world, walking with their feet upwards.

Salvator continued at Florence for nine years, and during that time enjoyed a degree of patronage which enabled him not only to defray the expenses of a very handsome establishment, and to enter into all the

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pleasures of the city, but to lay by the sum of three thousand crowns. It was at the instance of Ugo and Giulio Maffei that he was induced to leave this agreeable and profitable place of residence, and proceed to Volterra.

At Volterra, he was employed not only by his immediate patrons, but by a variety of wealthy persons in the neighbourhood, and his time passed in agreeable alternations of labour and pleasure. Hawking, and the other sports of the field, together with all the gratifications of a hospitable hall, well filled with guests famed for wit and politeness, formed the recreations of his leisure, and three years passed rapidly away. During that period, however, he executed several of his most admired works, and composed, it is said, the greater number of his satires.

But Rome appears to have still retained the first place in his affections, as, on leaving Volterra, he immediately hastened to that capital, and once more took up his residence among the princes of the church. His industry seems to have been redoubled at this period, the pictures he painted about this time being too numerous, it is reported, to admit of a chronological arrangement. His principal patron, for some time after his return to the capital, was Carlo Rossi, who engaged him to execute a sufficient number of works to fill a whole gallery, and to whom he dedicated, as a mark of his esteem and gratitude, his etchings of banditti.

The life of Salvator had been darkly shaded with trouble at its commencement, but, since the happy

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discovery of his genius by Lanfranc, it had run smoothly on, scarcely interrupted for the briefest period by any circumstance calculated materially to affect the serenity of his mind. But in the year 1672 he began to be made sensible that the most prosperous career, and the happiest conjunction of good spirits and good fortune, are far less durable than pleasant. His health was now on the decline, and a cloud thus suddenly spread itself over the gay prospects which his fancy, still in its vigour, every where presented. No exertion was spared by his friends and physicians to restore his strength; but it daily gave way to the redoubled attacks of his disease, which at length settled into a confirmed and incurable dropsy. This, after a brief period of painful resistance, proved fatal, and on the fifteenth of March, 1673, Salvator Rosa ceased to be an inhabitant of earth.

The career and character of this celebrated artist received a strong colouring of romance, both from the circumstances attending the early part of his life and from the warmth of his temperament, which kept him constantly awake to every suggestion of fancy, and tempted him to make continual efforts to realize the dreams with which she filled his mind. The popularity he almost universally enjoyed, the splendid remuneration he received for the exercise of his genius, the gay courtly mode in which he passed his time, and the many amusing adventures in which he was engaged, all contributed for a while to keep up the illusion with which he entered the world, and which would have been still greater but for the keen,

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penetrating, understanding with which, in addition to its other gifts, heaven had endowed him.

Salvator's character exhibited the effect of all these circumstances on his mind, and he is said to have been strongly inclined to vanity, and sometimes to a degree of satirical arrogance in his conversation, which concealed for the moment the excellent qualities which were otherwise manifest in his disposition. Not unfrequently, however, his satirical propensities seem to have had a tolerable plea for the ebullitions to which they gave rise, and to have been aptly employed in the correction of presumption and conceit. Thus it happened one day, when one of his princely patrons, who was ill in bed, had requested him to come and work in his chamber, that the physician, who was in attendance on his highness, expressed his earnest desire that Salvator could be persuaded upon to paint him a picture. The painter, on having the request put to him by the prince, cheerfully assented, and was about to prepare for the task, when the physician stepped forward and said that he had better wait till he gave him the subject and a design. Salvator heard the observation with some surprise, and proceeded with his work; but, when the physician took a pen in his hand to write the prescription for the prince, he went up to him and said, "Pause doctor, and I will give you a proper form for the recipe." No! signor Salvator," was the immediate reply, "it is my office to do that." "And to find subjects and make designs is mine," retorted the painter, returning to his seat with

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a look which plainly convinced the doctor he might now hope in vain for the intended picture.

Salvator's noblest exhibitions of genius are by universal consent to be found in his landscapes. In them the luxuriousness of his fancy, his love of the wild and the terrible, the fondness for adventure and solitude which led him in his youth through the Abruzzi, are strongly exemplified; and the least vivid imagination can scarcely fail of taking wing with delight at receiving the suggestions, so wild and exciting, which this class of his works inspires.

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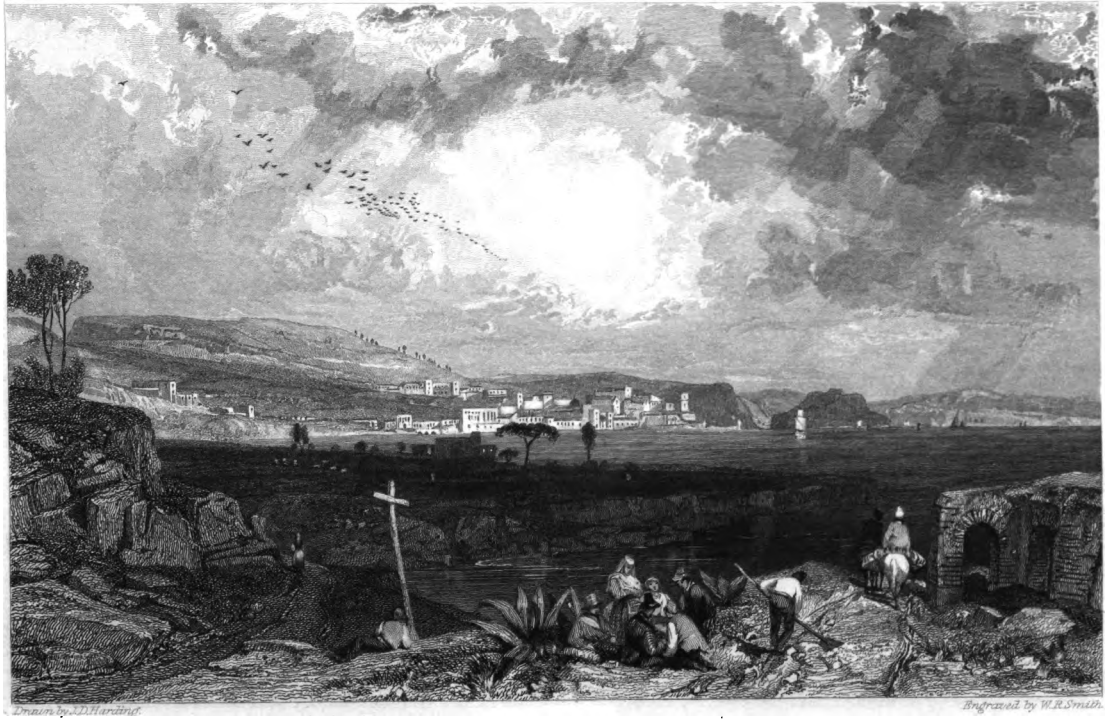

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PUZZUOLI.

But here the mighty monarch underneath,
He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
A dazzling splendour. Here, unseen, unheard,
Opening another Eden in the wild,
He works his wonders.

ROGERS.

Hic (quod vix credas) pulvis lapidescit et ardet
Marmoris in morem mixto candore rubenti.

STRABO.

THE ancient city of Puzzuoli, like Baiæ, Cumæ, and Ischia, lies within a pleasant ride of Naples, on the western shore of its beautiful bay. Of the precise antiquity of the town, it would be rather dangerous to speak, inasmuch as those authors to whom we are indebted for our knowledge in these particulars are themselves lost in conjecture. Strabo affirms it to have been built by Diceus, the son of Neptune; while Suidas declares that it was founded by Hercules. The better informed antiquarians, however, believe it to be indebted for its origin to the Ionians, in the reign of Tarquin the Proud, and that it received its name from the sulphureous springs in its neighbourhood.

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In former ages Puzzuoli is supposed to have extended to the distance of four or five miles, and to have been the principal seaport of the inhabitants of Cumæ, affording a certain mart to the merchants of Sicily and Greece for the disposal of their merchandize.

The ruins which skirt the shore from the promontory are called by antiquaries *Piscinæ Veteres*, and originally formed a range of warehouses and shops, chiefly, it is conjectured, inhabited by dealers in precious ware, from the circumstance of basins, and other vessels of silver, having been discovered there, and numberless stones, carved and otherwise adapted, which were worn by the ancients in rings and ornaments.

Tully seems to hint at these precious commodities when speaking to his friend Atticus: "What have I not beheld, when journeying through the precious mart of Puteoli?" "Quid non potui videre, cùm per emporium Puteolanum iter facerem?" A Roman colony was sent hither during the time that Hannibal was making war in Italy, by whom the town was adorned with temples, theatres, and statues, and to such splendour did it arrive, that Tully called it the Little Rome. The deplorable condition in which it is now seen by the traveller would argue ill for its former prosperity, were it not that the ruins of magnificent edifices, by which it was formerly ennobled, attest but too well its original splendour. But wars, and, above all, earthquakes of the most terrific description, have contributed to desolate this once favored city.

Hannibal was the first who brought thither the scourge of war. The civil contests between Marius

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and Sylla were likewise severely felt, though the latter, when he resigned the dictatorship, fixed his abode there, and endeavoured to repair the damage caused by his devastating ambition. It was at Puzzuoli that the tyrant breathed his last, and by a frightful death was punished for a life of treachery and crime! The city was sacked at different times by the Goths under Alaric, Genseric with his Vandals, and Totila king of the Goths. It likewise suffered from the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Normans, but the blow which completed the ruin of this ill-fated town was dealt by Alphonso I. of the house of Arragon. During the contest for the kingdom of Naples, between that prince and René of Anjou, Puzzuoli was defended gallantly by the inhabitants, in favor of the latter. Alphonso, having exerted every means to induce them to surrender without avail, blockaded them so closely that they were reduced by utter famine to submission. The defences were entirely destroyed; and Puzzuoli has never since that time ranked amongst the cities of Italy.

Earthquakes have, however, been still more fatal to Puzzuoli than war. There have been several on record; but that which has left the most distressing ravages, and marked it, as it were, with the finger of desolation, occurred in the year 1538. For seven days previously the inhabitants had a fearful presage of this terrible catastrophe, by a continual trembling of the earth, and a recurrence of noises; when suddenly, on St. Michael's day, the 29th of September, the earth yawned horribly, and the greater part of the city, with its thousands of living beings, was swept from the face of nature into a

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nameless grave! The sea withdrew 200 paces from the shore, and the town of Tripergola, within a short distance of Puzzuoli, was entirely swallowed up with all its inhabitants.

The town of Tripergola was celebrated for several noble convents, and was considered a little Eden, from its enchanting situation and the beauties with which it was adorned by nature; but it is likewise related that the profligacy of its inhabitants was proverbial, in memory of which, and as a mark of divine vengeance, from the same gulf which enclosed the guilty city there sprung a mountain of ashes, which is now known by the name of *Monte Nuovo*. The mountain at first vomited fire, and terrible noises were echoed from within; but since that time neither flame has been seen nor has any noise been heard. At the summit of the mountain is an opening about fifty feet in diameter, through which the flame was seen to issue; there now only remains at the bottom of this pit a dark sulphureous water. Carpaccio, speaking of the misfortunes of Puzzuoli, alludes to this dreadful monument of their calamity, and observes that the remembrance can never be effaced, being continually reminded of it by this gloomy object before them: "The people of Puteoli," says he, "felt the severest scourge of the barbarians; but that which nature herself inflicted upon them, and which they are compelled to bear, is such as they can never forget; for they have an eternal witness of it in that mount of sorrow which daily appears before their eyes." Every thing within the neighbourhood of this dreadful visitation felt its effects. For miles round,

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houses, trees, men, women, and children were destroyed. Such is the scourge that, in the loveliest of regions,

> "Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
> Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
> And in an hour of universal mirth,
> What time the trump proclaims the festival,
> Buries some capital city, there to sleep
> The sleep of ages—till a plough, a spade,
> Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
> Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons,
> Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
> And eager to enjoy."

Those of the inhabitants that escaped fled to Naples, half dead with fear. The Lucrine lake was nearly filled up, as was that of Avernus, and the magnificent ruins which were then standing of the Villa Ciceronis, where that great Roman composed his "Questiones Academicæ," were destroyed. A copy of some beautiful Latin verses, descriptive of the event, written by Girolamo Borgio, who was a witness to part of the dreadful scene, and addressed to Pope Paul III., may not be unacceptable to the classical reader.

> "Qui fumus turpat niger ora nitentia solis?
> Sulphureis tenebrosa palus effusa cavernis
> Fluctuat, Ætneis eructans altius igne?
> Numquid Avernales Phlegeton prorupit in undas,
> Terribilis fluctus et saxa sonantia torquens?
> Baianæ reboant undæ, simul agmen aquarum
> Dulce fluit, celeri fugiens contraria cursu.
> Excidit è tremulâ Miseni buccina dextra
> Rauca sonans; metuit rursus Prochyta alta ruinam
> Eruta visceribus fumantis murmura terræ
> Horrificis complent piceas mugitibus auras."

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"What murky clouds obscure the noonday sun!
Have the dark caverns of the lake begun
To roll their sulphurous waters, or aspire
With bellowing flame to rival Ætna's fire?
Or has Phlegethon with Avernus joined,
And fearful waves with sounding rocks combined?
The struggling deep resounds from Baiæ's shore,
While, with swift course, once gentle streamlets pour
Their increased tide, o'erwhelming nature's store;
The horn, harsh sounding, from Misenus' hand,
Now trembling, falls; and Prochytus' high land
Another ruin fears. Deep murmurs break
Forth from the smoking earth, and loudly shake
The pitchy air, wild with the monstrous mirth
Conceiv'd in Earth's dark womb, a fearful birth!"

With such a visitation as the foregoing, it is almost surprising that the least vestiges of antiquity should remain. Several, however, yet survive, which neither war, nor earthquake, nor even time, has yet been able entirely to destroy. The most considerable is a temple supposed to have been dedicated to Jupiter, but which was afterwards conveniently converted into the episcopal church. This temple was built with immense blocks of marble, of a thickness which would render it indestructible, and was dedicated to Augustus, under the name of Jupiter, by Calpurnius Piso, a Roman knight, as appears by the inscription.

Calpurnius was son to that Piso whose name has been preserved to posterity, by an exceedingly severe oration spoken against him by Cicero. The temple is now dedicated to St. Proculus, one of the companions of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples.

There existed here formerly a most magnificent temple, dedicated to Diana, which is affirmed by historians to have been supported by a hundred marble

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columns. It is thought to have stood on the spot now called Pisatura, where several marble columns were found some years since belonging to the Corinthian order, and of most exquisite workmanship. Matteo Plantimone of Salerno affirms that there existed in his time a statue of Diana, which was worshipped in this temple. It was fifteen cubits high, had two large wings, and a lion and a panther on its sides.

About a mile from Puzzuoli are to be seen the remains of the ancient amphitheatre. But little now is visible to the eye, though the arena can be traced to have been about 170 feet long. It was here that Nero entertained Tiridates, king of Armenia, with the most splendid spectacles, according to the notion of the times, of gladiatorial combats and fights with wild beasts. But that which obtained for this spot the greatest celebrity was the miracle performed there in favor of St. Januarius.

Timotheus, being in those times governor of the province for the emperors Dioclesian and Maximian, resolved to execute to the utmost the bloody edicts issued against the Christians. As peculiar objects of his cruel vengeance, he seized St. Januarius, then Bishop of Benevento, along with several of his companions, and, on their refusal to subscribe to the terms of the edict, he ordered them to be exposed in the arena of the amphitheatre to be devoured by wild animals. Vast numbers were assembled in the amphitheatre to witness the barbarous immolation of these Christian martyrs. To the astonishment of all, however, as the legend asserts, when the lions and tigers, inflamed by rage and

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hunger, rushed from their dens, and beheld their opponents, they instantly became tame as lambs, and, crouching towards the holy men, humbly licked their feet. At this manifest interposition of divine providence, thousands rent the air with their plaudits, while many fell on their faces and worshipped. But Timotheus, blind to every thing in his fury, cried out, "Vile sorcerers! the arts you employ on senseless beasts shall not avail you with men. Lead forth, therefore, to instant execution." More sanguinary and ferocious than the wild beasts which were to have executed his cruel sentence, Timotheus then directed the guards to conduct their victims from the amphitheatre, and their heads were struck from their bodies in his presence. The spot on which the saint and his companions suffered martyrdom was commemorated by a small church, and over the altar was placed a bas relief, representing the event, with these words;—

"Locus Decollationis S. Januarii et sociorum ejus!"

A curious story is related concerning a marble bust which was taken of the face of the Bishop after decapitation, and which served as a model for all the pictures by which the saint has since been delineated. When Puzzuoli was sacked by the Saracens, some of the soldiery, out of wantonness and contempt for the person of the saint, struck off his nose, and carried it as a trophy on board one of their ships. Immediately there arose so violent a storm that the robbers were prevented from weighing anchor, when some one, more shrewd than his fellows, suggested the possibility of the tempest being occasioned by the nose, which was accordingly cast overboard to propitiate the angry elements. Mar-

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vellous to relate, at the moment the nose reached the waters, they instantly became calm, and the pirates proceeded on their voyage. A few days after this event, some fishermen, dragging their nets, observed this nose amongst the rubbish they had brought up; but, thinking it merely a common bit of marble, they threw it with other rubbish into the sea. Every time, however, they drew their nets, what should they see, again and again, but this identical nose; until, persuaded that there was something miraculous in its continued recurrence, they carried it to the Bishop of Puzzuoli. The good Bishop, in a moment recognizing it to be the long-lost nose of St. Januarius, was overjoyed at the discovery, and ordered a solemn procession, for the purpose of reinstating the disjointed member in its original position on the face of the reverend martyr! The most wonderful part is not yet related: When the Bishop was yet some distance from the mutilated bust, strange to say, the nose escaped from his hand, and, without human assistance, fixed itself as closely in its original situation as though it had never been dissevered: a small scar only remained to attest the miracle! What renders the story still more curious is that the clergy, desirous that their saint should not remain without that important member to his physiognomy, had some time before caused another to be manufactured; but such was the extreme delicacy of St. Januarius that he resisted every effort to fix it on, and the attempt was given up, under the conviction that their zeal for the respectable appearance of their patron was evidently disagreeable to him!

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PUZZUOLI, WITH THE BRIDGE OF CALIGULA.

Quosque Decarchæi portus, Baianaque mittunt
Littora, qua medicis alte permissus anhelat
Ignis aquis, et aperta domos incendia servant.

STATIUS.

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
Jactis in altum molibus.

HOR.

THAT portion of the shore of the Bay of Naples which is included between Pausilipo and the Cape of Misenum, though small in extent, is exceedingly rich in classical associations. Within this short space have emperors, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, either reposed awhile from the cares of their several stations, or, in their later years, have sought, amidst the charms of a luxuriant solitude, that tranquillity for which they vainly sighed throughout a troubled existence. History makes us acquainted with the events of their lives, while tradition points out the spot where once stood their local habitations,—now their tombs. Although we are indebted to tradition for much that history does not furnish, it should, nevertheless, be received with caution, as embellishment and a love of the marvellous do not decrease with time. Many remains of antiquity have been invested with undue importance from

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ignorance and want of research, and errors have been perpetuated and confirmed by the popular voice. Perhaps there is no greater instance of the readiness with which people imbibe such popular errors than the subject of the present plate, which was universally acknowledged as the ruins of the Bridge of Caligula. Some authors have been misled by the confidence of pretended antiquarians, and even learned men have been deceived by similar prejudices. Bishop Burnet, who travelled in the earlier part of the last century, says, "Neither the sybil's grotto nor any thing seen in the Bay of Pozzuoli can compare with the ruins of Caligula's Bridge, which raise our admiration. We there see an illustrious monument of the extravagant prodigality of a brutal tyrant, who, merely out of vanity, would build in the sea a bridge three or four miles long,—a work never attempted before."

A modern Italian poet, speaking of these ruins, says

> "Hic Pilæ his sex antiquo ex ponte supersunt
> Quo Caius Cæsar Caligæ cognomen adeptus
> Neritiis Samiam junxisse Dicarchida Baiis
> Fertur, et æquoreas siccis transisse per undas
> Passibus, instrato sublimis tramite molis."

"Here six piles remain of the ancient bridge by which Caius Cæsar, surnamed Caligula, is reported to have joined the Samian Dicarchia to the Neritian Baiæ, and to have passed with dry feet through the waters of the sea, a path being made upon the high mole."

Some attribute this undertaking to the presumption and prodigality of the Emperor, while others say it was formed to invalidate the prediction of a sooth-

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sayer, who declared that Caligula would not be secure on his throne, unless he could drive his chariot across the Bay of Naples. Suetonius, in his life of Caligula, thus describes the bridge built by that Emperor:—"Bajarum medium intervallum Puteolanas ad moles trium milium et sexcentorum ferè passuum ponte conjunxit, contractis undique onerariis navibus, et ordine duplici ad anchoras collocatis, superjectoque aggere terreno, ac directo in Appiæ viæ formam." "He made a bridge about three miles and a half in length, from Baiæ to the mole of Puteoli, by collecting together ships of burthen from all parts, anchoring them in two rows, and overlaying them with earth, after the manner of the Appian way."

All this sufficiently explains the manner in which the bridge was built, and indeed antiquarians are now perfectly willing to admit that the ruins in question are nothing more than the remains of the ancient mole of Puzzuoli, formed for the security of the harbour by the Ionians who founded the city. This wonderful work was at one time paved with marble, and decorated on the entrance next the town with a triumphal arch, as is shown in a small antique fresco taken out of Pompeii and preserved in the museum at Portici. The extraordinary stability of these brick piers, which have stood unmoved for ages against the violence of the waves, while those which have been displaced were overturned only by the force of earthquakes, has been attributed to the adhesive nature of the materials. Strabo describes this mole as being built of brick and stone, joined by cement, composed of lime and a certain sand

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found in the neighbourhood, which has the singular property of hardening under water, and becoming like marble. A marble was in fact found in the port about the year 1557, and placed by the people of Puzzuoli over their city gate, the inscription whereon signified that the mole, having been broken in many places by the violence of the waves in the reign of the emperor Hadrian, was repaired by Antoninus Pius his successor. There is another mentioned by Julius Capitolinus, in the Life of Antoninus, which reads as follows :—

Imp. Cæsari, Divi, Hadriani, Filio, Divi, Trajani, Parthici, Nepoti, Divi, Nervæ, Pronepoti, T. Actio, Hadriano, Antonino, Aug., Pio, &c. Quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portus, pilarum viginti molem cum sumpta fornicum reliquo, ex ærario suo largitus est.

Opposite to the promontory or cape of Puzzuoli is seen the small island of Nisita, or, as it was anciently called, Nesis. It is about a mile and a half round, and is now used as a harbour for quarantine. Antiquarians say that it originally joined the shore at Pausilipo, but was separated by an earthquake. The air of this place was anciently considered extremely unhealthy, on account of the trees by which it was covered. Statius speaks of it thus,

"Inde malignum
Aëra respirat pelago circumflua Nesis."
"The sea-girt Nesis breathes malignant air."

Lucan, however, supposes that the unhealthy vapour was produced by the convulsed heavings of the giant

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Typhon, who was oppressed by the weight which he was condemned by the gods to endure. :—

"Traxit iners cœlum fluidæ contagia pestis
Obscuram in nubem : tali spiramine Nesis
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis
Antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant."

"The pestilential waters charge the air
With murky clouds. Thus Stygian vapours crown
The heights of Nesis' rocks; and the fell caves
Of deadly Typhon breathe forth rage."

The air is now considered perfectly pure; whether owing to the trees with which the island was covered having been long since cut down, or the exertions of the giant Typhon having been quieted by the lapse of ages, Nisita is in a perfectly tranquil state at present, and the vines and olive trees which it produces grow to great perfection. It forms the subject of a classical fiction, in which Nisita is supposed to be a nymph, with whom Pausilypo was enamoured, and to escape whom she threw herself into the sea, and is elegantly apostrophised by the poet Sannazarius in his fourth eclogue entitled Proteus.

"Te quoque formosæ, captum Nisidis amore
Pausilype."

"And thou Pausilypo, in whom the charms
Of Nesis woke Love's warm and wild alarms."

The Lucrine lake so often mentioned by the ancient authors is close to the bay of Puzzuoli. It was formerly celebrated for its fish, particularly oysters, which

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were esteemed as the most delicate in all Italy. Before the great earthquake which occasioned such devastation in this region, the Lucrine lake extended almost as far as Baiæ, and, as Strabo relates, to the lake of Avernus, and was separated from the sea by an immense mound, broad enough for two waggons to pass abreast. A communication was opened between the two lakes by means of a canal, by the orders of Augustus, and was called Pontus Julius.

"An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,
Julio qua Ponto longe sonat unda refusa
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis?"

"Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that bounds the Lucrine lake,
Or the disdainful sea that, shut from hence,
Roars round the structure and invades the fence,
There where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?"
Dryden.

The Lucrine lake, so often the theme of poets, is now little better than a muddy pond, and is indebted to our imagination alone for interest. Pliny gravely relates a story connected with this lake, which, on the authority of so respectable a writer, will doubtless be regarded as a curious fact in natural history; other ancient authors likewise allude to it as having really occurred.

A learned English divine also, commenting on the same story, says: "How incomprehensible soever things or relations appear, yet ought we not to be over hasty in pronouncing them false, except they imply a

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manifest contradiction." Whether such be the case in this instance the reader had better judge for himself.

"In ancient times," says the learned historian, "amongst the numerous finny inhabitants of this extensive lake, there dwelt a certain dolphin. This respectable fish, when disporting near the banks of the lake, had oftentimes observed a little boy bathing in its waters. Now, as similarity of habits often produces reciprocal esteem, an intimacy soon sprung up between the dolphin and the boy, which in process of time ripened into the most tender friendship. By what means their sentiments were mutually communicated our historian does not say; but, if deeds rather than words prove the test of affection, certain it is that the dolphin exhibited a regard of no common order. The child had only to intimate a wish to visit Baiæ, Puzzuoli, or any of the villas with which the banks of the lake were studded, when straightway the dolphin would receive him on his back, and glide with him over the surface of the water, in the same manner as doubtless he had been accustomed of old, when in the service of Tritons, and other native princes of his element. Of course, the spectacle of the boy thus skimming over the lake without any apparent means, or exertion of his own, astounded the good gossips of Puzzuoli and Baiæ; and their wonder was in no ways diminished when they discovered the secret of his navigation. Immediately the most extraordinary reports were circulated regarding the dolphin and the boy; and many, not contented with adhering to the facts, which were in

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themselves sufficiently wonderful, declared that the boy brought home to his family the choicest fish in the lake, with which the dolphin continually supplied him; and that this purveyorship was carried to such an extent that the table of the consul, or even that of the Emperor himself, was not so well furnished, which indeed was not to be wondered at, considering who was the fisherman! People, however, flocked from far and near to witness this prodigy; for, even in those times when marvels were not so scarce as now, this was considered wonderful. Chariots and horses were in requisition; while the more humble made their way on foot. Multitudes thronged the road from Naples, and the dark passage through the cave of Pausilypo was almost choked with the curious crowd, all eager to witness the singular effects of this most singular intimacy. But alas! it appears that disappointment was equally rife in those days as in our own degenerate times; for, before the curiosity of the thousands could be gratified, the child died! Some said that this misfortune was to be attributed to a violent cold caught during one of his aquatic morning rambles; while others affirmed it was in consequence of the mortification of a slight wound he sustained from the fin of the dolphin, when in the act of dismounting. However, the child's death destroyed the hopes of the public, as well as of the poor dolphin; for it seems that the too sensitive fish, on learning the fate of his beloved companion, refused to take nourishment, and at last died of a broken heart."

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THE CASTLE AND BAY OF BAIÆ.

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiæ prælucet amænis.
HORACE, 1ST EPIS. MÆCEN.

Tu modo quamprimum corruptas desere Bajas.
Multis ista dabunt littora dissidium:
Littora quæ fuerunt castis inimica puellis
Ah, pereant Bajæ crimen amoris aquæ.
PROPERTIUS.

To the classic and the antiquary, the spot where anciently stood the celebrated and splendid city of Baiæ presents a field for research and conjecture which no other place, if we except the "Eternal City" and her environs, can offer. The whole of this line of coast was once studded with Roman villas, on which was lavished all that wealth and splendour, from the arts of peace or the spoils of war, could furnish. The philosopher, the poet, and the statesman, have each bequeathed to posterity the result of their meditations, while here indulging in delicious retirement; though, if fame be true, they were not always, when enjoying its enviable pleasures, employed for the benefit of their country or of mankind.

The Romans, in gradually departing from the rude but simple character of their ancestors, ceased likewise to imitate their virtues; the lofty spirit, patriotic devotion,—that true nobility of the old Romans,—yielded to the increase of refinement, and were succeeded by

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the vices of luxurious ease and sensuality. No wonder, therefore, that Baiæ, the nursling of pleasure, cradled in the lap of nature in all her sweetest and freshest charms, should, as it advanced in wealth and consequence, become celebrated as the scene of frivolous pursuits and unlicensed indulgences. We are even told that Clodius, himself a notorious debauchee, once took the liberty of seriously admonishing Cicero on the impropriety of his possessing a country house at Baiæ, a fact which he affirmed was of itself injurious to his reputation. Seneca calls it the harbour of vices —"Diversorium vitiorum"—and Martial declares that, if any Roman maiden was tempted to visit Baiæ, "*Penelope venit, abiit Helena,*" though chaste as Penelope when she came, she went back a Helen.

To the less enquiring tourist Baiæ is not an unattractive spot. It possesses the same luxurious climate, the same fertility of soil and beauty of situation, which once so captivated the masters of the world; and, as the gift of nature, still continues to resist that influence which has long since levelled their stately temples and gorgeous palaces with the dust.

History and Poetry have alike lavished their treasures on the neighbourhood of this once renowned spot. The pen of the historian, indeed, affords us instruction; but it is with the fancy of the poet we delight to wander, and explore the scenes consecrated by genius, and its immortal works. With Virgil for our companion, we may pursue, with little aid from the imagination, our way untired through grotto and cave, over hill and lake; we descend with Æneas to the abode of the

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Sibyl, we pluck the golden branch; we breathe the purer air of the Elysian fields, and approach with awe the gloomy waters of the dead! But alas! the illusion is doomed to vanish before the more sober aspect of reason and of truth. These spots, once so resplendent in rank and wealth, are now only a tenantless waste. Huge disjointed masses of ruin mark the places once swayed by the noble and distinguished of the earth; mutilated columns, and time-worn temples, still seem to celebrate the imposing but idolatrous worship to which the Genius of Rome taught its subject world to bow the knee.

But fallen as Baiæ is, in common with other cities once as flourishing, the very ruins speak more audibly to the senses than the tongue of history can do. Through them we are taught to respect that daring and energetic people, to whom nothing seemed an impossibility,—who achieved what they dared by the mighty power of faith in their own strength. Even had we not ample and authentic historical documents to guide our inquiries, the remains of their stately temples, their stupendous monuments of public utility, their architectural taste, and the marbles into which they breathed the spirit of their gigantic age, would alone be imperishable memorials of their greatness. Though their power and splendour now lie scattered, like some mighty wreck, upon these syren coasts, enough is left for the passing wanderer of future days, by which to judge of the intellectual grasp, the moral dimensions, and the unmatched prowess, of men who raised their shepherd-huts into the capital of a conquered world.

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The principal objects to which the attention of the tourist is directed are the Sybil's Cave, the Lake of Avernus, the Elysian Fields, the *Mare Mortuum* or Dead Sea, the ruins of the ancient city of Cumæ, and the different architectural remains to which names have been assigned by antiquarians, or by a much more daring class—the country people and guides of the neighbourhood. There is not a stone nor a brick of which they will not confidently tell you its ancient possessor; and it must be a matter of surprise to strangers why the learned of all ages should have puzzled themselves to so little purpose, with such an intelligent race of people close at hand to solve their difficulties. The cavern, close to the lake Avernus, into which the guides are pleased to introduce you as the Sibyl's Grotto, has not the slightest pretensions to the name. Ancient authors, who have written concerning the Sibyl's Cave, describe it as being under the temple of Apollo, which stood on the summit of the hill of Cumæ. Virgil says:—

"At pius Æneas arcis, quibus altus Apollo
Præsidet, horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ,
Antrum immane petit: magnum cui mentem, animumque
Delius inspirat vates aperitque futura."

"The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is adored; and seeks the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable maid,
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god."

DRYDEN.

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Many other classical authors might be quoted, even more directly to the purpose, to prove the real site of the Sibyl's Cave. The cavern which bears its name is full three miles from Cumæ and the Temple of Apollo, and must, in all probability, have been the work of the Cimmerians, a people who lived in caves, and delighted in habitations of darkness. Cicero says that they inhabited a valley so exceedingly deep that the sun never shone on it, whence arose the proverb of *Cimmerian darkness.*

The lake Avernus better answers to Virgil's description, being surrounded by a thick and gloomy forest, which was levelled in after-times by the Roman Emperor; but the unpleasant smell and poisonous quality which the poet, in common with other authors, ascribes to the waters of the lake, is no longer their characteristic.

"Spelunca alta fuit vastaque immanis hiatu," &c.

"Deep was the cave; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth a rocky rough descent;
And there the access a gloomy grove defends;
And there the unnavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to wing his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the deep arise
And steaming sulphur that infects the skies;
From hence the Grecian bards their stories make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake."

DRYDEN.

The Elysian Fields consist of a small cultivated plain, which, as the old traveller Lascells observes, would make a good *bowling-green.* It was there the

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poets feigned that the souls of the good enjoyed eternal happiness; and the Mare Mortuum is within a short distance of its happier neighbour. This plain was anciently the burial-place for the people of Misenum, and their being obliged to carry the bodies over the Dead Sea gave rise to the poetical fiction of Charon and all his appalling attributes. The Lake Acheron, thought by the ancients to have been one of the mouths of Hell, is a little higher up, near Cumæ :—

" Unum oro, Quando hic inferni janua Regis, " &c.

" This let me crave, since near that grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode
Which Acheron surrounds, th' unnavigable flood,
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's sight."

DRYDEN.

The site of the ancient city of Cumæ is on the summit of a hill, and is marked only by a few inconsiderable ruins. Cumæ was the first colony of the Greeks in Italy, and is interesting on that account. On the highest part stood the temple of Apollo—

" The lofty Fane to bright Apollo vow'd,"

under which stood the Sibyl's Grotto, according to the description of Justin Martyr and many other writers. The city of Cumæ was, however, in any thing but a flourishing condition in the time of the Romans. Juvenal says, speaking of Umbricius, who with his family retired to Cumæ,—

" Quamvis digressu veteris confusus Amici," &c.

JUV. SAT. III.

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" Grieved, though I am, an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose,
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose;
Where far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives."

DRYDEN.

The ruins of the villa Vatia, in the neighbourhood, are interesting from the account we have of that distinguished individual. P. Servilius Vatia, or Vaccia, was of consular dignity, and a Roman of great consideration in the commonwealth. He was the conqueror of the Isauri and other neighbouring nations, and was in consequence surnamed Isauricus. When the tyrant Tiberius reigned in Rome, Vatia, soon perceiving that persons of honor and independence were liable to jealousy and mistrust, quitted that city, the place of his birth, and, retiring to this villa, there passed the remainder of his days. He would sometimes pleasantly say of himself,——" Vatia lies buried here," alluding to the manner of his life. But his friends at Rome thought otherwise, who used to say,—" O Vatia! thou alone knowest how to live!" From what we can trace of its ruins, the house must have been very spacious. Seneca says that amongst other curiosities it had two wonderful grottos, and describes the place so well that the site cannot be mistaken.

The celebrated villa of Lucullus is likewise clearly pointed out by Tacitus, at the foot of Mount Misenus: " *Mutatis sæpius locis*," he says, " *tandem apud promontorium Miseni consedit in villa cui L. Lucullus quondam dominus.*" This was the most splendid residence amongst those of the Romans in this country.

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Pliny, who delights occasionally in the marvellous, gives an extraordinary account of the fish ponds, and of the discipline to which the finny inhabitants were subjected. They would answer to their names, he affirms, and some wore necklaces by way of distinction. Lucullus himself would observe, alluding to his finny treasures, that he had no reason to envy Neptune. Tiberius died at this villa on his return to Capri, according to Suetonius, who says:—"Repetere Capreas quoque modo destinavit, sed et tempestatibus et ingravescente vi morbi retentus paulo post abiit in villa Luculliana." This house belonged afterwards to Valerius Asiaticus, who was put to death there by order of Claudius, when Messalina and Narcissus conspired, by practising on the weakness of the Emperor, to confiscate the effects of the chief persons of the empire.

Between the Castle of Baiæ and the Dead Sea are the ruins of what is supposed to have been the villa of Julius Cæsar. The supposition is grounded on the circumstance of a beautiful statue of that distinguished Roman, about ten feet high, having been dug up on the spot. It was in this villa, according to Servius and others, that young Marcellus, nephew to Augustus, was poisoned by order of Livia. The ruins of several temples besides that dedicated to Minerva are seen within the gulf—one was evidently dedicated to the goddess Diana, from the symbols of her worship having been clearly traced. Antiquarians are pleased to ascribe another to Venus, and a third to Mercury; the latter opinion, however, seems to have produced

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a schism in that learned body, many of whom are of opinion that it was dedicated to the Sun.

The Castle of Baiæ stands on an eminence commanding the harbour, and was built by Don Pedro of Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, for the better security of the coast against pirates. Not far from Baiæ stands an old tower, which is all that remains of the ancient city of Linternum, formerly a Roman colony. The town was partly destroyed by Genseric, King of the Vandals, who sacked Rome in 455; its ruin was afterwards completed by earthquakes. The tower is now known by the name of *Torre di Patria*, from the following strange misconception. We are told by historians that the first Scipio was not exempted from the calamities usually attendant on exalted stations; for, having excited the envy and jealousy of certain individuals, a charge was preferred against him, by the tribunes of the people, of embezzling the public money. Disgusted at the baseness of the charge, and despairing of making head against the powerful conspiracy entered into against him, he quitted Rome for ever, and, retiring to Linternum, ended his glorious career in obscurity. He was buried in the place of his retirement; and over his sepulchre, in the bitterness of his heart for the injustice he had received, he had ordered to be engraven the following inscription:—"*Ingrata Patria, ne quidem ossa mea habes.*"—"Ungrateful country! thou dost not even possess my bones." Now some erudite and gifted individual of past times, having heard this account and seen a copy of the inscription, mistook the word Patria

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for a proper name, and christened the poor remains of Linternum by the more appropriate designation, as he considered, of Torre di Patria; another little instance of what we may term the popular errors of antiquarians. This appellation, it appears, was immediately adopted by his less learned contemporaries; and ever since that time the tower in question has borne this name.

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THE BAY OF BAIÆ.

Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple, or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by.

ROGERS.

Litus beatæ Veneris aureum Baias,
Baias superbæ blanda dona naturæ;
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias,
Laudabo digne non satis tamen Baias.

MARTIAL.

THE Bay or Gulf of Baiæ, embracing not the least romantic portion of the Bay of Naples, has long been celebrated for the purity and softness of its air, arising from a salubrious and admirably sheltered situation. It commands a full view of the sea, and the whole of its shore is covered with the ruins of temples, baths, and villas,—the magnificent, though decaying, memorials of its former opulent and licentious masters. The promontory of Misenum forms its boundary on the side towards the sea; the islands of Ischia and Procida, from proximity of situation, become its natural and beautiful barriers; while the whole line of coast to Naples, with the opposite shore of Sorrento, crowned by Vesuvius, forms a *coup d'œil* hardly to be surpassed, in picturesque magnificence, by any in the world. The thousand objects of classic interest, di-

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rectly on the coast, are usually visited by water, being by far the most agreeable and easiest mode of conveyance.

"Let us go round,
And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
That at our leisure, as we coast along,
We may contemplate, and from every scene
Receive its influence. The Cumæan towers,
There did they rise sun gilt, and here thy groves,
Delicious Baiæ. Here (what would they wish?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built on the sea, and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault, yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the seamew clamours, or the owl
Hoots in the temple."

The *Stuffe di Tritola* are close to the shore, and are generally supposed to be part of the ancient baths of Nero. They were reputed to have cured diseases of every kind, and are highly celebrated by many authors. Martial says:—

"Quid Nerone péjus? Quid Thermis melius Neronianis?"

"What worse than Nero? What better than his baths?"

There is a curious story left on record of a conspiracy anciently formed by certain learned physicians of Salerno to destroy their reputation, and it was effected in the manner following. These celebrated baths, being distinguished for different properties, had, during the course of ages, been accurately analyzed,

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and the qualities of each so well ascertained that they were severally prescribed, according to the nature of the complaint and the peculiar disposition of the patient. In order that no mistake might arise from injudicious practice, or ignorance of the qualities of the water, the directions were distinctly engraven on stone, and placed full in view in each separate department, of which there were a great many. Now, the physicians, aware that the reputation of these baths was so great as materially to injure their practice, and being moreover decidedly averse to so irregular and charlatanical a source of cure, determined to put an end at once to the growing evil. They therefore assembled, we are told, in the dead of the night, armed with chisels and hammers, and, having procured a boat, stole secretly and silently to the sources of their philanthropical disquietude on the seashore, and there vented their indignation and spleen by utterly defacing all the inscriptions, and carrying away all the statues. A sudden and violent storm, however, arose on their return; and, as at that silent hour no help was near, their overladen boat could not resist the waves, and sunk with all its freight of iniquity. Mankind was thus avenged; for, although the loss of the baths was greatly to be deplored, they having been long so fruitful a source of cure, yet the mischievous effects were at the same time considerably lightened by the loss, it is said, of the physicians. In commemoration of this event, Don Pedro de Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, caused an account of it to be engraven on marble, with the names of the physicians,

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and had it placed at the entrance to the grotto of Pausilipo. This document was, in aftertimes, secretly removed by the manœuvres, as it is supposed, of the fraternity, who felt annoyed at the sight of so public a record, conveying such an imputation upon their honorable calling.

Along the whole coast, from Baiæ to Misenum, are different remains of antiquity, to each of which tradition has assigned a name. The tomb of Agrippina is shown to strangers. It was here that the ashes of that unfortunate princess were deposited before they were removed to Rome. There are some considerable ruins near it of a circus, which the peasants call *Mercato di Sabbato*. Under the pretence of amusing his mother with the games, the monster Nero induced that ill-fated princess to come thither, when, after trying a variety of detestable expedients, he caused her to be stabbed by Anicetus the tribune. Cape Misenum is celebrated by Virgil for the pleasing fiction to which it owes its name:—

> "At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
> Imponit suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque," &c.
>
> "Thus was his friend interred; and deathless fame
> Still to the lofty cape consigns his name."
>
> DRYDEN.

Misenum was anciently the station of a Roman fort, for the security of the western provinces, as that of Ravenna was for the eastern. The side of the hill towards the sea is sterile; but it is cultivated to the very summit on the land side, and presents a beautiful view of the islands of Ischia and Procida. The latter

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of these islands is about four miles from Misenum, and is a very beautiful spot. It was peopled by the Grecian colonies which settled at Cumæ and the neighbourhood; and so little are the customs changed, during the lapse of ages, that the women of Procida at the present day still adhere, on their festivals, to the Greek costume, and traces of the language are yet to be found in their *Patois*. Procida is famous for its fisheries. Juvenal mentions the place, and says, "Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ."—"I prefer Procida to the Suburra." Suburra was, at the time, the Regent Street of Rome, and celebrated for wealth and gaiety. Ischia, anciently Inarime, is two miles distant from Procida. It was known likewise as Pithecusæ, and is described under that name by Ovid, who pays, by the way, no great compliment to the ancient inhabitants:—

"Quippe Deum Genitor fraudem et perjuria quondam," &c.
OVID.

"The father of the gods, detesting lies,
Oft with abhorrence heard their perjuries.
The abandoned race, transformed to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nosed and furrowed, with grimace they grin,
And look to what they are too near a kin."

Formerly this island burned like the Solfaterra at Puzzuoli, when some of the poets feigned that Jupiter had cast it on one of the giants named Typhæus.

"Conditur Inarimes æternâ mole Typhæus,"

says Lucan. But Silius Italicus disputes this theory, and declares that the individual thus condemned to so

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uneasy a resting place was Japetus, likewise a giant, but of inferior rank.

> "Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
> Fumantem premit Japetum."

Two centuries have elapsed, however, and the giant has shown no farther signs of discontent.

Returning to the shore of Baiæ, the Piscina Mirabilis claims attention. It derives its name from the exquisite style of its architecture, and was originally a reservoir of fresh water, made by order of Agrippa for the use of the fleet that wintered at Misenum. The ruins of Bauli are remarkable only for the remains of the villa of Hortensius, the celebrated Roman orator. He made himself remarkable for an extraordinary passion he conceived for lampreys, and devoted the whole of his leisure time to feeding and attending these creatures. It was reported, in Rome, that in consequence of the death of one of these objects of his regard he became for several days inconsolable, and bewailed its loss with tears and lamentations. This circumstance gave rise to several epigrams from the wits of Rome; and, amongst others, he was taunted by L. Domitius, who expressed his surprise how a person of such learning and wisdom could weep for the death of a fish. Now Domitius had been married three times, and had buried his wives under such circumstances as to induce the supposition that they had been unfairly dealt with. Hortensius, therefore, notwithstanding his grief, promptly replied to the attack. "It is true," said he, "that I have wept for the death

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of a favorite fish; yet it is a matter of greater surprise, Domitius, how you could have buried three wives without a single tear." This coast is celebrated for the production of a small fish, in great repute among mothers who nurse their offspring; and, amongst its other virtues, it is said to cure the bite of a mad dog. It is about four inches in length, and has a head resembling that of a horse, terminating in a dragon's tail. The Neapolitans call them *cavalli-marini*, which was once ingeniously translated by a learned English traveller as "horse-marines."

The shores of Baiæ, we may also mention, have been somewhat singularly apostrophized by the celebrated author of the Decameron, whose well-known attachment to the princess Maria of Naples, a natural daughter of King Robert, made him sigh to wander in its charming environs. On her retiring to its delicious scenery, to spend the sultry summer months, Boccaccio appeared to feel all the jealousy of an absent and forsaken lover; and, in a sonnet addressed to her on the occasion, we are not a little amused and surprised to perceive that he expresses serious apprehension lest the degeneracy of manners generally prevailing here should taint the purity of her delicate mind.

"Perir possa il tuo nome, Baia, e il loco,
In te riversin fumo, solfo, e fuoco;
Che hai corrotto la piu casta mente
Che fosse in donna colla tua licenza."

"Perish thy name, oh Baiæ, and the spot,
Let smoke, flame, sulphur, seize thy charms again;
Thou, thou hast soiled that soul without a blot,
By thy seductive spells and pleasures vain."

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As if not satisfied with thus venting his idle and somewhat ironical spleen on the occasion, the lover-novelist, inspired by the muse, followed up his invective by a long and tedious poem in *ottave rime*, entitled "Filostrato." This he transmitted to her with a prolix letter of advice, in which he raises the object of his illicit passion to a height of excellence such as could only fairly be ascribed to the most virtuous and delicate minded person.

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CASTELL-A-MARE.

" Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli; quorum sub vertice late
Æquora tuta silent: tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra."

VIRGIL.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to find a town in Italy in the neighbourhood of which is not to be seen some object of remarkable beauty or grandeur. Where it happens that nature is less profuse in her rich gifts than she is in other parts of this wonderful country, there some noble remains of antiquity will meet the eye, to conjure up a crowd of stirring thoughts, sufficient to occupy every issue of the heart, and make it forgetful of every thing but the destinies of man. On the other hand, where there is little to excite emotions of this kind, there nature will be found the ever-present and assiduous handmaid of thought; and with her lovely and incessantly renewed productions, her durable forms, her material shadowings and types of things unseen, and her mysterious phenomena, will set the imagination free to form out of these elements a world wild, strange, and beautiful. Such is the case with Castell-a-mare, a town which, if situated any where but in Italy, would be regarded as too insignifi-

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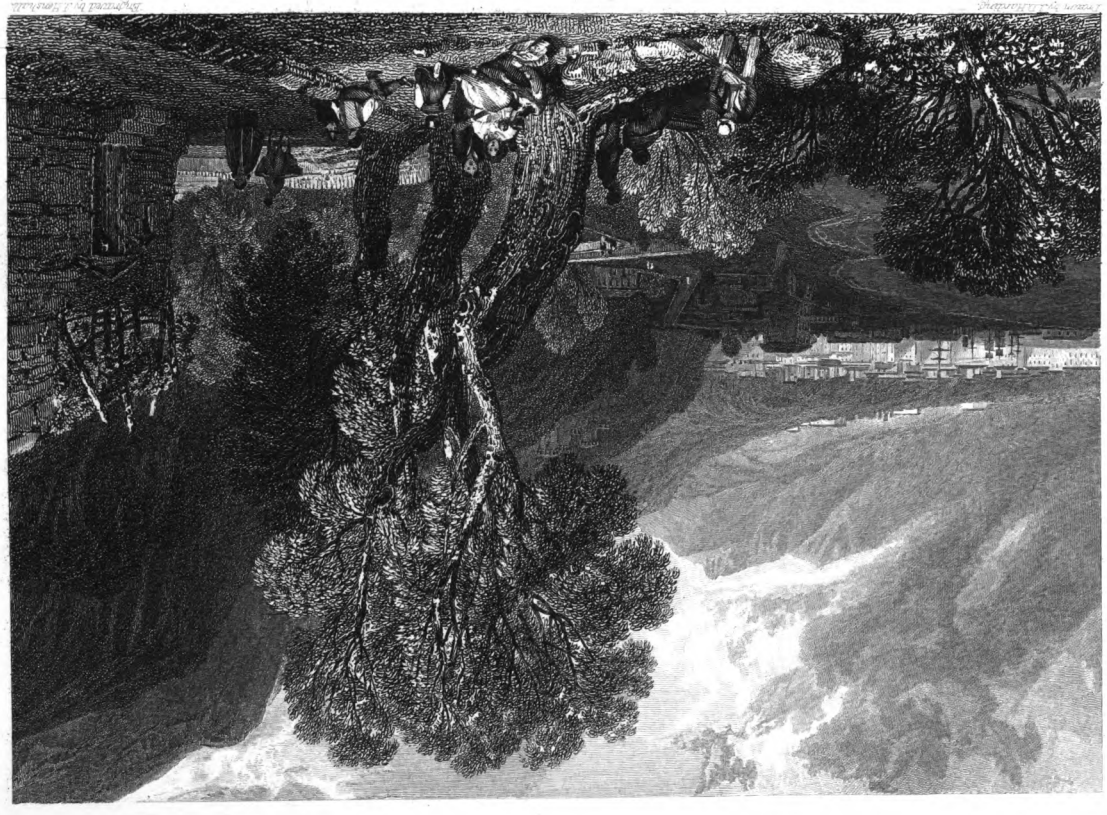

CASTELL-A-MARE BAY OF NAPLES.

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cant to detain the traveller for an instant: but no place can be considered unworthy of notice which Vesuvius not unfrequently lights up with terrific splendour, and from which have been observed, almost from time immemorial, the grandest phenomena of the volcano. If tradition speak true, it was in the immediate vicinity of this town that Pliny the elder perished in the suffocating fumes of the eruption; and Pompeii itself is but three or four miles distant. In the ruin that involved that city fell the ancient town of Stabiæ, which formerly occupied the site of Castell-a-mare; and several papyri, it is said, have been at various times discovered among its ashes.

The only thing which the town itself has to recommend it is its agreeable situation in the bend of the bay of Naples, of which it commands a delightful view, while the hills behind it rise in all the pomp and beauty of sylvan solitude. By the good taste of the public authorities, an elegant and spacious terrace has been formed towards the sea, and adorned with a row of handsomely built mansions, its appearance altogether strongly reminding the stranger of the delicious promenade of the Chiaja at Naples.

Since the invasion of the French, Castell-a-mare has received additional importance from the erection of its new fortifications; and the formation of a small line of battle-ships begun there by Murat. The only object to which the attention of travellers is directed, in the town itself, is a mineral spring, which flows in an open canal through the city, and resembles in many respects the Solfaterra in the neighbourhood of Rome.

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Immediately, however, on stepping beyond the walls, the tourist finds himself environed with lovely scenes, which are only exceeded in attractiveness by those which extend before him in long and almost interminable vistas of ever-varied beauty. Castell-a-mare, therefore, by the grandeur with which it is occasionally invested by Vesuvius, and by the surpassing loveliness of the neighbouring country, may fairly claim a portion of the honor which the stranger in Italy is so ready to bestow on the generality of its cities.

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Drawn by J.D.Harding.

Engraved by W.R.Smith.

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PERSANO.

Est lucos Silari circa, ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asylo
Romanum est, Œstron Graii vertêre vocantes

VIRGIL.

In the close vicinity of so populous a city as Naples, it is, at once, a great advantage and gratification to meet with such deeply sequestered and delightful retreats as we find on the southern shore of the Bay of Naples. From the foot of Mount Vesuvius to the extremity of the bay, there is a continued variety of hill and dale, copse-wood and plain, intermingled with towers, churches, and villas, grouped together in the most picturesque confusion, and which, viewed from the water, exhibits one grand amphitheatre, or rather bay, of vale and mountain scenery.

At every turning in this romantic region, an intelligent guide will relate some historical or legendary anecdotes connected with the spot; and, in this manner, a tourist who does not consider it an imperative duty to make time the great regulator of his wanderings might beguile his leisure most agreeably. Amidst the embowering wood, which thrives so luxuriantly around Persano, the King of Naples has established a hunting seat. A spacious domain of thirty miles in extent, and thickly wooded, affords an abundant cover to the wild animals of the chase. The palace has, in itself, nothing

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remarkable. The trophies of King Ferdinand and his companions are every where visible, in the shape of stags' heads and boars' tusks, each inscribed with the name of the hero by whose prowess it became numbered among the sylvan spoils. Grooms, gamekeepers, and others, necessary in the chase, and governed by a major-domo, form the establishment.

The woods of the chase afford, also, scope for very pleasant excursions. They are intersected by a broad path-way, several miles in length, and are bounded by small streams of water, which, however, are insufficient to prevent the escape of game. There are several interesting breaks in the wood, which are not unworthy the pencil of the artist, particularly one, of which the interest is heightened by a story connected with it. Crossing, by means of a small wooden bridge, a rivulet which divides the road, says a traveller, our guide, a clever intelligent man, was observed to cross himself most devoutly; and, supposing that something of local tradition was attached to the spot, we demanded of him his reason for so significant a gesture. "This little bridge, sir," said he, "which we are now crossing, is called by the country people 'Mal-a-femina,' and with good reason; for it was once covered with the blood of as fair a girl as the sun ever shone on." At this intimation, our whole party expressed a wish to hear the history of an event apparently of so tragic a nature, and, as our guide was not unwilling to gratify our curiosity, we disposed ourselves on and about the bridge, to listen to his recital.

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It was a pleasant evening in August: the sun had lost the intensity of its heat, the breeze was ruffling the foliage of the surrounding wood, and the rivulet was murmuring gently along beneath us. Leaning against an acacia tree, at the foot of the bridge, stood our guide, a tall sun-burnt Calabrian; he was clad in the dress of a royal forester; and the melancholy expression of his bronzed features, arising from the recollection of the events he was about to relate, lent an interest to the scene which we shall not soon forget. We were disposed, as I said, in various attitudes around him.

"Yes gentlemen," said he, "I ought to know it well. You see yonder spot,"—pointing to a little dell at a short distance; "it was there, eleven years ago last feast of St. Barnabas, that I found them, and a startling and terrible sight it was to come upon so suddenly! and from thence to this very bridge on which you now stand was all covered with their blood,"—the eye instinctively followed the direction of his hand,—"but, however, I will begin at the beginning, and then you will understand me better. At the little town of Altavilla, which perhaps you may know—it is built on the side of a mountain not far off here, towards the east—there lived at the time of which I am speaking the family of a Neapolitan gentleman, of very good estate, and descended from the counts of Montefalcone. The old gentleman had a son about three-and-twenty years of age, and a daughter only sixteen. He was a very good old man, uncommonly fond of his daugh-

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ter and his estate, only as proud as Lucifer of his descent. The young man was just as proud as his father, without half his good qualities; but the young lady was beloved by every body for her kindness and charity, and she was as beautiful as she was good. Many a time have I taken her a wounded bird, or a young fawn that had lost its dam, and she would tend it like a child. But those were happy days, and few enough she had of them.

"It so happened that one of the inmates of the mansion was a young man, an orphan, who had been brought up from childhood by the old gentleman, and educated for some profession or appointment worthy of his early and promising talents; but no one knew who he was. He was as handsome and clever a youth as any in the country; and none knew better than he how to pull a trigger, or tackle a wild boar single-handed. Well, these young people were unfortunately thrown a great deal together; for the son was a wild extravagant young man, and passed most of his time at Naples, and the old gentleman was absorbed in books and politics; it was therefore no wonder that a romantic passion should spring up between them, for the beauty and amiableness of the maiden, and the generous and manly character of the youth, made them in every respect worthy of each other: in fact, I never saw a finer pair, nor any in whom I took a greater interest. A secret understanding had existed for some time between them, when an explanation was brought about by an order from the old gentleman to his *protegè* to join the Austrian army—

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the career to which he had been early destined. Such a rude and abrupt dissevering of the ties of years was not to be contemplated without passionate emotion.

"Perhaps they might never again behold each other, and, in the meanwhile, she was at the absolute disposal of her father. No means were left them but to fly, and trust to the forgiveness of her parent for the future. They ought to have known on how frail a reed they depended for support; but youth and passion blind the senses. The youth, in his ramblings amidst the neighbouring forests, had formed an acquaintance with a monk, who had left his convent, preferring the life of a recluse in the woods. He used frequently to bring the old man game, and to do him a variety of little kindnesses, which had insensibly stolen on his love. To the monk did the youth confess their passion, and their fixed determination, soliciting him by all the good offices he had ever rendered him, and by the love he bore him, to join their hands. This at last the old man consented to do; and likewise to intercede for them with the father. In the dead of the night, the young lovers stole forth, accompanied by a devoted female attendant, and before daylight they reached the hermitage, where the monk bestowed on them the nuptial benediction. So far all was calm; but, in the delirium of love, little did they contemplate the frightful storm, engendered by pride and contemned authority, which was shortly to burst on them in all its horrors.

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" In the morning, the house of the Neapolitan presented a dreadful scene of commotion. Immediately the flight of his daughter was made known to him, the old noble became roused to fury. A messenger was dispatched to Naples for his son, and the police of the city were placed in active search after the fugitives, who, it was supposed, had taken refuge within its walls. The son lost no time in attending the summons of his father, and, although less furious than the latter, it could be easily seen, by his pale cheek and sternly compressed features, that deadly revenge had taken possession of his heart. The strictest search was made at Naples, but in vain, and the brother, fancying their hiding-place might be nearer than was supposed, placed spies in every direction, with the promise of a large reward for their discovery.

" Meanwhile the monk, who was not suspected, concealed the lovers in his hermitage, which was commodious, and, without suffering them to stir abroad, brought them news of the proceedings from without. In this manner many days elapsed; the monk intending, after the first paroxysm of rage had subsided, to confess to the old nobleman the part he had taken in the affair, and solicit pardon for the young people. An incident, however, unhappily counteracted his good intentions. One evening, about eight days after the lovers had become inmates of the hermitage, they were seated together, conversing with the monk on their future prospects, when they beheld the casement, which had been slightly opened to admit the air, drawn back by an unknown hand, and a broad

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swarthy face present itself to their view. An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of the intruder, who at the same moment disappeared. The lovers instantly became alive to the critical position in which they were placed. The young man sallied forth, but could obtain no trace of the individual, who they immediately concluded was some spy employed for their detection. Not a moment was to be lost. The monk gave them a note to the superior of his convent at Sorrento, and bade them hasten thither, where they would at all events be free from violence. His good offices he engaged to employ in the mean time with their father, and visit them as occasion would permit. Affectionately they took their leave of their kind benefactor, and with aching hearts, and a foreboding of peril, bent their way to Sorrento.

"Giacomo was acquainted with every path, and, by following the intricacies of the forest, hoped to reach their asylum before the alarm could be given. He little considered how swift were the movements of hate and revenge; and little thought that his path was even then tracked by blood-hounds, who were guiding the fell pursuers to their prey. The man who opened the casement of the hermitage was indeed an agent of the young count, who had been attracted thither by the sound of voices, and, finding who were within, flew to communicate his intelligence and obtain his reward. To prevent escape, he placed others around to give intelligence on his return.

"Arming himself in haste, and mounting his swiftest horse the brother flew to the hermitage, accompanied

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by a desperate companion, who, if report spoke truth, had more than once been engaged in scenes of blood. The scouts at the hermitage placed them on the track, and, riding at their utmost speed, they were not long in overtaking the unhappy fugitives.

" The lovers had by this time traversed the greater part of the forest, and had gained that very bridge, when they heard the appalling sounds of pursuit. What was the horror of the already fainting Lauretta, on turning, to behold her brother, his horse wreathed in foam, and his pallid countenance but too faithful an index of the emotions of his heart! By the superior swiftness of his steed, he had far outstripped his companion, and was there alone to confront them. For a moment the blood rushed quickly to the heart of Giacomo, as he beheld his pursuer; but unconscious of crime, and not fearing mortal man, he placed himself on the bridge before his wife and her companion, and boldly awaited the event. This was the work of an instant. Riding up to the very foot of the bridge, and leaping from his steed, he cried, rushing towards his opponent, ' Dog of a pauper! we are well met; is it for such as you to dishonor a noble house? defend yourself, lest I stab you where you now stand.'

" ' Listen but for a moment to what I have to urge,' cried Giacomo; but he was answered with a deadly thrust from the weapon of his antagonist. For a few seconds they were engaged in desperate strife, but the superior address of Giacomo quickly displayed itself. He bore his adversary backward, disarmed him, and forced him on his knee; when the flash of a pistol

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was seen, quickly followed by the report. The sword of the youth fell from his grasp, and he reeled gasping against the side of the bridge. His wife, who in the first impulse of terror was as one almost bereft of life, at this dreadful moment seemed to regain all her energies. Rushing to support the dying youth, she covered him with her body, and received the blow of a poniard dealt by a brother's hand deep in her bosom! 'My dear murdered husband!' were the only words she uttered, as she fell dead on his already lifeless form. The ball which pierced the heart of Giacomo was directed by the companion of the young count, who arrived at the moment his patron appeared in danger, and risked the shot with too fatal a precision. The assassins, seeing what was done, and thinking to secure their own safety by the silence of their victims, plunged a sword into the heart of the unfortunate Lauretta's faithful attendant, who, overcome with terror, was lying senseless near her murdered mistress. She passed from insensibility into death. They then dragged the bodies from the spot on which they had fallen into the dell, and, mounting their horses, flew to escape the justice due to their crime.

"It was some days before the monk learned, at his convent at Sorrento, that his young friends had not arrived. Fearing some mischance, he instantly sought the old nobleman, and, confessing his share in the elopement of his daughter, begged to know if they had been intercepted by his orders, and what had become of them. The old Neapolitan was in a state of anxiety bordering on madness, and now bitterly repented his

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pride, and fatal precipitation in summoning his son. He had heard nothing of him since he left on the fearful night of the pursuit. The alarm was quickly spread around; violence was suspected; and the country people dispersed themselves amidst the woods and villages in every direction for miles around to obtain tidings. It was my fortune first to cross this very bridge, and I observed traces of blood, which might, however, have been spilled in the chase; but my dog instantly set up an unusual cry, and, following the track, I had the horror of finding the poor unhappy victims lying together, all stained with each other's blood, and already beginning to decay! They were both buried in one grave, with their faithful attendant at their feet. The poor monk, with a faltering voice, rendered them the last offices of his friendship; and there are few, amongst the crowd who on that day saw the grave close over these victims to revenge and pride, that can erase the scene from their memory." And no one who heard the Calabrian repeat that melancholy history, on the very spot where it took place—who witnessed his impressive manner, and the mournful emphasis with which he concluded his tale—can ever forget the evening he spent in the woods of Persano.

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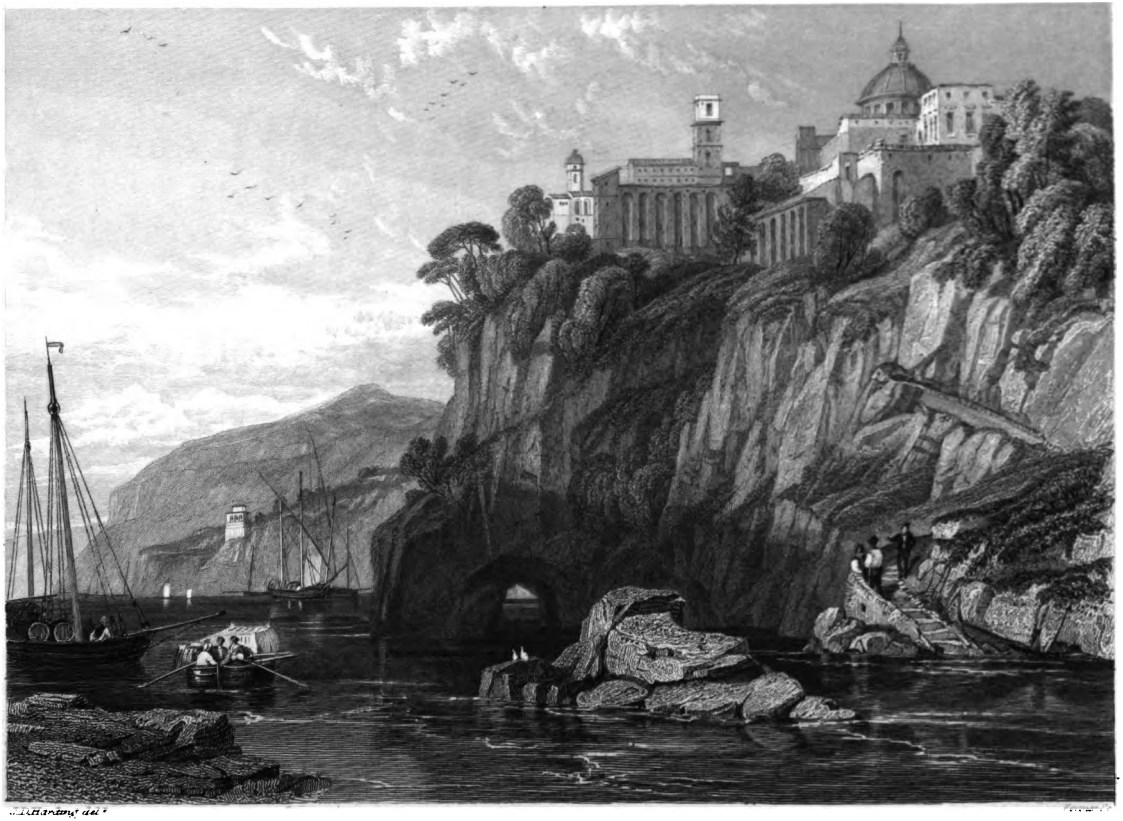

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THE BRIDGE OF VICO.

His favet natura locis, hic victor colenti
Cedit, et ignatos docilis mansuevit in usus

STATIUS.

THE bold eminence on which stands the town of Vico forms part of the beautiful line of coast we are endeavouring to describe between Castell-a-mare and Sorrento. It is surnamed Equense, to distinguish it from other towns of Italy of a like denomination. From a marble tablet we learn that Vico was founded by Charles II. King of Naples, in the year 1300, and certainly the style of its structure reflects no great credit on its founder. The pavement is moreover so rugged that it is with difficulty a horse can keep his footing, notwithstanding the improvements which are said to have been made by the different lords to whose sovereignty the town has been ceded at various times by the Kings of Naples. In the cathedral, enclosed within a handsome marble tomb, repose the remains of Giovanni, the first Bishop of Vico, who was presented to the See in 1300, by Charles II., the founder of the town. The neighbourhood of Vico is celebrated for its wholesome wines, which are recommended to all who visit the place. A singular natural curiosity, to which usually the attention of strangers is directed, is a grotto, formed by nature under the height

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on which the town is situated. It is known by the name of the bridge of Vico. The waves of the sea pass unimpeded through the channel; and, in tempestuous weather, the reverberation of sound produced within its hollow recesses by the dashing waters is said almost to rival that of the far-famed Scylla, so poetically, though terrifically, described by the poets of antiquity.

Along the whole line of coast from Castell-a-mare to the Cape of Misenum, and extending thence to Salerno and the coast of Calabria, were originally erected Martello towers, to give notice of the approach of the Saracens and other piratical plunderers who formerly infested this coast; and, in after times, small forts were constructed by the French, when they had possession of this the most beautiful part of Europe, to prevent any communication between the discontented portion of the inhabitants and the English fleets, which, having the command of the sea, were ever hovering around, like the corsairs of old, though with a better intent, and on the alert to offer assistance to their partizans, or annoyance to their enemies. Sentinels were placed at these forts, owing to whose caution it was a very difficult matter to effect a communication with the shore.

An unfortunate accident occurred close to the bridge of Vico, during the latter period of the reign of Murat, arising out of the extreme vigilance of one of their functionaries, which at the time created an unpleasant sensation in Naples; but, as no blame could be attached to any one connected with the occurrence, it was allowed to pass without inquiry.

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It was a clear beautiful night in the month of August, such as can be seen only in an Italian climate. The moon was not visible; but myriads of stars were reflected from the sparkling bosom of the bay, and the boats of the fishermen were glancing across its surface after their finny prey, with bright lights in their bows, looking like shooting meteors. The dark outline of Vesuvius, then slumbering like some huge giant after his toils, was thrown out in bold relief from the clear blue sky, and the neighbouring mountains, with their thousands of inhabitants, were hushed in quiet and deep repose. The only sound heard on the bay, besides the low murmur of the distant city which the night breeze carried over its waters, proceeded from a large boat pulling slowly along the southern shore, and filled with the students of the Royal Conservatorio della Pietà di Turquini. They were singing a beautiful chorus, accompanied by a band of musicians belonging to their own school, and were on their way to Sorrento, to perform on the morrow at the cathedral, in celebration of some grand *Fiesta*. Delighted with their little excursion, forming, as it did, so pleasing an interruption to the dull routine of their exercises, the glee of the young students knew no bounds.

"Stay," cried a young man named Malfatani, rising from the midst of his companions, "I shall leave you, and bestride the bows of the boat, like one of the Tritons of old, only, instead of the *concha*, I shall call the monsters of the deep around me by the notes of my violin." He took the instrument of which

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he spoke, on which he was a first-rate artist, and, seating himself in the situation he had chosen, again resumed the chorus. Each was intent on his part, and the voices of the whole, harmonizing together with the sounds of the instruments, rendered the challenge of a French sentinel on the coast inaudible. The boat was slowly passing the bluff point of a rock, when the "*Qui vive*" of the sentinel was again called. A third time the ominous words were repeated, and were almost immediately followed by the discharge of a musket. Poor Malfatani uttered a cry of terror, and fell backwards into the boat. Instantly all was confusion. The guard from the fort, hearing the report, turned out and formed; and the boat pulled to the shore. The sentinel had fired across the bows of the boat when his challenge was unanswered, and the shot, entering the breast of the unfortunate student, had mortally wounded him.

A surgeon was speedily procured, who declared that he had but a few short hours to live. The officer of the guard, whom the unhappy occurrence had sensibly affected, bore the dying youth to his own quarters, and, placing him on his camp-bed, dispatched a messenger to Naples with the sad intelligence to his friends. His companions, thus so suddenly and fatally checked in their happy and joyous career, were struck with inexpressible sorrow. Malfatani was a young man of exceedingly promising talents, greatly beloved by all his fellows, and, having finished his studies, was about to enter into

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the world. They stood around his dying couch weeping bitterly.

The night wore away in this melancholy and heart-breaking manner. The dying youth had not spoken since he had been brought on shore; and, by his difficult respiration, it became evident that the distressing scene was drawing near to its close. The messenger dispatched to Naples at this moment returned, and was accompanied, amongst others, by a young and beautiful female. As the door of the apartment opened where Malfatani lay, she rushed in, and, regardless of those around, threw herself beside the object of her anxiety, and as she raised his head upon her bosom, and gazed on his pallid features, now fixing in death, burst into a frantic agony of grief. The expiring student half opened his languid eyes, and, fixing them on her agonised countenance, faintly exclaimed, "*My wife!*" and breathed his last in her arms.

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SORRENTO.

> Where once, among
> The children gathering shells along the shore,
> One laughed and played, unconscious of his fate,
> His to drink deep of sorrow.
>
> ROGERS.

AMONGST the many delightful situations with which Italy abounds, Sorrento is perhaps one of the most lovely and delicious. The soil is volcanic, presenting a succession of unbroken rocks along the coast of the beautiful bay which it skirts, while between those rocks and the mountains extends a fertile tract of alluvial soil known by the name of the Piano di Sorrento. Upon this swelling plain, and amidst the neighbouring hills and rocks and woods, numerous villas are distributed, which combine in their situation all the advantages that sea and land can afford. The approach to Sorrento, and the country around it, as the accompanying plate sufficiently testifies, are highly picturesque, presenting, on a limited scale, all the most striking beauties of mountain scenery. To these attractions may be added the fame of salubrity, which it has long and justly possessed. Deservedly celebrated, as Sorrento is, for the delicious beauty of its scenery and for its climate, it possesses a still more engrossing claim upon the interest of the traveller, as the residence of Bernardo Tasso, and the birth-place of his immortal son. When after a youth of dependence, anxiety, and ill-requited

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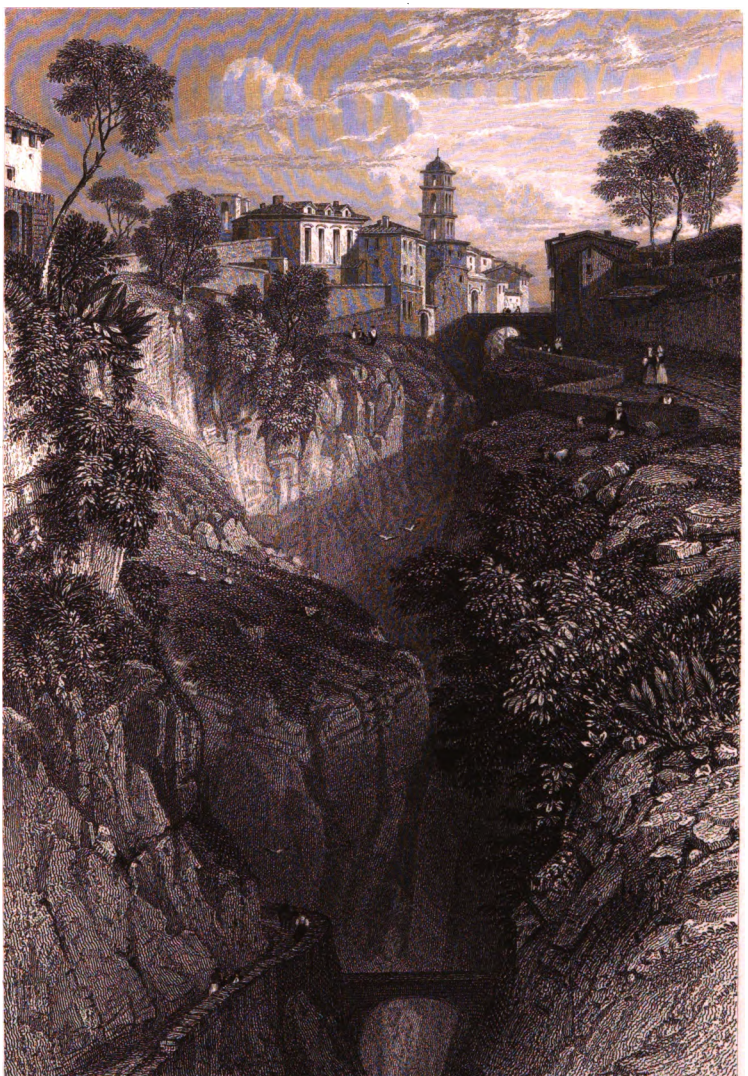

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passion, the elder Tasso, in company with his beautiful and accomplished wife, was enabled to retreat from the vain labours of a courtier, he selected Sorrento as his home, carrying thither his wife and an infant daughter.

In a letter to one of his friends he describes in glowing but just language the beauties of his new abode. "I have retired to Sorrento, by the favor of my Prince, who has liberated me from the trouble and fatigues of active life. It is separated by the bay of a most placid sea from Naples, which, situated on a high hill, shows itself to the beholders as if desirous that every one should see its beauty. Nature here, more bounteous and liberal than to the rest of the world, seems to have busied herself and laboured to render it delightful. The deliciousness and peculiarity of the fruits, the variety and excellence of the wines, the goodness and quantity of its fish, the tenderness and perfection of its animal food, render it, above all human desire, worthy of commendation and of wonder. The air is so serene, so temperate, so healthy, so vital, that those who continue here without changing the climate seem almost to be immortal. Add to this that the wall which nature, as if jealous of so dear a treasure, has formed round it, consists of the most lofty mountains. These are so green, so flowery, so abounding in fruits, that we need not envy Venus her Paphos and her Cnidus. The Naiads, who in general are so unwilling to inhabit the summits of the hills, enamoured of the beauty of these, pour on every side from their silver urns the freshest and the purest streams, which, descending with a sweet murmur, defend

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the herbs and trees from the fury of the dog-star, which every where else scorches the earth. The poets have fabled that here was the habitation of the Syrens, to signify that such are the delights of the country that the man who enters finds it impossible to leave it. Here, refreshed from all its cares and labours, my mind is restored to its dearest studies, and I shall endeavour, without offending God, to defend myself from the assaults of time and death."

To a mind attached like that of Tasso to intellectual pursuits, nothing could be more captivating than the prospect of learned leisure which his retreat at Sorrento afforded. To exchange the gaudy and heated saloons of the palace for the freshness and simplicity of the woods and fountains—to forget the impertinences of the court in the tranquil scenes of nature—to become master of himself, and of his own mind—was a change which the poet hailed with exquisite and unmingled delight. "Here," he says, in one of his letters from Sorrento, "here I have recalled my mind, which was wont to be hurried from one business to another, as a bird from bough to bough; I have recalled it to studies in such a manner that I hope a birth will be produced, which will soon behold, and ornament, and embellish itself in the mirror of your judgment." The work to which he thus alludes was his celebrated poem of the Amadigi, which he composed while resident at Sorrento.

It was on the eleventh day of March, 1544, that the wife of Bernardo Tasso presented to her husband a son, who received the name of Torquato. The house in

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which he was born has probably long since yielded to the encroachments of the sea, though one of the many beautiful villas bordering upon the bay is still exhibited to the stranger as the residence of the poet. The modern style of the architecture, however, excludes the idea that it is the house in which Tasso was born, though it is not improbable that it is erected on the same site. It was situated so near to the water that, according to one writer, the chamber in which this great poet was born yielded soon after his birth to the attacks of the waves, jealous, as he asserts, of affording a shelter to any meaner head. "Ea concameratio non longum tempus substetit, sed fluctuum concussione subsedit, pertæsa fortasse, e trivio incolas accipere, postquam clarissimum Torquatum amisit."

It is singular that, while the fact of Tasso's birth at Sorrento is admitted on all hands, a vehement dispute should have arisen as to his country. The argument of Tiraboschi on the subject, if not convincing, is ingenious and amusing. No one denies that the poet was born at Sorrento, and it is equally clear that his father and his father's family were of Bergamo. Now if Petrarch was of Arezzo, if Reggio can claim Ariosto, and if Seravalle is entitled to Marcantonio Flaminio, we must acknowledge that Tasso was of Sorrento. But if, on the contrary, the first, though born at Arezzo, is universally called a Florentine, if the country of the second, though born at Reggio, is always accounted to be Ferrara, and if the last is given to Imola, though his birth-place is Seravalle, it is difficult to say why Bergamo should not claim the honor of being the country of Tasso,

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though he was born at Sorrento. Such is the argument of the learned Tiraboschi, upon which other writers have refined, in a manner still more amusing. Goldoni, in one of his comedies, has ridiculed the disputes to which the birth-place of the poet has given rise. Signor Tomio, a Venetian, stoutly maintains that the place of birth has nothing to do with the question of country.

"Se nato fussi in Mar,
Concittadin dei pesci, vi facessi chiamar?"

"If born at sea,
Would you a fellow-cit of fishes be?"

From the delightful scenery of Sorrento, Torquato Tasso was removed in his early infancy, though he appears to have retained a fond recollection of its beauties. In latter life he revisited its scenes under circumstances of singular and romantic interest. Suffering under one of those afflicting delusions to which his state of mind gave rise, Tasso fled from Ferrara, resolving to seek safety under the roof of his sister Cornelia, who, having lost her husband, resided with her family in the paternal mansion at Sorrento. Disguising himself in the dress of a shepherd, he succeeded, after many difficulties and privations, in reaching his native place, where he introduced himself to his sister as a messenger from her brother, who, being in imminent risk of his life, had sent to demand her assistance and protection. Cornelia anxiously enquired into the perils that surrounded her brother; and so lively was the picture which the poet drew of his own imaginary dangers that Cornelia

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fainted at the recital. Affected by this touching proof of her love, Tasso gradually disclosed himself, and was received by her with every demonstration of affection. He remained at Sorrento for some time under the assumed character of a distant relative, and passed much of his time in wandering through its woods, in company with his nephews and nieces, upon the latter of whom, from the tallness of their stature, he bestows, in one of his letters to his sister, the epithet of "gigantesse," "Pregate dio per me, e bacciate le gigantesse." The unsettled mind of Tasso, and the love of excitement to which his residence in cities and courts had given birth, did not permit him long to remain a wanderer amidst the beauties of Sorrento. He resided with his sister during the remainder of the summer, at the close of which he departed for Rome. Yet, though a voluntary exile from his native home, its delightful recollections still hovered round him; and in a letter addressed to his sister, many years after this period, he expresses a wish that he might once more in her society breathe his native air, and once again refresh his weary thoughts amidst the sublime and delicious scenery which nature had lavished round his home with so unsparing a hand. The aspiration was vain—the illustrious poet was fated never more to visit the scene of his birth.

Sorrento can boast of not a few remains of antiquity. Some inscriptions near the principal gate, and the remnants of various columns, collected in a sort of open museum, are only, as would appear, among a part of its riches. The Roman poets have celebrated it for the

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excellence of its wines, which, according to Pliny, were, from their lightness and salubrity, admirably adapted to invalids. Martial has recorded them in one of his epigrams,

> "Surrentina bibis? nec myrrhina picta, nec aurum
> Sume, dabunt calices hæc tibi vina suos."

and Ovid mentions the

> "Surrentino generosos palmete colles."

In modern times the wines of Sorrento have lost their high character; "but," says Sir R. C. Hoare with considerable gusto, "the Sorrentines may justly boast of another article unknown to their predecessors of antiquity, and unrivalled perhaps in the whole world, namely their fatted calves, which exceed, in delicacy and flavour, any I ever tasted, and are transported to Naples as the greatest treat which Epicurean luxury can procure."

To enhance the value of this information it may be added that the bacon is so peculiarly fine that its hogs have been denominated, *par excellence*, "the citizens of Sorrento," though not permitted as in our sister Isle to divide the household accommodations with the tenants. The ancient Greek custom of a number of generations residing under the same roof is still retained by the Sorrentines, whose social virtues are worthy all commendation.

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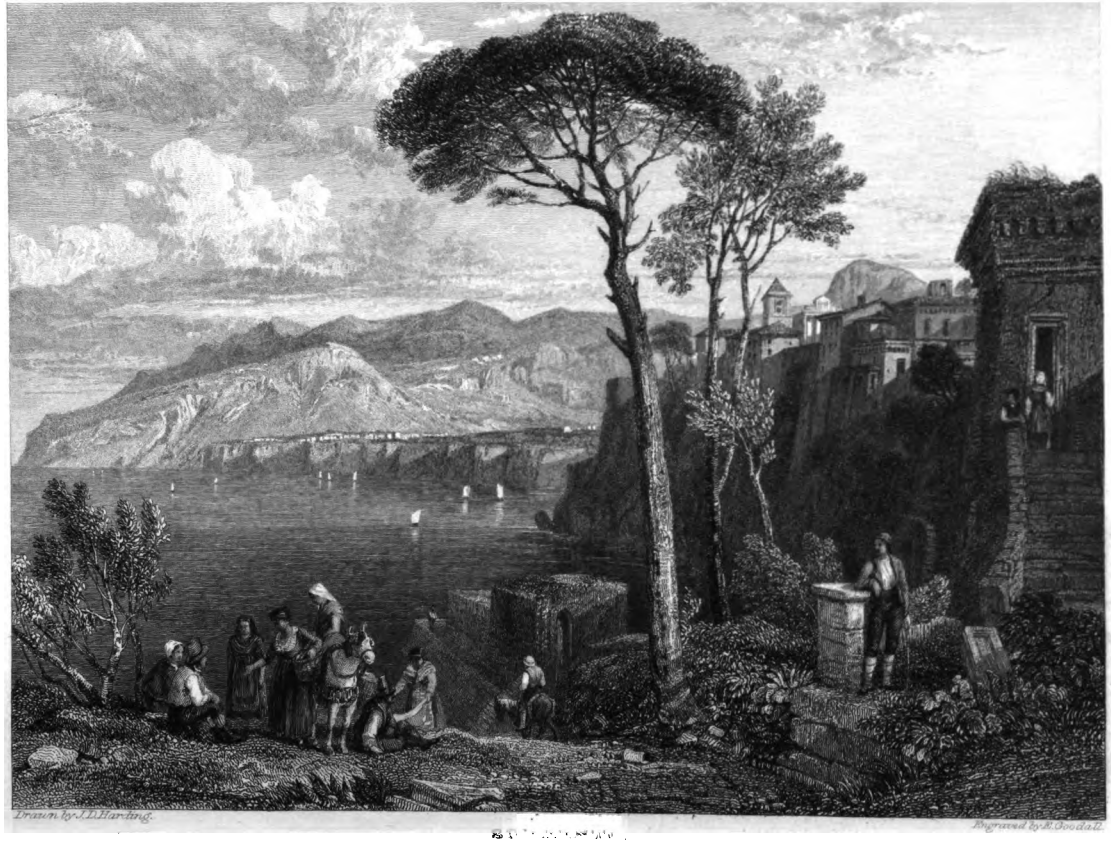

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PLAIN AND BAY OF SORRENTO.

Tall thriving trees confessed the fruitful mould;
The verdant apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deepest red the full pomegranate glows,
The branches bend beneath the weighty pear,
And silver olives flourish all the year.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE approach to Sorrento, the bold picturesque features of the scenery, with some of the poetical associations to which it gives birth, have been dwelt upon in the preceding pages. If thus celebrated on one side for its rich and variegated views of wood and water, its castellated and romantic town, seated on the steep acclivities, we are presented on another with landscapes of a wholly different character. The union here afforded, as seen in the adjoining plate, of the noblest and most characteristic traits of the Italian clime, the bright, extensive, views of plain, and vale, and mountain, rich in architectural and classic beauty—of beauty in decay amidst the still renewed and glowing aspect of external nature—might well call forth the enthusiastic genius of the Salvators, the Claudes, the Poussins, or the Wilsons, of every age.

No place in the world can supply more absorbing subjects for the eye and the soul of the tourist, whether contemplating the clear expanse of sky, and earth, and waters spread around him, or wandering in spirit to those far-off ages which present us with other forms,

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and more gigantic shadows of human greatness and chivalrous exploit. It is round this classic region appear the ruined monuments of cities, like Amalfi, once queens of the sea, and which long lay slumbering undiscovered in the depths of silence and of time. Besides the famed Salvator, numbers of distinguished artists, before him and since, have offered up their genius and hearts' devotion to nature about the shores and the picturesque vicinity of Sorrento. It was equally the resort of those dark spirits—Caravaggio, Lanfranc, and Spagnoletto, as of the milder genius of Domenichino and Guido, who, with other painters, were frequently driven from their occupations at Naples by the terror of assassination from the hand of their fiercer rivals. On the same coasts, overpowered with fatigue and fever, and flying for his life, Michael Angelo da Caravaggio sank exhausted, and terminated his dark career; while, at the same time, by a singular coincidence, his countryman, Polidoro da Caravaggio, fell a victim to the knife of the assassin, in the person of his own servant, on the very night previous to his setting sail from Messina to Naples.

Nor, in the sister art, have the enchanting environs of Sorrento been consecrated only by the poetic genius of the Tassos. From occasional allusions in their works, as well as from historic mention of their visits to the city of Naples, both Petrarch and Boccaccio appear to have been no less familiar with the natural beauties than with the classic recollections attached to these shores. The celebrated writer who, before the days of Sannazaro, renounced at the tomb of

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Virgil the sordid pursuits to which his father had destined him, would hardly be a stranger to the neighbouring scenery of Baiæ and Sorrento; and his parent could no where have chosen a more unfit residence for Boccaccio's study of the law than the gay and dissipated Naples. If before addicted to literature and the muses, he here breathed the very air of poetry and romance. As little was the temper or pursuits of its society, as is observed by an elegant writer, adapted to foster a taste for dry, legal, studies; at a court, too, whose monarch was himself a man of letters, and the friend of Petrarch. The favorite resort of scholars, poets, and artists, it was here he met some of his most distinguished fellow-countrymen; and love and fame, preferring their most seductive claims, soon confirmed him in his bias of becoming a man of letters.

While engaged in opening for himself a new path to distinction, Petrarch, accepting the King's invitation, arrived in Naples; and the splendour with which he was received, the applauses which followed his public examination by King Robert, the noble oration he delivered in praise of poetry, and the glory of his subsequent coronation, had full force on Boccaccio's imagination, already fired with the desire of distinction. Petrarch, from this period, became the model of his admiring contemporary; but the same year was to behold Boccaccio occupied with a still more absorbing, but less reputable, pursuit.

Happening, on the evening preceding Lent, to be at church, he was attracted by the extreme beauty of the young princess Maria, a natural daughter of King

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Robert. It was the first time he had seen her; but the exquisite perfection of her form and countenance made an indelible impression on his mind, and he willingly resigned himself to the fascination. Unfortunately, like the mistress of Petrarch, the object of Boccaccio's passion had been for some time married, and was the wife of a Neapolitan gentleman of rank. But neither this circumstance, nor her station, placed her at an insuperable distance from the vows of the poet; and few stronger proofs could be given of the almost total disorganization which had taken place in society, than our knowledge of the fact that the princess received and yielded to his addresses. Their interviews were celebrated by Boccaccio in various parts of his works; but, as it has been excellently observed by Ginguenêt, we read the accounts which the author has given of his passion with little interest. His connexion with the princess was prompted by vanity, and was not one of those passions which affects the whole course of life, and interests us in the recital of its effects in the same proportion as it influenced those whom it possessed. Dante and Petrarch loved not the daughters of kings; but the history of their lives, as well as their works, is full of Beatrice and Laura. These are the true queens; and Maria, disguised under the name of Fiametta, has the common look and air of a loose woman.

It was in obedience to her wishes that Boccaccio composed the romance of "Fiametta," that of "Filocopo," and his celebrated poem the "Theseid." But he was suddenly interrupted in his pleasures by a letter from his father, then in the decline of life; and Gio-

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vanni obeyed the summons, and returned to Florence, but with a mind wholly occupied with the object he had left behind. While all around him were struggling either for power or liberty, with energies only felt at such times, he was impatient at being interrupted in his compositions, or was languidly sighing after the princess.

The passion with which he had inspired that lady was not inferior in warmth to his own. She is represented as suffering, during his absence, the most violent sorrow, and as having been narrowly saved from destroying herself by the caution of one of her attendants. Boccaccio was not ignorant of her attachment and ardent wishes for his return; and it was only by the composition of the romance of "Ameto" that he could console himself for the privations he suffered in the house of his father. At length, on his return to Naples, he found the princess as devotedly attached to him as formerly, and more supreme than ever in the courtly circles of the city.

It will be right to add that in maturer years he deeply repented of this connection, and of the manner in which he passed much of his time at this period. "We need not wait," says the biographer already alluded to, "to point the moral of Boccaccio's life, so admirably adapted to illustrate the universal lessons of experience. There were few things wanting to his old age to make it happy; he was venerated by his countrymen, enjoyed the blessings of freedom and leisure, and was crowned with fame and literary honors; but he was a prey to regret; the fruits even of his wis-

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dom, long treasured up with successful care, were stolen from him by a superstitious feeling consequent on former irregularities, and the repose he sought for and obtained was broken by a vain and anxious wish to recal the works which he had sent into the world and which were doing mischief before his eyes to the objects he now most venerated."*

Awakening associations of a sterner and darker character, in the immediate vicinity of the shore of Sorrento rises the little isle of Capri, of infamous celebrity, in the days of imperial Rome, as the favorite retreat of her most licentious and sanguinary masters. At once the scene of dishonored virtue and beauty, and of the torments inflicted upon the best and noblest spirits that survived the fall of the republic, the subterranean passages and terrific chambers of the dead, penetrating its rocky sides, still bear ample testimony to Capri's having been the imperial lair of the most wily and dreaded of Rome's prolific race of despots, whose very name conjures up the idea of all we can picture in the hyena of his species.

* Stebbing's Lives of the Italian Poets, vol. i. pp. 258.

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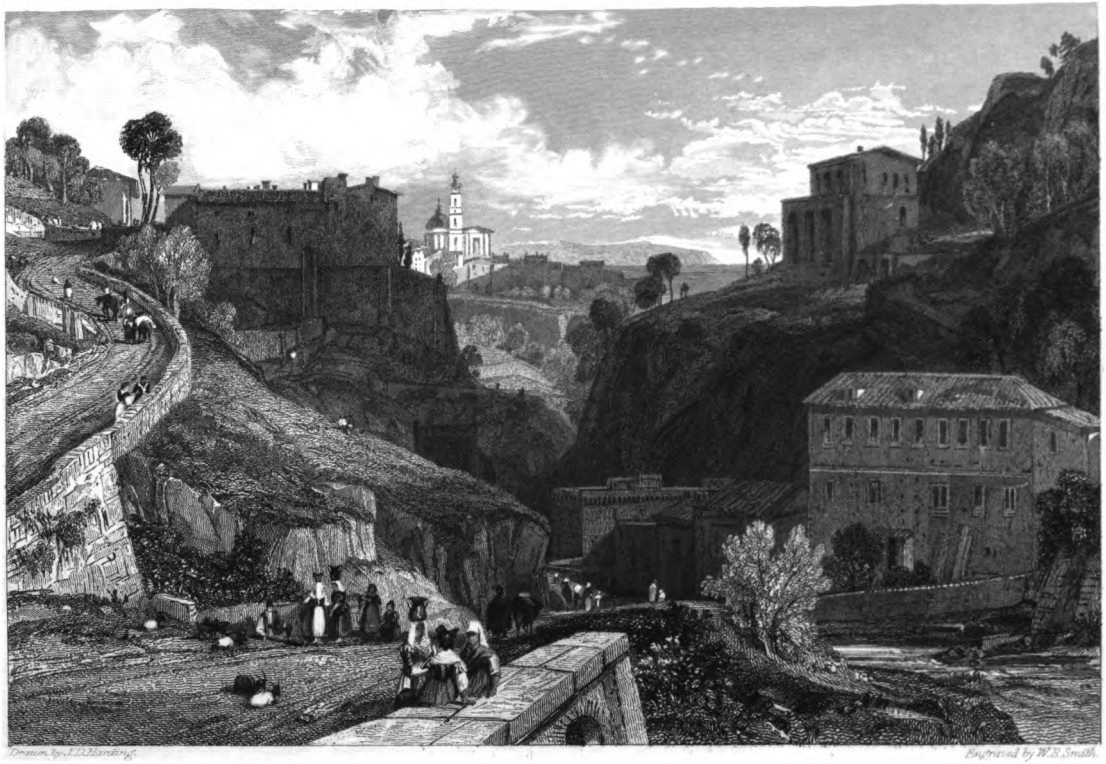

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VIETRI.

Nè qui giaccion paludi
Che del impuro letto
Mandino ai capi ignudi
Nuvol di morbi infetto:
E il meriggio a' bei colli
Asciuga i dorsi molli.

PARINI.

The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

ODYSSEY, B. VII.

On the borders of the Bay of Salerno, midway between that place and La Cava, appears the picturesque site of Vietri, on an eminence overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys, for its size, in Italy. Skirted by the road on one side, the approach at every step becomes more and more interesting; but the silence and solitude of its mountain scenery is broken, as you draw nigh, by the incessant bustle and activity arising from the business of a paper manufactory, of which the mills are put in motion by a stream that flows along the margin of the hills below. The vicinity, however, is diversified and enlivened by a number of variegated and picturesque dwellings, in the Italian style, and distributed in little groups at intervals over the hills and grassy glades,—some on apparently inaccessible and rocky eminences, projecting from the mountain

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heights above; and others on gentle slopes, which breathe fragrance and amenity from their green, sunny, banks. The hills around are also beautifully clothed with verdure, fruits, or flowers, almost to their summits, which are nearly perpendicular, and afford a delightful relief to the somewhat monotonous character of the adjacent scenery.

Salerno is seen rising over a fine sweep of the bay, along the base of majestic hills, with hermitages and little cottages, placed, as at Vietri, on inaccessible projections. It is, however, by no means considered so salubrious as the latter place; and all the more wealthy inhabitants, during the summer months, are eager to exchange their residences for the fine bracing air of this little village. In proof of the bad air of Salerno, it is observed by Mr. Forsyth, "I remarked here a number of apothecaries, who are said to adhere very generally to their old Saracenic pharmacy."

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CETARA.

Mircrai rive selvagge,
Chiusi boschi, aperti prati,
Spechi ombrosi, apriche piagge.

CHIABRERA.

SITUATED on the same coast, but possessed of attractions of a different character, the secluded and unfrequented village of Cetara is more distinguished for its site, and the wildly picturesque and magnificent views it affords from the sea, than for its historical or antiquarian character. It lies between Salerno and Amalfi, and is almost inaccessible, except by water. A narrow, broken, and seldom-frequented path, following the irregular projections and recesses of the mountains, the base of which is washed by the sea, runs from Vietri, and winds up among the cliffs, on the brink of which is seen the little hamlet, but enclosed as it were in a natural bay, with the majestic mountains towering above. These, if less stupendous than the Alps, are more agreeable to the eye and the imagination, from the circumstance of being richly cultivated by the little peasant colony which they shelter and almost shut out from the world; not a foot of ground but is made to contribute to the support or the comfort of its cultivators.

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